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CIRCUIT OF THE GLOBE.

BY

BISHOP CHARLES B. GALLOWAY.

FIFTH THOUSAND.

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PREFACE.

IN May, 1894, my colleagues, the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, appointed me to visit Japan and China, and preside over the Mission Conferences in those countries connected with our Church. In obedience thereto, I left my home in Jackson, Miss., July 5, 1894, and sailed from Vancouver, British Columbia, for Japan on the afternoon of the 16th. I had for a traveling companion the Rev. W. W. Wadsworth, of Georgia, for many years an ardent friend of Missions, who desired to study the fields of the East with his own eye. His observations were reported in a series of excellent letters to the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*. After spending several months in Japan and China, I deemed it wise to extend my tour and inspect the work in other parts of the world.

Very nearly all the matter contained in this volume appeared in letters contributed to the *Nashville Christian Advocate*. They are reproduced in much the same form as in the columns of that paper. Written amid the exactions and fatigue of travel, they lack the literary finish which leisure might have given them, but have the advantage of first and vivid impressions. I prefer to sacrifice the former in order to retain the latter. Some errors of statement have been corrected, but I have found little occasion to revise conclusions. To Professor W. L. Weber, of Millsaps College, I acknowledge indebtedness for a critical examination of most of the manuscript, and for valuable suggestions.

The circuit of the globe was made without a serious accident, and I was able to return to my home in perfect health, and at the very time originally planned.

In response to resolutions by the Board of Missions and the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, and requests from scores of too partial friends in several countries, this book is published. I hope its modest mission may not be altogether fruitless.

CHAS. B. GALLOWAY.

Jackson, Miss., August 17, 1895.

INTRODUCTION.

SOME books need an introduction, and some do not. This one belongs to the latter class. On its own merits, it is sure to have a wide circulation. The letters of which it is substantially made up were written by Bishop Galloway to the *Christian Advocate* during his recent journey around the world, and were hailed with eager delight by thousands of readers. No worthier series of communications has ever appeared in the columns of that paper. How my good friend managed to keep up so high a level of thought and style, amid all the difficulties and dissipations of almost incessant traveling, is a marvel to me. For fullness, for accuracy, for vivacity, he has few equals. I do not know half a dozen men who are so entertaining as he is with both tongue and pen. The demand for the publication of his letters in book form is widespread and earnest. I feel sure that the volume will have a great run. While it cannot fail to be instructive and stimulating in many ways, it will especially aid in developing an increased interest in the great cause of Christian Missions. This is its *raison d'être*. E.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
Across the Pacific	11
CHAPTER II.	
Other Sights and Insights on the Sea.....	19
CHAPTER III.	
On Japanese Soil	26
CHAPTER IV.	
In the Mountains of Japan.....	36
CHAPTER V.	
Other Things Japanese.....	46
CHAPTER VI.	
A Methodist Conference in the Mikado's Kingdom.	54
CHAPTER VII.	
Two Ancient Japanese Capitals.....	65
CHAPTER VIII.	
From Nara to Nikko.....	77
CHAPTER IX.	
The Mikado's Capital and "Nikko the Beautiful".....	85
CHAPTER X.	
A Circuit of the Inland Sea	94
CHAPTER XI.	
Traveling a Circuit in Japan.....	103
CHAPTER XII.	
From Dai Nippon to Great Cathay.....	112
CHAPTER XIII.	
My First Week in China.....	124
CHAPTER XIV.	
Itinerating in China.....	134

	PAGE
CHAPTER XV.	
Here and There in Far Cathay	143
CHAPTER XVI.	
A Methodist Conference in a Celestial Capital.....	158
CHAPTER XVII.	
The "Venice of the Orient".....	169
CHAPTER XVIII.	
Some Characteristics, Conceits, and Customs of the Chinese.	181
CHAPTER XIX.	
Last Days in Shanghai.....	194
CHAPTER XX.	
From China to Ceylon.....	203
CHAPTER XXI.	
In "Ceylon's Isle".....	221
CHAPTER XXII.	
Scenes and Shrines in Southern India	235
CHAPTER XXIII.	
Tanjore and Madras.....	248
CHAPTER XXIV.	
Calcutta, India's Brilliant Capital	262
CHAPTER XXV.	
The Holy City and Sacred River of the Hindoos.....	272
CHAPTER XXVI.	
Scenes of the Sepoy Rebellion	283
CHAPTER XXVII.	
Agra, the City of the Taj.....	295
CHAPTER XXVIII.	
Delhi, the Ancient Capital of the Moguls	307
CHAPTER XXIX.	
In Jepore and Bombay.....	318
CHAPTER XXX.	
From India to Egypt.....	331
CHAPTER XXXI.	
In the Land of the Pyramids.....	343

CONTENTS.

9

CHAPTER XXXII.	PAGE
From Alexandria to Jerusalem	353
CHAPTER XXXIII.	
My First Day in Jerusalem.....	365
CHAPTER XXXIV.	
Jerusalem, and "Out as Far as to Bethany".....	377
CHAPTER XXXV.	
To Bethlehem and Hebron by Carriage.....	389
CHAPTER XXXVI.	
To Jericho, Jordan, and the Dead Sea	398
CHAPTER XXXVII.	
From Jerusalem to Shechem	406
CHAPTER XXXVIII.	
From Nabloos to Nazareth.....	415
CHAPTER XXXIX.	
Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee.....	424
CHAPTER XL.	
Along the Shores of Syria and Asia Minor.....	435
CHAPTER XLI.	
Smyrna and Athens.....	444
CHAPTER XLII.	
In Naples and Rome.....	452
CHAPTER XLIII.	
Home Again	461

A CIRCUIT OF THE GLOBE.

CHAPTER I.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC.

THE "Empress of China" was to have sailed at 2 P.M., July 19, but, on account of a delayed mail train on the Canadian Pacific Railway, did not loose her cables until seven. This detention gave opportunity to see something more of the growing city of Vancouver, British Columbia, and of sending off other letters to "the States." A few hours before, another vessel had turned her prow to the open sea, bound for Australia, with two thousand two hundred tons of freight, and then had to leave about one thousand five hundred tons for an incoming ship of the same line. Our steamer had a fair cargo for Japan and China, and only waited the last "royal mail." Promptly the hoarse, loud whistle sounded, the commander stood on "the bridge," and every sailor was busy untying ropes and hauling in lines.

Scores of persons crowded the wharf to bid their friends adieu, and quite affecting were some of the partings. But in that company was not a face familiar to my eye, and not one hand waved a good-by, or even knew me from any other world wanderer. Just for a moment a strange loneliness crept into my heart, and a tinge of sadness almost started an unbidden tear to the eyelids; but then the thought came that, if not in that

company, far away were dear ones thinking of me at that very moment, and praying for a safe voyage over the "greater ocean;" and on the other side were brethren beloved hoping soon to welcome a fellow-laborer with a message and commission from home. And another thing helped to cheer that scene of parting and departing: as we steamed down the inlet into the straits and toward the great ocean, with Vancouver fading from view behind us, there was the most beautiful sunset I ever saw. On the right the snow-crowned mountains were tipped with gold, while the slanting rays of the sinking sun made the rippling water look like a sea of sapphire. Just then a cloud floated above us, became circular in shape, and, gilded by the mellow evening light, looked like a golden coronet let down by an invisible hand from the spirit world to crown the fair "Empress" with blessing and prosperity for her outward voyage. So I interpreted the gorgeous scene, and thanked God for the cheerful omen. And when the fading beams finally forsook mountain peaks and lingering clouds, the full moon in richest radiance rose above the horizon, and the heavens were soon filled with stars. As I leaned over the railing and watched the dancing waves holding so tenderly in their bosoms the fires of heaven, I said: "So will I keep the light and fire of God's love in my heart on this missionary journey, and always." Thus cheered and reassured, I retired to my stateroom for a night of refreshing sleep.

Sometime during the night our good ship touched for a few moments at Victoria, the island capital of British Columbia, to receive mails and passengers. Our last good-by letters to dear ones at home, written

after the vessel was well under way and intrusted to the purser's care, were sent ashore, and I hope in due time reached their destination. I was disappointed in not getting a glimpse of Victoria. It is said to be a city of much interest and quite beautiful for situation.

The "Empress of China" is a magnificent vessel of 6,000 tons burden, 485 feet long, and 35 broad. She is made of steel, has twin screws, with a double set of boilers and engines, and so constructed with watertight compartments that if one side should be disabled or filled with water, the other would drive away and keep the ship on her course. That certainly is a wonderful triumph in modern shipbuilding. She is well furnished, has electric lights, porcelain baths, broad decks, large, airy staterooms, a carefully selected library, and a table with sufficient variety of *elaborately* prepared food. The officers of this "royal mail steamship" must be selected from the British Naval Reserve, giving assurance that her commanders are picked and trained men. I am informed also that the ships of this line are so built that in twenty-four hours they could be converted into war vessels of the fast cruiser type. All of which is calculated to lessen the apprehensions of the most timid who have to go down to the sea in ships. I certainly have admired her splendid movement as she mounted the waves and pursued the retreating storm. Over smooth seas and angry billows that swept her forward decks she moved on with the same majestic step, making an average of three hundred and sixty-five miles a day.

The ship's cargo is made up of four thousand bales of manufactured cotton, four thousand sacks of flour, heavy bridge timbers for Japan railroads, and general

merchandise, including "quite a lot of spirits," as one officer expressed it. Alas for such an exportation to lands already drunk with opium and blighted with superstition! So on the same vessel there are missionaries to the heathen, with a gospel to save them, and liquors that will deepen their degradation and destruction. I have since been told that the "lot" is not so large; but let the moralizing stand. This line has also a large royal mail subsidy. It has, therefore, shortened the distance between London and the far East. The time from Yokohama to London has been reduced to about twenty-five days. We have a young Japanese on board who left Paris, France, on the evening of June 29. He spent a day in New York, two days in Vancouver, and expects to land at Yokohama to-morrow, July 28. Such an achievement converts the supposed wild dream of Jules Verne into a very dry and tame calculation. And yet greater works than these will soon be done to bring peoples and places together.

The number of passengers is not large: only thirty-six in the cabin and about sixty-five in the steerage. At dinner, the Monday afternoon we sailed, a neat, beautifully printed folder was laid on each plate. On the first page outside were gaudily displayed the union jack and the royal colors of the steamship line; inside was the passenger list, with the names of the ship's officers; and on the back a map of the North Pacific Sea, and a blank form in which to keep a summary of "the ship's log." By mistake, Dr. Wainright, Brother Wadsworth, and I were published in the list as hailing from Detroit. Our tickets were secured through an agent at Detroit; hence the error. But we hope to conduct ourselves as becometh citizens of so goodly a city.

The ends of the earth have come together on the decks of this vessel. We have a merchant from Peru; a young man making the circuit of the globe from Allahabad, India, who, by the way, tells me he has often seen the great Hindoo philosopher, Chunder Sen; two ladies from London; a minister and his wife from Switzerland; missionaries and residents returning to Japan and China; and travelers for business or pleasure from Canada and different parts of the United States.

We have rather a pleasant ship's company. There are four elderly persons *en route* to Japan as missionaries to the missionaries. Their special mission is to preach faith-healing and the second coming. While having no sympathy with their peculiar doctrines, I have been greatly impressed with their devoutness and their constant study of the Holy Scriptures. Dr. and Mrs. McCandless are returning to their mission field in Hainan, an island off the coast of China. He is a medical missionary of the Northern Presbyterian Church, and has given me many valuable facts connected with that important branch of missionary enterprise. Mrs. McCandless is a daughter of the distinguished Dr. Kerr, who has labored so long and so successfully in Canton. Miss Howe, of Lansing, Mich., after a year or two of needed rest at home, is returning to Central China, where for twenty years she has faithfully toiled for her Lord. A young Japanese, the son of a count and ex-prime minister, is returning home from a year's graduate study in Oxford, England, and in the University of Paris. He spent eight years at Harvard, where he took his degree; and, after two years at home, had gone to Oxford and to Paris to prosecute special study in international law and comparative constitu-

tions. I suppose he is preparing for the public service. Though no longer a Buddhist, he is not a Christian. How the poor yet self-satisfied young man needs to know Him whom to know aright is life everlasting! There is on board an interesting elderly gentleman, now engaged in railway construction in Japan, who was one of the engineers that built the railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem. He tells many suggestive things about that first road in the Holy Land. A Japanese young lady, after four years at Wellesley College, goes back to her native land. She tells me that she taught one year in our mission school at Hiroshima. We have also in our small company an authoress, who wrote the little volume issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway, describing that road across the continent and the flowery kingdom of Japan. One day, when the storm raged and almost everyone was sick, her poetic description of the delightful voyage over the soft Pacific Sea was positively resented and *openly* repudiated. There was just a little grim satisfaction in seeing her yield to the authority of Neptune, like other innocents on their first trip abroad.

Our course was far to the northward, into latitude 51° , and quite near the Aleutian Islands. But for a dense fog, we could have seen them on the morning of the 23d. Flocks of albatross, which inhabit that region, dipped into the waters about our ship, and assured us that land was not far away. Another evidence of our nearness to Behring Sea was the Arctic currents which swept our decks for days, making it necessary to wear heavy flannels and overcoats. Fortunately, the Pacific Ocean has no icebergs, a dreaded enemy of Atlantic liners. But on occasion she can get

up as fierce storms, and roll as heavy seas, as ever tried the speed and strength of the "greyhounds" that run from New York to Liverpool. I can testify to that fact.

If passengers do not eat, it is not for lack of opportunity. We are invited to break our fast six times a day, and something for the hungry can be had oftener by simply calling for it. In the early morning our cabin boy asks if we will have tea or coffee. (I usually take lemonade, or "lemon water," as the Chinaman terms it.) At 8:30 A.M. we have breakfast; at 11, beef tea and crackers served on deck; at 1 P.M., "tiffin;" at 4, tea, or lemonade, and cakes; at 7, dinner. For prudential reasons I did not respond to two calls for dinner. The sea was raging, and so was my stomach. By the way, I have noticed that ladies are more honest about seasickness than are gentlemen. A lady candidly says, "I am sick, awfully sick;" but a man complains of "a little headache," or is "somewhat bilious," etc., until he goes below and casts up accounts. He feels a sense of humiliation in surrendering to his stomach, although it is his well-known weak point—at least everybody else knows it, especially the good housewife.

The daily report of the ship's log is occasion of eager interest to every passenger. Then there are calculations as to when land will be sighted, and guesses as to what will be the next day's run. We have made good time, more than an average of fifteen miles an hour. Thus far our shortest day's log was three hundred and forty-eight miles; the longest, three hundred and ninety-three. The vessel, I am sure, has capability to make the voyage from Vancouver to Yokohama,

four thousand three hundred miles, in nine days, instead of twelve. On her last return trip she was eleven days to Victoria. Unless the San Francisco lines quicken their pace, this will inevitably be the great highway to the Orient.

On Sunday night we crossed the 180th meridian, and lost a day. We went to sleep on Sunday night, and awoke on Tuesday morning. But for an injunction before leaving home not to repeat that oft-told story and make anew the calculations from Greenwich, I could add quite a paragraph to this letter. If I do not return this way and pick up that lost Monday, but complete the circuit of the globe, and get safely home, Mrs. G. will have been married one day longer than her husband.

But these notes are already too long. Some incidents of the voyage may be reserved for another letter.

Pacific Ocean, Lat. 43°, Lon. 151°, July 26, 1894.

CHAPTER II.

OTHER SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS ON THE SEA.

OCEAN travel is monotonous, but is not without its compensations. What opportunities for reflection and introspection! What lessons to be learned from communing with the restless and resistless sea! And in our busy, bustling American life such isolation is occasionally needed for tired nerves and fatigued brains and weary spirits. There are no daily papers with telegraphic news from the wide world, and no jostling and elbowing along crowded thoroughfares. We form a little world of our own, without tragic incidents or startling announcements, save the sight of a sail, or the appearance of a whale, or the alarm sounded for the fire drill. One day differs but little from the former, except as to weather. The ocean has its changing colors and shifting shades and varying moods, but it is the same surging sea on which we looked yesterday. We read books, walk the decks, talk to friends, sleep often, and long for the land. But when the voyage is over we discover a deeper meaning in life, an enrichment of spirit, a holier reverence for the works of nature, and a stronger faith in the mighty God who spoke the world into being. The sea is a teacher of reverence. Solemn awe becometh its presence. As we stand on its shore or walk its waves, flippancy would be a profanation, if not desecration. Its surges strike the great

cathedral tones in nature's grand organ, and fill the soul with inspiring music. The majestic march of its billows is an expression of power which yields only to the authority of Him who said: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." And thus the sea makes us see God.

Sunday, July 22, was a dreary, stormy day, increasing in violence as the evening came on. At 10:30 in the forenoon divine service was held in the dining room, the captain of the ship reading the service of the Church of England. A regulation of this line requires that service to be read every Sabbath morning. I was much impressed with the reverent manner of the sailors and the heartiness with which they joined in the responses and the singing. And it seemed becoming that the chief officer should conduct the service. We were to have preaching in the afternoon, but the rough sea sent almost every passenger "below."

I visited the steerage once or twice to see the Chinamen take their meals. It was interesting, but not appetizing. Around a great dish of rice and an immense pot of meat, cut in small pieces, they squatted, each with a bowl and a pair of chopsticks. To see how deftly they handle the chopsticks, picking up small pieces of meat, and how they shovel rice into the mouth, increases one's stock of knowledge, but is not a special preparation for the enjoyment of breakfast. For about eight or ten cents a day the ship can board a Chinese steerage passenger.

One morning I chanced to hear that a Chinaman had died the night before. He was an old man going home to spend his last days in his native land, and there find sepulture. But the poor old man died without the

sight of those crowded shores, which so many thousands are eager to leave, but where every Chinaman wishes to be buried. A coffin was prepared, his body embalmed, and he will be carried home for burial. If their family ties are as strong and sweet as ours, there will be sorrow in a far-away home when the humble coffin is carried in with the dear old father or brother whose coming was so long expected. And then they know nothing of the sustaining comforts of our Christian religion, which has a balm for every wound. And the old man—ignorant, superstitious, idolatrous—how will it be with him? What an appeal to the Church of God is the death of every heathen! How many more may sink into the waves but for us! Let us fly to the rescue.

The fact that we have on board two or three merchants returning to China, and who are liberal patrons of the bar-room and tireless attendants at the card table, suggests one of the most stubborn and lamentable obstructions to the gospel in heathen lands. Hailing from Christian countries, they are considered by the natives as types and representatives of the Christian religion. An intelligent young Japanese said to me one evening (and himself not a Christian) that the conduct of foreign merchants and their families was a sad commentary on the teachings of the missionaries. "Why tell us," said he, "to keep the Sabbath, when the foreigner takes his gun or fishing boat on Sunday morning and spends the day shooting or angling?" The only reply possible was that they are not representative Christians, which he could appreciate, but the great mass of his people could not understand. It is the habit of these persons, I am told, to speak slightly, if not con-

temptuously, of the missionaries and their work. This factor must be taken into account in studying the seemingly slow progress of the gospel in "the regions beyond."

"A whale! a whale!" some one shouts, and every passenger rushes to the side of the vessel. We have had some fine views of those great leviathans on this trip. One early morning an immense fellow, right near the ship's prow, spouted water high in the air and lashed the waves with his tail, as if to flaunt defiance into the face of the intruder who dared to invade his watery kingdom; but he moved speedily out of the way while the proud "Empress" held on her imperial course to the Orient. These spouting monsters of the deep have relieved the tedium of many days' travel; but if "the whaling fisheries" are not restricted and protected, they will soon be as rare in these waters as the buffalo on the plains.

On Sunday at twelve o'clock there was an inspection of the crew. They were drawn up in line along the entire length of the deck, and reviewed by the captain. Including all the Chinamen employed as stokers, waiters, cabin boys, etc., the crew consists of two hundred and thirty persons. The sailors are all Englishmen, and seem to be masters of their craft.

The "fire drill" is rather an exciting occasion to the passengers, although they know it is only a drill. When the quick peals of the bell are heard there is a nervous beating of the heart and anxious desire to see if there may not be some cause of danger. Every officer has his place, and every cabin boy rushes up the stairway with a bucket or blanket or something else needful in hand. But there is comparatively little dan-

ger of fire on steel-built vessels. One of these steamers did put back to port last year on account of fire in "the hold," communicated by an electric wire, but an officer tells me it was quite under control before she reached the wharf. It is necessary, however, to have this thorough organization and perfect discipline, for a disaster on the Pacific Ocean means a grave in the deep. There are no passing vessels to see signals of distress and come to relief. On this entire voyage of four thousand three hundred miles only one sail has been sighted.

Every waiter, cabin steward, or other subordinate is called "Boy." It seemed rather harsh to my ears at first thus to address anyone, but I am told it is universal in the East. And more efficient, attentive, respectful servants I have never seen than are these Chinese waiters.

"Nine o'clock, and all's well!" so a weird but welcome voice rang out on the night air—a sailor in the fore-castle reporting to "the man on the bridge." And thus during the night watches, while we peacefully sleep, the ship is steered safely on her course by these seamen, to whom night and day are alike. While some sleep, others keep an eye open for danger. And over these watchers there is an All-seeing Eye, that keeps ceaseless, fatherly vigils over his children, whether on sea or land.

Last night the chief engineer was kind enough to have a small party of us conducted down into the boiler and engine rooms, where the mighty power is generated that whirls our propeller. The experience can never be forgotten. What complicated and vast machinery, moving like the tread of a giant, and yet as

easily and gracefully as the skip of a gazelle! And all of that Titanic power was born in a human brain, and is so delicately and perfectly adjusted that the hand of a little child could move the lever and start or stop the great ship. And there were the flying dynamos that made the electric lights blaze so brightly in the cabins and saloons above; and another engine which generated arctic weather for the "cold storage rooms." With the heat intense about us, we gathered snow from a box near by. Into the boiler rooms we were led, where the Chinese stokers were throwing coal into the blazing furnaces at the rate of a hundred tons a day. Twelve fires were roaring, and the flames were being fed every few minutes. Some of those terrific passages in Dante's "Inferno" came to mind as I crept about in that region of eternal fires. A more impressive scene I have rarely witnessed. I have admired the artistic model and splendid movement of our noble ship, but the ponderous wheels and immense shafts and roaring boilers just beneath where we walk and sleep were absolutely awe-inspiring. I have no disposition to repeat the visit.

Friday and Saturday were beautiful and clear. The skies were bright and the sea was pacific, and all the ship's company were happy. Rough weather and raging stomachs were forgotten in the joyousness of sunshine and calm. How merciful is that provision of Providence which makes one day's gladness act as a sponge to wipe out the cares and sorrows of a week! Why, some are almost regretting that the journey is nearly ended. But is not that true of the great voyage of life? However rough the sea, few voyagers want to put into port.

Last night at seven o'clock land was sighted far up the Japan coast. Dinner was speedily dispatched, and the decks were soon filled with eager eyes and glasses trying to discover the shore line through the purple twilight. Sure enough there it was—the rugged bluffs and peaks coming out with sufficient distinctness to reassure the most doubting. And so I had my first sight of the Orient, the clouds which hung over the cliffs suggestively typifying the shadows beneath which that land has ever sat and sinned and sorrowed. Mighty God, hasten the glad morning of its glorious deliverance!

From arctic weather on Friday we have descended to tropical heat. Flannels have been discarded, and shawls and overcoats rolled up. On Friday night we slept under blankets, with our port window closed; last night we welcomed the breeze and wanted a fan.

We have passed the lighthouse and are now steaming up the bay. Hundreds of fishing boats are in the sea about us. One seen early this morning, and making a most remarkable catch of fishes, was filled with fishermen, who, from my distant point of view, seemed to have on red trousers and jackets. I remarked upon it. Imagine my discomfiture when a nearer observation revealed the fact that they were entirely naked except a small cloth about the loins.

The ship is nearing her place of anchor, and we shall spend to-night on dry land. We are grateful for a safe and speedy voyage.

Yokohama, Japan, July 29, 1894.

P. S.—At 5:30 P.M. our vessel came to anchor, just eleven days, twenty-two and a half hours from Vancouver.

CHAPTER III.

ON JAPANESE SOIL.

OUR good ship came to anchor in Yokohama Bay, Sunday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock, about a half mile from the wharf. It was a significant circumstance, as I afterwards learned, that she stopped at the very spot where Commodore Perry's flagship anchored in 1854; and the Union Church in the city is on the identical ground where he signed the treaty with Japan. Before we were well inside the bay, quarantine officers came aboard to see if the "Empress" had a clean bill of health. For twelve days we had known nothing of the great busy world outside the steel ribs of our stately ship. Eagerly, therefore, were they plied with requests for news. We were told of the declaration of war between Japan and China, and of a first engagement in which the Mikado's forces won a signal victory. It was really amusing to see the elation of my young Japanese fellow-passenger. He displayed his national characteristic of sublime self-assurance, which before had been rather modestly concealed.

I had read many descriptions of the scenes in Yokohama Bay, on the arrival of a foreign steamer, but they fell far short of the vivid and excited picture presented. The scores of little *sampans*, rowed by almost nude natives, as active as cats and strong as mules, chaffering and fighting for position nearest the ship, and then springing up the ladders like squirrels, must be seen to be appreciated. Many junks and other cu-

rious craft dotted the waters, while several war vessels and mighty merchantmen were lying at anchor and loading for the ports of the world. The stars and stripes floating over those Oriental waves were never so beautiful to my eye, much as I love the flag of my native land. Here, looking on that strange scene, was my first and never-to-be-forgotten realization that I was in another world—a world as different from my own as if it were a member of another solar system.

But from that reverie I had an agreeable awakening. A letter was handed me from Brother Anderson, in Soochow, China, extending a cordial welcome to the East, and sending good tidings from that field. These are sample sentences: "This has been the best year of the China Mission. After many years of sowing, the reaping time seems to be at hand." Glad news indeed. How it lifted the heart with hope as I stood looking upon that gloomy picture of ignorance, poverty, and nakedness, the condition of a people who know not the God by whose commission we had come.

After dinner, Dr. Wainright, Brother Wadsworth, and I hailed a *sampan* and went ashore to attend religious service. No sooner had we placed foot on solid ground than swarms of jinrikisha men surrounded us, shouting, "Riksha! Riksha!" And there were the peculiar vehicles—a long row of them, enlarged baby carriages, with two wheels, shafts in front, and from each hung a Japanese lantern—certainly a very picturesque scene. A decidedly new sensation was experienced as I stepped in and a man trotted off with me at a lively rate. He had an easy, regular trot, and such remarkable endurance as to be able to keep that gait for several hours. But at first I could not throw off a

sense of humiliation in thus treating a human being. That, however, is his only business, to which he has been trained, and without which he could not secure a livelihood. They are the draught horses of the tradesman, the roadsters of the country, and the street cars of the city. We stopped first at the post and telegraph office, that I might cable home our safe arrival. War news, I fear, will so occupy the line as to delay its transmission. The cable is by way of London and New York.

We then rode on to the Methodist Episcopal Japanese Church, where we were *elaborately* received and highly honored. I have rarely enjoyed a service more, though not a word of sermon, song, or prayer could I understand. The old tunes were familiar, and I *did want* to join in the praise. A little Japanese woman played the organ, and all sang. The women had on neither hats nor bonnets, and sat apart from the men. At the close of the sermon I spoke a few words by request, an intelligent young Japanese teacher interpreting. That church has about one hundred and fifty members, and there is another in the city with eighty. Along the crowded streets were thousands who never heard of our Saviour, and this little company did look forlorn; but they have the word of life, which is mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. A smaller number sat in a certain "upper room" from which power descended, and the ages were made to rejoice. The same Spirit is here in Japan, and will roll away the stone from the sepulcher, and make a new nation stand on its feet. I am glad my first worship on heathen soil was with a native congregation.

After service, we rode through a number of narrow,

winding streets, on our way back to the ship. The shops were ablaze with many-colored lights, the keepers sitting flat on the floor, and the streets crowded with chattering people of every dress and no dress, all seemingly as happy as children at play. Everything was so novel—the very novelty became a sort of intoxicated delight. Far into the night those Oriental visions kept sleep from the eyelids, and then peopled my dreams with hopes for the glad morning when Christ shall win the heart of this Island Empire.

Our ship was to sail at 2 P.M. for Kobé, where the Conference is soon to meet. So we arose early, and went ashore before breakfast, to see as much as possible of Japan's greatest shipping port, though not her largest and most interesting city. There are two Yokohamas, one foreign and one native; and in appearance they are as distinct as the people who built them. The "concession" has substantial, tasteful modern houses, well-paved sidewalks, electric lights, etc. The city of the natives has narrow, crooked lanes for streets, with no sidewalks (the Japanese all walk in the middle of the street), and buildings and shops that look like children's playhouses. But in the native quarter there are ludicrous evidences of attempts to imitate the foreigner and catch his trade. This was seen on the English signs over many places of business, illustrating what some one has called "English as she is Japped." Among others that attracted my eye was this, over a barber shop:

SHAVINGS AND HAIR CUTTINGS.

Here is another:

WATER WORK, A SEWER CLEANER, ETC.

This is the Japanese abbreviation on the conspicuous sign of a manufacturer of gentlemen's shirts :

SHIRT TAILER.

Hundreds equally as amusing could be given. No doubt like funny mistakes are made by foreigners in their early use of Japanese. This was told me : The words in their language for *rat* and *fountain* are very much alike ; so an accomplished missionary, in delivering an earnest discourse, made the very easy mistake of urging his congregation to "come and seek the living Rat," instead of "come and seek the living Fountain." Of an evangelist in China the story is told that he said, with a loud voice, "If you don't repent, you will go to the post office"—the words for post office and hell being very similar in sound. So the honors are even.

From the bluffs we had an admirable view of the city—really a beautiful place of 170,000 or more inhabitants, with tiled-roof houses, and scarcely a spire. Buddhist temples are very few in Yokohama, and they are never adorned with domes, steeples, or towers. The shops are an exhaustless source of interest to a foreigner. The curious and ingenious articles made with the hand, or very crude machinery, bring out the real genius of the people. They furnished striking confirmation of an opinion I had recently read from one of the best authorities on things Japanese. He said : "The Japanese genius touches perfection in small things. No other nation ever understood half so well how to twist a spray of flowers into artistic line, how to transform a little knob of ivory into a microcosm of quaint humor, how to express a fugitive thought in half a dozen dashes of the pencil. The massive, the spacious, the grand is less congenial to their mental at-

titude." Hence they have never excelled in architecture, have never invented anything like a Corliss engine, and in painting there are no grand original conceptions, but most beautiful copies from nature and from other pencils.

We visited the American Consulate to arrange for passports. Foreigners cannot travel beyond treaty limits—thirty miles from each of the four treaty ports—without special permission from the Japanese Government. The Consul, a native of South Carolina, but since boyhood a resident of Iowa, was most courteous and accommodating. By the terms of the treaty, all American citizens charged with any offense in this country are tried by American law. But a foreigner's complaint against a native is tried in a Japanese court. This provision is very offensive to the people, and for years there has been more or less agitation in favor of treaty revision. The American Consul, under this provision, becomes a judicial officer—a United States Judge—and the Consulate a United States Judicial District. Appeals are taken from his decisions to the Supreme Court of the United States, as from any lower court at home. A case came up for trial while we were there. Two poor coolies, bruised and battered, were making complaint against some American for assault and battery. The Consul informed me that there were cases pending before him involving from one to two hundred thousand dollars.

I called at the Bible House to see Rev. Henry Loomis, Agent of the American Bible Society, to whom I had a very kind letter of introduction from Dr. Albert S. Hunt, of New York. He greeted the American strangers most cordially, and made us for a

time almost forget that we were in a heathen land. As he was a fellow-passenger to Kobé in the "Empress," I had opportunity of learning much of missionary and Bible work in Japan. Having been twenty-two years in the country, his acquaintance with the field is accurate and ample. This statement will give an idea of the remarkable growth: When he arrived in Japan in 1872, there were only about 12 native Protestant Christians; now there are over 38,000. In January, 1893, there were 37,398. During the year previous 3,636 converts and additions to the Churches were reported. Are not these figures inspiring? Have they not the thrill of power? And this has been wrought in the period of reaction and Buddhist aggressiveness which set in three or four years ago. But of these matters I will write later and more at length. Since writing the above, Mr. Loomis has just come in to tell me that the Bible House in Yokohama was burned last night, and that he will have to return by this evening's train. We hope to have him at our Conference next week.

We visited a large "tea-firing" establishment where hundreds of operatives are employed, mostly women. There the tea is dried and prepared for the foreign market. There were long rows of large ovens, under each of which was a charcoal fire. A woman stood at each, and with her hand stirred the tea until sufficiently toasted. It is then boxed, and shipped to America. I am told that the tea sent abroad is not so pure as that used here. Some chemical is mixed during the drying which gives the color so much desired by the average American. Those laborers, I understand, get from eight to ten *sen* (cents) a day, which in their depreci-

ated currency is worth four or five cents in American money. Ten cents a day is considered very good wages. Financial *doctrinaires* will take notice that the currency of Japan is on a silver basis.

I noticed that many of the women in that tea house had black teeth. It is a Japanese custom, dating back eight hundred years or more, that married women must blacken the teeth with some kind of ink and shave the eyebrows when they become mothers. The reason given for the practice is that wives thus become unattractive to other persons. If so, it is a success, for they are almost hideous. Maiden ladies, also, when the prospect of marriage seems hopeless, blacken their teeth, and die to the world. I am told the present Empress discards the custom, and that it is rapidly passing away. But I have already seen hundreds, if not thousands, thus hideously discolored.

Of many strange things seen in the streets and shops I cannot now write in detail. Time would fail me to tell of the banks, and how they are conducted; of the restaurants, and how they are kept; of the Japanese houses, and how they are built and furnished; of the water carts drawn by men; of the bullocks and cows, with straw shoes, and a bridle in the nose, drawing peculiarly shaped vehicles; of the little apologies for horses, found only in Yokohama and a few other places; and many, many other marvels to American eyes.

At 2 P.M. our good ship weighed anchor and steamed down the bay. I did hope that the afternoon would give the coveted opportunity, denied the day before, of seeing Fusi-yama, the snow-crowned and sacred mountain of Japan; but we were again disappointed.

I purpose going north on a later date, and hope to see that Japanese Mount Olympus, the image of Dai Butsu, the capital city of Tokio, "Nikko the Beautiful," and other points of interest and national importance.

On our way to Kobé I had a fine view of the channel of the Japanese Gulf Stream—the Kuroshio, or "Black Current." It is a mighty river in the sea, with as distinctly marked a channel as that cut by the Columbia and Fraser rivers through the mountains of Northwestern America. The Gulf Stream is a dark blue, almost black, color, contrasting strikingly with the lighter green waters of the ocean; has a temperature ten degrees warmer than the sea just outside its channel, and a speed varying from three to seven miles an hour. Sweeping up from the Philippine Islands, it warms the coast of Japan, then flows in a northwesterly course, and washes the shores of British America and the States of Washington and Oregon. It accounts for the soft, pleasant climate of that section.

On our ship were the wife and family of the Chinese Minister to Japan, and other prominent Celestials, hurrying home because of the threatened war. At Kobé one hundred and seventy-five others went aboard, homeward bound. The Consul at Yokohama has asked the American representative to protect his Consulate and the resident Chinese in the city. Excitement runs high, and everybody is talking about the war. Bishop Ninde, who is in Japan, and will probably be in this part of the empire in a few days, will hardly be able to visit the Corcan Mission.

After a night in Kobé, I came up to Arima, in the mountains, where about two hundred missionaries have gathered to spend a few weeks during the hot

summer. Brothers Bonnell and Burke and their families, from China, are here, and nearly all our brethren of the Japan Mission. Our Conference meets at Kobé on Thursday next.

Arima, Japan, August 2, 1894.

P. S.—A letter just received from Dr. Young J. Allen, at Shanghai, reports him as convalescing from a long attack of typhoid fever, his first serious illness in thirty years. Letters have also come from Brothers Parker, Reid, and Loehr, speaking hopefully of our cause in China. The brethren here are well, and happy in their work.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF JAPAN.

IT was no small privilege to find such a cordial greeting as was accorded when our good ship cast anchor in Kobé harbor. Brother Waters and his wife, and Brothers Towson, Moseley, and Davis, came out to the vessel to bid the strangers welcome to "the Churches of Asia," while two of our native preachers waited at the wharf to grasp hands as we stepped on the soil of their fathers. The faces and words of those "beloved and longed for" distracted attention from scenes in the harbor similar to but less exciting and grotesque than those witnessed at Yokohama. The coolies rowing *sampans*, like those seen elsewhere, were "clad in climate," and but very little more. Competition seemed not so sharp, however; and there were lacking the fierce contentions and strugglings which gave intense interest to our first introduction to the Orient. In the harbor were several large ships, including two just purchased by the Japanese Government, and being fitted and provisioned for service in the war over Corea. Recruiting officers, we learned on landing, had been busy summoning the "reserves" for service, and the war spirit was running high. Very excitable and ardent are these Japanese. Without sufficient knowledge of the *real cause* of this war to give an intelligent judgment, one thing is very evident: the Japanese are eager for the fray. They are confident

of the victory, relying upon their better drilled and disciplined army and navy to overcome the superior numbers of the Chinese. As evidence of the excited state of the public mind, this story was told me yesterday: A few days ago in Kobé, a Chinaman, riding in a jinrikisha, began conversation about the war with the coolie trotting in the shafts. So heated grew the controversy that the Jap suddenly stopped, seized a stick, and charged upon his passenger with savage ferocity. From cabinet to coolie, the whole empire seems to be of one mind: eager for war.

The first place visited in Kobé after securing lodgings was that most sacred spot to Southern Methodism in Japan, the honored grave of Dr. J. W. Lambuth. It gratified me to see that the brethren watch tenderly over the modest tomb, and occasionally freshen it with flowers and tears. A missionary's grave in a heathen land—what a treasure! Like the sepulcher of Elijah's heroic successor, it will make many a dead soul stand on its feet. It was fitting that the flags over foreign consulates should fly at half-mast the day he was buried, while hundreds of Christians and non-Christians wept and cried: "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" A man of saintly life, a missionary of tireless toil, a Christian of unflagging faith, rests in peace in a heathen land. His life was a perpetual sacrifice, his presence an evangel, his growing religious experience a succession of epiphanies, his death a translation, and his memory is at once a benediction and an inspiration. His last words were a note of victory, and an appeal in behalf of the benighted people for whom he was dying: "*I die at my post; send more men.*" I uncov

ered in that presence, and prayed that a double portion of such a consecrated spirit might abide upon the Mission.

As most of *our* missionaries, and many from China, Corea, and Japan, representing the several evangelical Churches, were at Arima, a mountain village with mineral and hot springs, some twelve or fifteen miles from Kobé, I came up here for a few days. Our route was by train to Suni-Yoshi, six miles, and by ka-go eight or nine miles up the mountain. And what is a ka-go? Well, it is a sort of veranda, bamboo chair, with the legs cut off, swung on a pole and carried by coolies. Two men are usually able to carry a person, but not fewer than three would consent to bear me on their shoulders. And then they slyly and mischievously asked Brother Moseley, who is rather small, to take my place. It took four men to carry Bishop Key up those heights, and then they complained that "the old father was very heavy." It is rather a peculiar sensation to be swung in a big basket and carried on the shoulders of men. Especially will a stranger occasionally get a little nervous as the men climb the narrow path which overlooks a deep gorge, or turn a sharp point where, if a foot should slip, horses and rider would fall a hundred feet or more. But they are sure-footed, and have never hurt a passenger. I felt sorry for the poor, perspiring, nude creatures, with chafed shoulders, and got out to walk for awhile. When, however, we reached the top of the mountain and started down to Arima, two miles distant, they went almost at a canter, and were in the highest glee. I occasionally cried, "Ho! a little slower!" but, not understanding a word, they dashed on at a quickened pace,

jolting every muscle until all were perfectly sore. I prefer the jinrikisha to the ka-go.

This village in the mountains is the summer resort of missionaries in China and Japan. It affords opportunity, at little expense, for needed rest and escape from the hot, depressing climate of the valleys. A Missionary Conference is held here every year, which has proved very helpful. One is now in session, attended by over two hundred missionaries from China, Corea, Japan, and Formosa.

This town is noted throughout the empire for the variety of beautiful things made out of bamboo. The little shops are a source of unfailing interest. One never ceases to marvel at the rare taste and exhaustless ingenuity of the people in converting bamboo cane into so many different baskets, boxes, toys, tables, etc., and of every combination of colors. And all is done by hand. The genius of the people expends itself in things to amuse and attract.

The Japanese are the French of the East. They excel in polite phrases, graceful bowings, and punctilious etiquette. To a bluff American their profound bowings, oft-repeated and accompanied with fulsome compliments, are something remarkable. I have seen them on the streets bow the head to the knees again and again, and heard them draw in the breath with considerable noise. The idea for that, I am told, is that your presence is so august and you are so highly honored as almost to take their breath. Whether that be the reason or not, it is regarded as a mark of highest respect, and is a universal custom. In their homes they bow to the floor. That experience is yet in store for me.

Every morning, a little after six o'clock, I am saluted by the monotonous beating of a drum, and the weird, wearisome repetition of a few Japanese words. This morning I went out to locate the early serenader, and found that it was an old Shinto woman at her morning devotions. The drum accompaniment, I am told, is to drown the noise of the world while she is engaged in prayer. The prayer is the "vain repetition" of words that mean very little to some and nothing to others. One old priest acknowledged that many of the people got it all wrong, and didn't understand what they were doing. And yet the poor old soul was pounding her drum and wailing her meaningless prayer. Alas for such superstition! To-night Dr. Wainright and I went to another house, and after hearing a man through his monotonous wail had quite a talk with him about his religion. He had scarcely an intelligent idea of the worship in which he had just engaged. Most respectful was he, however, and asked many questions about our religion. The intense, yearning expression on the face of his wife, who sat on the floor beside him, made me so anxious that she should know the way of life. Her earnest look was a prayer, and indicated a hunger of soul that cannot be satisfied with the husks of heathenism. And as the children clustered around the parents, all paying eager heed to Brother Wainright as he talked, it was a picture I shall never forget. That humble Japanese house, at least to one heart, was converted into a holy temple, and made blessed because of the conscious presence of the mighty Redeemer, who seeks the heathen for an inheritance.

In a number of houses I have seen these domestic shrines, with various little images, including the inevi-

table fox, holders full of bits of paper, tablets with names of different gods, lamps for light, and a drum or gong for noise. This, I have concluded, is one of the strongest influences in holding these people to their old faiths and superstitions—*their Church in the house*. The temples are not largely attended, and they very rarely have the impressiveness of a great assembly united in worship. Their temples, in this conservative village, are more numerous than in other places of the same size; but they are poor affairs, insignificantly small, and with rude furnishings. There is nothing gorgeous or grand in building, service, assembly, or priestly vestments. And very few new temples are being erected in the country. Whatever the cause of this decline—whether the influence of Christianity, or the gradual diffusion of education, or natural decay—their so-called religions seem destined to become effete. May God hasten the glorious morning! Just outside these temples I noticed a number of thin pieces of wood with Japanese characters on them. They contain the names of contributors to that temple, and the amounts given. It is said the priest sometimes falsifies the figures, in order to induce others to larger liberality. In front of the shrine is a contribution box and a rope attached to a bell or gong above. The worshiper first drops in his coin and then pulls the rope to wake up his god. He pays before he prays. I wonder if such a rule in America would not thin out the congregations. That and something else have had like effect in this land. But of their several forms of religion I may write more in detail.

The reader would certainly be amused to see the crude system of waterworks in this town. The little

mountain stream near by furnishes an ample supply of pure water which is conducted into the village first by a wooden trough and then distributed by pipes of bamboo. The bamboo looks like Mississippi cane grown to four or five times its ordinary size. And so it is used for nearly everything, even for an article of food. The "bamboo shoot," I am told, is relished even by the foreigners. This fact further I learned about the bamboo, while in a large, dense grove the other afternoon: it never grows in diameter. It is the same circumference when it springs out of the ground that it is when fifty feet high. What a type of some people I have known! They never broaden in view or spirit, and exhaust themselves upon themselves.

One of the attractions this mountain retreat has for foreigners is a large, bold spring, strongly charged with carbonic acid gas, and with other mineral properties. A little sugar mixed with it in a glass makes as delicious soda water as an American ever drank. There are also hot springs, which are popular for bathing. Above everything the Japanese delight in hot baths, and prefer a temperature of about 110° Fahrenheit. Cleanliness is a chief characteristic. They bathe often; some persons several times a day. Every town and city abounds in public baths, and they are liberally patronized at all hours of the day. I am told that, in the family, water for the bath is prepared in the morning, and into it the father first plunges; and *in the same water* all the household bathe in order. In the public baths the same water is used by the natives all day; special and separate provision is made for foreigners. At these places may also be seen another national characteristic: *an utter absence of modesty.*

Though there has been some legislation against mixed bathing, the law is practically disregarded. One reared in our Christian land is constantly shocked and made to blush by the undress of these people, both men and women. It is impossible to conceive their entire innocence of the sense of shame. And this, as may be easily imagined, keeps forever irritated the open sore—the offensive cancer—of this in many respects most attractive land and interesting people. In their case cleanliness is not next to godliness, nor does it lead thereto.

The streets are full of children, the least strapped on the backs of the little larger; and the impression is thereby made that this is a land of large families. Everybody lives outdoors—we see them all. As a matter of fact, there are fewer children in Japan, in proportion to families, than in any other country in the world except France. This outdoor habit, of course, destroys family life. The American and Christian idea of a home has no place in the thought or heart of this people. A missionary told me yesterday that when one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church was preaching here some time ago he referred to the “home,” when the interpreter stopped and said that the Japanese had no word to convey the meaning of a home. That dearest, divinest thing in this world is only the product of Christianity. Heathenism has no homes—only houses.

For several days I have enjoyed the delightful hospitality of Brother W. A. Davis and wife, among the most faithful missionaries in the field. Brother Davis is from Missouri, and his good wife, whom he first met in Japan, was Miss May F. Bice, of California,

and an honored member of our missionary band. Their work has been at Uwajima, far in the interior, their nearest foreign neighbor being one hundred and twenty-five miles away. They have given me an interesting account of an unusual episode in a missionary's life in Japan, and a great honor as well: their entertaining a prince at dinner. He has large estates at Uwajima, but, being a member of the House of Lords, spends most of his time at Tokio, the capital. In rank he is one of the ten highest in the empire, being a marquis, and is one of the four wealthiest of the Mikado's subjects. There are only four persons in the town who are admitted to his house, and there is not a home he would condescend to enter. He, however, welcomed Brother Davis and wife, and accepted their invitation to dine; said, as they were foreigners he supposed that they were sincere in extending the invitation; if Japanese, he would only consider it an empty courtesy. When the dinner hour arrived they sent messengers to announce that the feast was ready, and to escort him thither. This is Japanese custom—a custom which must have prevailed in Bible times, when the master of the feast sent out notice to “them that were bidden.” He was accompanied by two of his retainers, and made himself most agreeable to his hosts. Many inquiries were made about their work, and interest expressed therein. The next day, agreeable to custom, he sent a handsome present. His father, a very aged man, was a great friend of Dr. W. R. Lambuth's, he having ministered to him in a severe illness. Afterwards, it is said, a missionary of the Congregational Church endeavored to cultivate the old gentleman, but he assured him that Dr. Lambuth was his spiritual

adviser. This little incident is related to illustrate a fact of importance: *in Japan Christian missionaries have access to the better classes.* Their work is not among the coolies, but among the middle and higher circles of society. One of the supreme judges of the empire is a Christian, as also was one of the speakers of the House of Representatives.

Arima, Japan, August 6, 1894.

CHAPTER V.

OTHER THINGS JAPANESE.

MY last letter was from Arima, in the mountains. This is from Kobé, the second shipping port of Japan, and the headquarters of our Southern Methodist Mission. I greatly enjoyed the opportunity of seeing so many missionaries of varied service and from different fields of labor. The Missionary Conference was helpful to a stranger *from home* in studying methods of work, plans and principles of administration, points of strength and weakness, difficulties to be overcome, hopes for the future, and the spirit of the workers. I was delighted with the unity of the brethren. Episcopalians and Methodists were of one mind on experimental religion, and the one as fervent as the other in exhortation and insisting on deeper consecration. So should it be in the presence of heathenism *and everywhere*.

I was specially interested in several representatives of the China Inland Mission, and had a long conference with one of them about that work. They wear the Chinese dress—the gentlemen had their heads partly shaved, and long, plaited cues down the back, while the ladies were robed as becometh the better class of Celestials. They think that dress blunts the edge of prejudice, and more speedily opens the way to Chinese toleration, if not confidence. Theirs is largely pioneer work, rendering it possible for others to

organize Churches and hold the field. One gentleman told me that they had sometimes to wander about in a neighborhood, quietly teaching and constantly praying for two years, before they could rent a house. They have no fixed salaries, and no guaranteed support. Like the Salvation Army workers, they receive what is given or sent from home, and live on it, be it much or little. The gentleman above referred to said they had never really suffered, but sometimes had to live on scant rations. There are organizations in the home fields, however, which endeavor to sustain them comfortably. I believe there are *six hundred and twenty* workers connected with that mission, and also connected with the several evangelical denominations. Whatever may be the defects in their system—and some are to me very apparent—I was most favorably impressed with the Christly, self-giving spirit of these missionaries. It was a matter of regret that I could not remain to the close of the Conference, and have more extensive acquaintance with the noble men and women who are laboring to lift Eastern nations from the death of sin and superstition. Their very presence thrilled me; their words and tears almost transported me. What a privilege to consecrate life to so noble a service, so divine a calling! What a joy to see scales fall from blind eyes, and to hear dumb lips begin to praise the great Healer and Redeemer! A happier company I have not seen outside a Methodist Annual Conference down South.

My passport, for which application was made through the American Consulate at Yokohama the day after our arrival, has come to hand. This permit from the Japanese Government is necessary if a for-

eigner wishes to travel beyond the treaty limits, and every foreigner who resides in the country outside the "concession" in a treaty port must get a *residence passport*. This has occasioned much vexation and interruption to missionaries. They have been compelled to lose weeks and even months from their work in a vain endeavor to secure passports. The one I have contains numerous requirements and regulations. First, I "must obey all local laws" when traveling in the interior. Those "local laws" forbid the following and similar acts, which are specified :

1. Traveling at night in a carriage without a light.
2. Attending a fire on horseback.
3. Disregarding notices of "No Thoroughfare."
4. Rapid driving on narrow roads.
5. Neglecting to pay ferry and bridge tolls.
6. Injuring notice boards, house signs, and mile posts.
7. Scribbling on temples, shrines, or walls.
8. Injuring crops, shrubs, trees, or plants on the road or in the gardens.
9. Trespassing on fields, inclosures, or game preserves.
10. Lighting fires in woods or on hills or moors.

All of which I shall steadfastly try to observe. The "carriage" above referred to is the jinrikisha. Every one is required to have a lantern at night. It is really very beautiful to see colored lights moving up and down the narrow streets by night, as the "pullman cars" with Japanese lanterns sweep back and forth.

In noticing a Japanese carpenter at work the other day, I was reminded by a good brother of the many things these people do just the opposite from Ameri-

cans. They *pull* the plane and *push* the drawing knife; they build the roof of a house first, and count cattle by their tails—so many tails, not head, of cattle; they put a horse's head to the opening of the stall; they write up and down, and from right to left; on the roads they turn to the left; they hang up fish by the tail, and chickens by the head; they laugh at funerals, and take a lantern to a fire; they put a man's title after his name, and the given name always follows the surname, etc. The list could be extended indefinitely. What contrary people we Americans must be!

The intense nationalism of the Japanese—or patriotism, as they prefer to call it—is finding ample and ardent expression in the war now raging. Indeed, there are outcroppings, some think, of an aggressive “jingoism.” This national pride takes the form of antipforeignism also, more or less positive and prominent throughout the empire. It finds easy way into the Churches, and assumes control of ecclesiastical affairs. To the great credit of our brethren and our Church polity, by far the best for pioneer and missionary fields, we have had no difficulty. But from quite a number, including a member of the body, I heard of a very suggestive incident at the recent Presbyterian Synod of Japan. A native preacher of ability and culture wrote a book. Some statements of fact therein, though not controverted, were considered as reflections upon his own people; so the Synod, by a large majority vote, formally *deposed him from the ministry*. There were no complaints against his moral character, no charges of heresy, no offending against Church law. The head and front of his offending was publishing to for-

eigners facts which would undervalue his people. It may be that this pride of race and country, from earliest historic time a marked characteristic of the people, is traceable back to the mythological origin of the Japanese and their loved land. In a standard work on Japan, found in the ship's library on the way across the Pacific, this very beautiful tradition of its divine origin is given: The parents of the sun goddess Amaterasu, from whom in direct line the Mikado is supposed to descend, were standing one day on the bridge of heaven resting upon the clouds, watching the raging sea, when Isanagi let the end of his richly ornamented lance fall into the waves. The waters were separated by the touch, and the drops falling from the uplifted lance became islands, upon the first and largest of which the divine pair settled as Adam and Eve. The islands thus created formed subsequently the Mikado's empire. Among the names given to the country was "Onogoro-shima," "Islands of the Petrified Drops." That enchanted lance, like Aaron's rod which budded, is said to be still preserved. I hope to see it. However improbable the story, we must admit that the conception is highly poetical, and may be an index to the character and history of this interesting people.

I came down from Arima early Wednesday morning, in order to attend the closing exercises of the "Young Ladies' Industrial School," an institution projected and conducted by Mrs. M. I. Lambuth until her return to America last year. Not specially desiring another ride in the ka-go, I returned by jinrikisha on another road, with two coolies working tandem. When the descent was steep, the one in the lead

stepped to the shafts and assisted in holding back. The fifteen miles of picturesque road along the banks of beautiful streams and by green rice fields, with wooded mountains on either side, were traversed in a little over three hours. We made short stops at two or three tea stands, and the men came trotting into Kobé as fresh and frisky as "two-year-old" Kentucky thoroughbreds. Wonderful endurance have these coolies, and as happy always as the merry-hearted children in their narrow streets.

The school exercises were well under way when I arrived, and Brother Yoshioko was delivering the annual address. I left my shoes at the door with many other pairs of curious footwear, and joined the audience in the upper room. There were six graduates—nice-looking girls, tastefully and *modestly* dressed. I am promised a translation of the valedictory essay for the *Advocate*. The ceremony of awarding the diplomas was rather elaborate, but to me very attractive and beautiful. The faces and manners of those girls told more eloquently than words the blessed influence of Christian training upon them. In response to invitation, I made a short address; and when Mrs. Lambuth's name was mentioned, and the fact that I had recently seen her, and that she purposed soon to return, there were many bright smiles and happy hearts. After tea and cakes—barley tea and cakes that look and taste like candy—we went down into other rooms to inspect specimens of work done by the girls. All kinds of practical and fancy needlework were displayed, and other things that indicated they were being fitted for home-keepers—the *greatest need of the Japanese*. I was much delighted with the school, and felt assured

that it was filling a felt want. How much we need a building to meet its growing demands! I most heartily sanction any appeal that Mrs. Lambuth may make in its behalf.

In the early afternoon I went to our church to attend a Japanese Quarterly Conference. The building is a neat frame structure, 30 by 48 feet, lighted with electricity and tastefully but plainly furnished. The walls bore traces of the earthquake which shook this section a year or two ago. In a frame, hung against the wall near the front door, I noticed a number of small wooden pieces, with Japanese hieroglyphics on them. They contain the names of the Church members. That was the church register, the class book, in full view of all who chose to enter or worship. It meant something to me—they are not ashamed to be recorded among God's people, and they want to see the names of all those to whom they sustain the new filial relation. Another curious little device interested me, called the Sunday-school thermometer. I wondered that a certain Sunday-school friend in Memphis, Tenn., had not anticipated it. By pulling a string the red fluid rises or falls, thus indicating the attendance or other sign of progress each Sabbath.

The business of the Quarterly Conference was in every respect like one at home, except the unknown tongues of the talkers and the peculiar features of some of the members. The reports of the pastors, as interpreted to me, were most cheering. One reported a revival—a *genuine revival*—with over twenty conversions. Eight had been received into the Kobé church on profession of faith. The meetings held in neighboring villages have been largely attended lately, and ac-

accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost. One town, some seven miles away, is served by a resident local preacher, who is also the postmaster and telegraph operator. It was thrilling to hear his story of Buddhist opposition, and how it had turned out to the furtherance of the gospel. With unquestioning faith and undimmed hope he looks for the Lord Christ to take that town and the whole empire. Of certain difficulties in the way of speedy progress at present, and different phases of Church work as brought out there and in the Annual Conferences, I shall write later and more at length.

Just as we were coming out of the church a Japanese funeral procession passed by. It was somewhat gorgeous, but utterly lacking in solemnity. Possibly a dozen men walked in double column bearing great trees of evergreen; these were followed by as many more carrying flowers and cakes; then came the Buddhist priest in a jinrikisha; he was followed by four men carrying on their shoulders the coffin, covered with gay-colored cloth; behind the coffin came a double jinrikisha with a woman and two children, and she was followed by a company of pedestrians. Whether the body was being borne to a cemetery or crematory, I did not learn. There were no signs of grief on any face. The Buddhist religion crucifies the feelings, but never changes a heart. Poor, poor mother! following her child to the tomb or the oven, without a hope for the future or a balm for present sorrow.

Kobé, Japan, August 9, 1894.

CHAPTER VI.

A METHODIST CONFERENCE IN THE MIKADO'S KINGDOM.

AFTER a delightful session of six days, the Japan Mission Conference has just adjourned; and the brave band of brethren have bidden each other goodbye, and to "different climes repaired." To me the occasion will ever be most memorable; to many it was joyous; to all, pleasant and helpful. In brotherly love we met, with one purpose we held sweet counsel, and with hearts aflame with new zeal we "let our bodies part." Like the gallant cavalrymen of early Methodism who were in their saddles a few hours after the benediction was pronounced, and off to new and unknown fields, these brethren started on foot and by jinrikisha, first to greet their families, and then to sail the "Inland Sea" for their distant and isolated places of apostolic labor. Every brother was happy, every heart beat high with hope, and each appointment was thought to be the best. A more spiritual, inspiring, uplifting Conference session I have not seen in all our Methodist Israel. It was worth a trip over rolling seas to sit in such company and enjoy such comradeship. There was gladness in the greeting, perfect harmony in every meeting, and not a murmur at the parting.

The sessions were held in the chapel of the Kwan-sei Gakuin, our college, just outside the city limits of Kobé. We were all entertained in the dormitories and

professors' houses, eating at the same table, and worshipping at the same family altar. Just back of us were high mountains, clothed with richest verdure; and at our feet was the beautiful Osaka Bay, which forms the splendid harbor of Kobé, and which seemed to change its wonderful hues with the hours, to woo us away from our dear home over the sea. There was a full attendance of the members, all being present except Dr. J. C. C. Newton and Dr. W. R. Lambuth, Missionary Secretary, absent in the United States. We had a foreign and a Japanese secretary, and the proceedings were recorded in two languages. The business was conducted in English, and translated into Japanese by an interpreter, who sat by my side. He interpreted to the native brethren every motion made and paper read before a vote was taken. When there was discussion on any subject, he translated each speech before another speaker could get the floor. This necessitated some deliberation in transacting business, but was not without its strangely interesting and entertaining features. The young brother who acted as Conference interpreter, as well as the one who served as Japanese secretary, has a remarkably accurate and ready memory. It is not necessary to stop after every two or three sentences; but one can speak for a half hour, and with the help of notes he takes he can reproduce the address or sermon with great accuracy. Brother Usaki, who interpreted for me on Sunday, had me to finish the sermon of forty-two minutes, and he re-preached it to the Japanese in forty-three minutes. The brethren who understand Japanese say that his interpretation was unusually clear and accurate, and with an oratorical effect very rare among his people.

There was a Japanese prayer meeting every morning at eight o'clock, and preaching in English every afternoon at five, unless suspended for Conference sessions. The prayer service of the native brethren I enjoyed, though unable to do more than *feel* the things they sang and prayed. I was impressed with their reverence and their earnestness in prayer, but not their power of song. Music is not native to Japan. They pray often, and a long time. One morning there were four or five prayers offered before we arose from our knees. I am told that the number sometimes reaches ten or twelve. When the benediction is pronounced the whole congregation sits or kneels in silent prayer for a few moments before leaving the house. What an improvement on our American habit, which interprets the minister's request to "receive the benediction" as a command to "reach for hats and overcoats!" In this and some other things we might learn profitable lessons from the yet few children of our Lord in this heathen land.

The reports of pastors evidenced faithful work, and were not without gracious results. There had been many conversions and 147 accessions, but on account of the migratory habits of the people, moving to distant parts of the empire, the net gain was small—only 37. All missions have the same trouble. One argument used by Rev. H. Loomis in favor of the union of Presbyterianism in Japan was the better provision secured for holding migratory members. If connected with one Presbyterian mission, when they remove to a distant point they will more readily find a Church home of the same faith and order. These people travel much and move often. Their local attachments seem

not to be strong, and family ties are weaker than in Christian lands. And this disposition to move is encouraged by cheap rates of travel.

There has also been a revival of Buddhist aggression, which in some localities is intensely hostile. Instances were given of their stoning houses, and crowding into howling mobs about the places where Christians were holding their little conventicles. The Buddhist priests have begun to *preach* in order to silence the questionings of the people, who will not be content with a drawling, whining repetition of empty, meaningless words before a faded shrine in a dilapidated temple. But few of them, however, are men of ability or scholarship. One old man at Arima, after finishing his afternoon devotions, accompanied with gong beating and striking a little anvil with a hammer, told us that he knew nothing about the other six or seven sects of Buddhism. But a determined effort is being made to galvanize it into life in order to resist the growth of Christianity. Foolish and fruitless hostility! This island kingdom is certain, sooner or later, to become a Christian nation, and be a vantage point for the conquest of Cathay.

Another obstruction to rapid progress just now is the rather acute spirit of antforeignism abroad in the land. Christianity is made to feel its force as being a *foreign religion*. Though political, and with many doubtless demagogical, it is general and very strong. The purpose is to secure such a revision of treaties as will give them absolute control over their own land, and unrestrained right to legislate without foreign dictation or domination. Under present treaty stipulations they cannot try a foreigner in their courts

for offenses committed on their soil, and are not allowed to levy duties on imports over five per cent. A people of their intense national vanity, if not patriotic loyalty, must feel humiliated at these rather ignoble terms of commercial intercourse. I shall not argue them, nor enter the list as an advocate or an opponent of treaty revision, but can easily see how the facts stated affect the people toward our Christian religion. But withal, our brethren, native and foreign, work in perfect harmony, and are full of hope for the near future.

The encouragements are not a few. First, our native brethren seem to be well grounded in the faith, and are fearless in evangelistic work. They confine their labors not to chapels and schools, but on the streets and through the villages they tell the story of redeeming love. At a certain recent meeting of "village elders" (town council) one of our members was in attendance. The subject of Christianity came up, and one man said: "I want somebody to show to my eye that religion." Our brother arose and, placing his hand on his heart, said: "Look at me." He then opened the Gospel of John, and preached to him Christ the Saviour of the world. Another young worker wrote his pastor at Conference of a "violent discussion" he had with a priest inside a Buddhist temple which lasted all day and into the night. On going out he discovered that his shoes had been stolen, and the wicked mob which had assembled pelted him with stones and tiling, so that he barely escaped with life. That was rather indiscreet and rash, but shows the evangelistic ardor which characterizes a thoroughly converted Japanese.

Another gratifying fact is the unquestioned ortho-

doxy and earnest Methodist loyalty of our Mission. Some of our young native preachers show accurate and discriminating acquaintance with our theology, and are devoted to our polity. The same cannot be said of all the Churches. One mission, notably, is greatly embarrassed, if not more or less disintegrated, with a dangerous rationalism and a rather green growth of higher criticism. From almost universal report, its condition is lamentable. We have had no such difficulty, and apprehend no such danger. Our young preachers have a sound religious experience, and must have gifts and grace before they are ever intrusted with teaching or pastoral functions. The Methodist insistence on justification by faith and the witness of the Spirit is the need of Japan. At the love feast on Sunday morning there were many blessed testimonies, and as they were interpreted to me by Brother Moseley, who sat near, I appreciated more than ever "the language of Zion." There may be many tongues, but the same Spirit, and the same heavenly vernacular. Did space permit, I would reproduce several of them, that the reader might see how much they are like the witnessings we have in the home land.

Bishop W. X. Ninde, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, visited the Conference, and was our honored and delightful guest for two days. His fraternal words cheered all hearts, and his gentle brotherliness won our affections. With the poise of a jurist, the breadth of a statesman, and the fervent piety of an apostle, he has eminent capability for successful leadership. Too broad to be a bigot, and too great to be a narrow partisan, he finds Christly fellowship in every company of the Lord's anointed. He kindly assisted

me in the ordinations, worshiped with us on the Sabbath, and addressed the Conference with eloquence and Methodistic heartiness. We wanted him to preach, but a temporary indisposition compelled him to decline. Rev. D. S. Spencer, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Japan, and Rev. Mr. Morgan, of the Methodist Protestant Mission, were also present as fraternal delegates, and delivered stirring addresses. It is well for these several Methodist bodies in this empire to dwell together in closest sympathy, and so federate their work as to avoid waste of men and money. After awhile—when, we cannot yet prophesy—there will, and ought to be, but one Methodism in Japan. Now there are five bands, but we be brethren.

In response to requests from the other Methodist missions, a committee was appointed to consider the advisability of unifying our educational work, or of at least reuniting in the conduct of one strong theological institution. The proposition originated with the Canadian brethren who withdrew from the union once established. The committee will meet in Tokio on the 23d inst., and it is my purpose to attend its sittings. It is rather late to effect anything for the next scholastic term, and in no event can an arrangement be made which will limit or lower the admirable work being done in our Kwansei Gakuin.

The Sabbath services, held in the Kobé church, were of peculiar interest to a stranger from over the Pacific. There was Sunday school at eight o'clock, love feast at nine, and preaching at ten, followed by the ordination of deacons. In the love feast there were many and clear testimonies, but lacking the emotional incidents which so frequently characterize such meetings in

America. The Japanese rarely show emotion. Buddhism teaches its crucifixion or suppression. Centuries of that teaching have developed a national habit, and crystallized into a rather stolid appearance. They give attention, but show little feeling. We had an impressive exception in the Conference memorial service in honor of one noble young brother who had fallen on sleep. A comrade who had fought by his side, and who by disease expected to have anticipated his entrance through the gates into the city, was completely overcome when he arose to pay a tribute to his best beloved who had gone before. At night Brother Wadsworth preached, after which we ate the paschal feast together. That was a solemn, helpful service. I noticed that the women came forward and communed first, after which the brethren were served. There was a significant indication of Christianity crowning womanhood in Japan. It was a complete reversal of the traditional idea and order of the empire. Women have ever been subordinate in these islands; so much so that a wife never walks by the side of her husband—always just behind him. And among the masses of the people the wife serves while her husband eats. There were about forty communicants besides the ministers.

On Sunday afternoon the brethren at the college divided into bands, and went out through the villages to hold evangelistic meetings. Though not so jubilant and romantic as the report of the seventy, on their return they gave incidents suggestive of the sublime and urgent mission of Christianity among the humbler classes of Japan. It is a singular fact that the middle and higher classes are accessible to the gospel, while not

"the submerged tenth," but the benighted and degraded *eight-tenths*, are almost entirely untouched. The singing attracted crowds, who listened to their exhortations and then plied them with questions about "the new religion." How pitiably ignorant they are of spiritual things! One old man, interrogated about the future life, said he knew nothing about it. Another said he expected to become a dog or some other animal, and asked what they thought he would be, judging from his looks. Another worshiped the sun as the source of all things. And like sad ignorance all displayed, living without knowledge of God or hope of heaven, or the faintest apprehension of the comforts of true religion.

The Conference took decided and advanced ground on the subject of *self-support*. A memorial came up from the Kobé District Conference, which was sent to a strong committee, and a report was adopted with genuine enthusiasm looking to gradual independence of foreign help. The native brethren were prominent in the discussion, and eloquent in their advocacy of the measure. This was one of the resolutions: "That no church be organized until its members agree to pay all the incidental expenses and two *yen* (dollars) per month for the support of the pastor out of their own resources."

On Monday night before adjournment the Japanese brethren tendered the Conference a moonlight ride on the bay in *sampans*. The night was perfect, with not a cloud in the skies, the full moon sweeping to the zenith in queenliest radiance, and the sea sufficiently disturbed to display the beauty of its silvery waves and make us feel the pulsations of its mighty life. While the oars-

men skillfully steered their little crafts, we sang Christian hymns to the God above us, and made the echoes reach the dwellers on shore; and then all who could joined in singing the national air of Japan. Along the front, for a half mile and more, were a thousand colored lights hung out that night in honor of some favorable news from the Japan-China war. I thought the native brethren threw special heartiness into their national anthem, and evidently rejoiced in the glory of their flag. With a cordial vote of thanks to our thoughtful and honored hosts of the happy evening, we stepped ashore, and were soon ready for refreshing sleep.

Of the six brethren received on trial at this session, two are natives, and four are young men who first came out to teach government schools. They have been connected with the Mission for several years, and now enter fully upon ministerial work. One, Rev. H. G. Hawkins, transfers to the Mississippi Conference. He has rendered excellent service, greatly endeared himself to the Conference, and is given up with many regrets.

But this letter is already quite long enough, and much remains to be said. I am greatly impressed with the vast field before us, and the immense opportunities now upon us. So aroused are the missionaries, and so anxious are they for more laborers, that several have offered to surrender a part of their salaries in order to secure reënforcements. While not willing for the Church to allow such sacrifice beyond a certain point, I profoundly respect and applaud the eager spirit which prompts the self-surrender. We have a splendid body of young men, consecrated and vigorous, and ready to brave any danger or endure any hardship. Let us

strengthen their hands, and speed their enterprises to glorious conquest.

The appointments and detailed proceedings of the Conference will be forwarded. I leave to-day for the north, hoping to see Tokio, Nikko, Kamakura, and other historic places. Returning, I shall make a tour of the Inland Sea, visiting every point where we have work ; and then on September 11 take ship for China.

Kobé, Japan, August 15, 1894.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO ANCIENT JAPANESE CAPITALS.

HAVING finished my Conference work, and while awaiting some arrangements for a tour of the Inland Sea, I came northward for a few days in order to see the historic places and famed capitals of the Mikado's empire. These must be seen if one would intelligently study the factors which have developed this peculiar civilization, and form any satisfactory judgment as to the probable results of missionary outlay. Japan certainly occupies a unique place in the civilizations of the East. It has been considerably Westernized, but no one can claim that it has been Christianized, and I fear that some years will elapse before that glad morning will open its golden gates. The enterprise of the West, without its ethics, its utilitarianism, without its religion, have been emulated and adopted. It is the mission and the sublime opportunity of the Church to challenge this eager thought and, while not arresting its movement, direct it into divine channels. When the mind is most alert the Holy Spirit can most speedily and savingly work. So, as this island kingdom is emerging from the rigid, if not stolid, conservatism of paganism, and is feeling the thrill and power of a new life, the Church must act promptly and vigorously, or superstition will only be substituted by rank infidelity. That a wonderful change has been wrought, the faded shrines and weather-worn temples of the country am-

ply and eloquently testify. The old faiths have largely lost their grasp upon the national mind, but the true light has not yet shone upon it. A desperate effort, especially by one or two of the eight sects of Buddhists, is being made to recover their lost ground and resist the dreaded invasion of Christianity. The priests have therefore betaken themselves to *preaching*, and in Kioto a Buddhist university has been established for the indoctrination of young men preparing for the temple service. The buildings are large, modern in architecture and arrangement, and the liberally furnished library, I am told, contains a number of *commentaries* on, or rather *against*, the Bible. This institution is only fifteen years old, and is an expression of that *reaction* against Western religions of which we have heard not a little. But this determined effort to galvanize into life the once dominant and resistless Buddhism must come to grief. Though the day of emancipation may be postponed, the Son of God will surely set Japan free; and she will be free indeed.

Leaving Kobé early Wednesday afternoon, we ran up to Nara, one of the oldest and most sacred cities of the kingdom, with Brother Turner for our guide and guardian. Between Osaka and Nara we passed the station whence a road leads out to the mausoleum of Jimmu Tenno, the first of the Mikados, and by some called the "Romulus of Japan." He is supposed to have ascended the throne February 11, 660 B.C., and from earliest tradition that day has been a national holiday. The present Mikado significantly selected that day for the imperial proclamation of the Constitution voluntarily given to his people. It is therefore now a double holiday—the celebration both of the birth of the em-

pire and of the nativity of constitutional liberty. We also passed in full view the ancient monastery of Horin-ji, the oldest Buddhist temple in Japan, completed in the year 607. It is said to contain probably the most important collection of art treasures to be found in any Japanese temple, for the preservation of which the government a few years ago made a grant of \$10,000. The oldest Sanskrit manuscript in existence was found in this temple, and a few years ago forwarded to Max Müller in England.

We reached Nara about eight o'clock, and I had my first night in a regular Japanese hotel. At the door we left our shoes, and in the rooms to be occupied we discovered and felt the conspicuous absence of the ordinary furniture in an American house. Probably out of consideration for the avoirdupois and ungracefulness of two of us, three chairs were after awhile brought in, and a table on which to place our evening meal. Beds were laid on the floor, and there we slept—or at least tried to sleep. Thanks to the thoughtfulness of Brother Turner, I had a comparatively soft place for my weary head; but who, except a native, can sleep on a Japanese pillow? It is almost as hard as the one on which Jacob dreamed a dream, but I have never heard of anyone who “set it up for a pillar” after a night of visions and revelations. It is a piece of wood six or eight inches long, two or three wide, and probably four inches high. It is scooped out somewhat on top, and used with or without a small, *hard* cushion—generally without. The argument for such a head rest, I am told, is that it does not disarrange the ladies’ hair—an important matter, as one readily appreciates who has ever seen the elaborately arranged and *pomaded* hair of a Japanese lady.

Another new experience I had that night. In all good conscience I have tried to live for nearly forty-five years, and amid travels and perils at home and abroad have lived, if not above suspicion, at least above judicial apprehension and arrest; but that night I was reported and registered at police headquarters. My companions, however, shared the same fate, as do all foreigners venturing beyond treaty limits. Soon after securing our apartments—floors on which to sit and sleep—the proprietor called for our passports, and sent them to the chief of police. Such is the law. Every hotel proprietor or gentleman entertaining a foreign guest for a night must report his name and passport before he sleeps, or he is subject to arrest and punishment. So it was not for what I did, but for what I was—an American citizen—that I had to report at police headquarters.

Nara is a quaint old town of about 20,000 population, and in the early years, from 709 to 784, was the capital of the empire. Up to that time it was the custom for each Mikado to change his residence, fearing, or not desiring, to live in the same palace or place where his predecessor died. The recorded myth of its location may account for the hundreds of deer in the parks and on the streets. The story says that a certain god rode up to Nara on a white deer in search of a new residence, and then invited three other gods to abide with him there. Certain it is that the deer is held in highest respect, abundantly fed, tenderly cared for, and probably worshiped. Up in the magnificent grove of *crytomerias* a large bronze deer in recumbent position serves as a drinking fountain.

In that grove, through which one would delight to

wander and wonder, are several large temples, the approaches to which are lined on either side with from one to three rows of stone lanterns. These are memorials, erected by the devout in honor of some god or dead hero. When lighted at night the effect must be surpassingly beautiful, with the walks curved and ascending, and the great trees interlacing their branches above. Near one of the temples on the hill is a shrine which amused me when its history was learned. There is the trunk of a tree out of which grows five or six different species—a cherry, a camelia, etc.—and which has been deified. Before it I saw hundreds of pieces of white paper tied to a lattice—the prayers of the faithful, offered and left as memorials. They are the petitions of childless wives—Hannahs asking for Samuels—and the poor things imagine that the god of that fruitful old tree can remove their reproach. But what seems inconsistent with that story is the fact that children are not at a premium in any nonchristian land, and Japan is notably not an exception. Still, I cannot afford to spoil a pretty story.

Not far from that was another no less interesting. It was a handsomer shrine, with some attractive images, and it was evidently quite popular. A similar one I saw at Kioto, and even more liberally patronized. Not only were the white paper prayers presented, and left to plead after the suppliant had gone, but the photograph of the kneeling and needy one was also tied to the shrine. That was the god who looked after the love affairs of the young and brought about matrimonial alliances. From the number of petitions, I should imagine that there were a great many hopeless bachelors and forlorn maidens in this beautiful land.

Whether this god has regard for the cry of widowhood I did not learn. If so, I can understand the popularity of his shrine, for this is the country of easy divorces and grass widows. When a man concludes to change wives, he has only to request one name stricken from the register and another inserted. One brother told me he had a cook—a comparatively young man—who had had six wives. Another had a man to apply for the position of cook, and when informed that he would only employ one with a wife he removed that objection the next morning by reappearing with a companion.

The chief attraction in Nara is the massive image of Dai Butsu, which is seven feet higher than the famous one at Kamakura, but probably less artistic. It is less imposing and impressive from being inclosed within a building. The old temple, To-dai-ji, is sadly out of repair, and from the weather-worn appearance of the scaffolding around it there is little hope of restoration. The image is fifty-three feet high, is in a sitting posture, sitting on a lotus flower, with the legs crossed, the right hand uplifted and palm turned outward, while the left rests on the knee, with the fingers turned upward. It is said that the bronze castings of which the image is made are from ten to twelve inches thick. The head is much darker than the rest of the figure, and is rather out of harmony with its general expression. The head is modern, being the fourth one that has crowned that giant Buddha, the others having been injured or destroyed by fire. This figure was cast in 749, after eight unsuccessful attempts at its construction, and under the eye and direction of the Mikado himself. On either side are large gilded figures of certain Bosatsus—saints—who have to pass through one

more carnation before becoming Buddhas. To the east, and on a hill overlooking the old temple, is the bell tower, in which is hung the huge bell that has rung out its loud calls to prayer from that valley and against the echoing mountains since 732—before the temple was built or the image was cast. It is 13 feet 6 inches high, 8.4 inches thick, and its greatest diameter is 9 feet and 1 inch. The books say that nearly thirty-six tons of copper and one ton of tin were used in the casting. By the payment of a *sen* we were privileged to pull a rope which swung a large piece of silver against the bell, and made the echoes fly. Would to God its mighty peals were intelligible and effective appeals to this wonderful nation to come to Christ! Maybe that very bell will some day summon Christian saints to prayer and invite sinners to repentance. How I should like to come back on such an occasion and give that rope another longer pull, and the old bell a louder, lustier ring!

In the old temple, at the foot of the great image, there is this appeal written in English: "This temple is very much in want of repair. We take the liberty of asking all kind folk to contribute toward this desirable object. Kind gentlemen, let us call on your charity for benevolent contribution. Dai Butsu Society."

On the hill, where several temples are located, may be seen the *sacred white horse*, a little ugly pony of uncertain age. He is kept in a small stable, and fed by offerings of the faithful, ready for the use of the gods. It is thought that they need him to ride at night on their divine visitations. Probably some of the frightful nursery stories about white horses have their origin in these Eastern superstitions.

But our time was limited, and some places had to be left unvisited. We bade Nara adieu in the forenoon, and "booked" for Kioto, passing through the great city of Osaka again without stopping. That second city of the empire I purpose seeing at a later day. Of Kioto, the ancient capital, and until recently the home of the Mikados—of its temples and people, of its industries and customs—I could write a dozen letters if time and space allowed. It has about 250,000 population, and is in many respects the most typical city in this Sunrise Kingdom, containing and retaining as it does both old and new Japan. Here we have the most fanatical adherence to the old religious faiths, and the adoption of most modern ideas in manufacture—ancient superstition and modern commerce. We visited, of course, the Mikado's palace, but had to content ourselves with a jinrikisha ride around the walls, in the absence of a special imperial permit to enter the historic grounds. The roofs and general design of the buildings inside we could see, and did not thereby have our appreciation of Japanese architecture at all increased. Of the paintings and ornamentation in the several apartments I have read much, together with the number and design of the various rooms; but I only write of what I see and hear. The guidebook is helpful to a tourist, but is insufferable to the readers at home. Beyond, and yet near, the spacious grounds of the Mikado, is the Doshisha University, the famous institution of the Congregational Church, and founded by Rev. Joseph Neshima, whose life I read just before leaving America—a story, by the way, which has the dramatic interest of a tale of chivalry. In each one of the substantial brick buildings which adorn the campus is a por-

trait of that remarkable and consecrated man—one of the earliest and mightiest of the later Japanese converts to Christianity. Well for the university if the spirit of that gifted and godly man should abide in its halls and inspire its labors. But there are reports current, and thought to be correct, that the drift from the true faith is occasion for genuine alarm. Every friend of Christian Missions wishes for this really great institution a history of larger prosperity, but on safer lines. Alas for the Church when, in the presence of superstition and false religions, her representatives begin to prate about speculations that lead to disintegration and defeat!

There is a new Buddhist temple in course of erection at Kioto, begun thirteen years ago, and estimated to cost between five and six millions of dollars. This is being built by the Shin or "true sect," known as "the Protestants" of Buddhism. They are progressive, having appropriated and ingrafted some of the ethical teachings of Christianity upon their system. This temple and the theological school, if so it may be termed, are the only substantial evidences I have seen of a revived or sustained interest in the old faiths. I was shown some immense black ropes—cables—and told that they are two thousand seven hundred feet long, and made of the hair of Japanese women, contributed for the purpose. How that recalls some suggestive history connected with the construction of the great temple at Jerusalem! The architecture of the structure varies little, if any, from the more ancient temples. It has immense projecting cornice and gables, wide verandas, and massive columns around the buildings—there are always two—but without dome or spire. And is not that typical?

Their religion is of the earth, earthy—has only to do with this life—and does not point the soul upward nor make the hopes soar heavenward.

Of the older buildings, we tarried longest in the Chi-on-in temple, the principal monastery of the Je-do sect of Buddhism. The first structures, erected in the thirteenth century, were destroyed by fire in the fifteenth century, and three times thereafter went down in ashes and flame. The altars and images in this temple are more elaborate and better burnished than in any yet seen. In the adjoining building are the large apartments, decorated with typical and historic Japanese paintings, where the Mikado and his court held stated receptions. Though not an art critic, and hardly entitled to an opinion, I yet venture to say that there are no masterpieces in all the collection.

But the most attractive and impressive of all Kioto temples is San-jin-san-gen-Do, or the great Kwannon monastery, dedicated to the Thousand-handed Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy. It was founded by one of the Mikados in 1132. It is filled with images, life size, of the 1,000 Kwannon to the number of 1,001, and with smaller images, all numbering 33,333. Each image has forty hands, and each hand is some symbol of worship, representing as it does some trait or phase of divine character. Here one could linger for hours, but other points must be visited. Before passing out the door, however, one must stop and look at a smaller image against the wall—one familiar to all who handle the Japanese dollar bills. It is the image of Dai-koku, the God of Wealth, a very fat man, with a bag of money on his back; a hammer in one hand, with which to strike out coin from the rock, and his feet

resting on two large bags of rice. That figure adorns the dollar bills of the national currency.

Near this temple the traveler is shown a stone monument surmounting a high mound. It is *Mi-mi-zuka*, or the "Ear Monument." Beneath are buried the ears and noses of Koreans captured or killed in a war waged against that country in the sixteenth century.

In the pottery and silk manufactories, famed throughout the world, one sits bewildered; they always make you sit down, and then give you a cup of tea. Of the beautiful *arrata* and the marvelous *cloisonnai* work I cannot write to-day as I desire. You are amazed at the delicate, intricate, perfect combination of color and figure, and all wrought by human hands and with the crudest instruments. I saw a fellow putting some delicate touches on a piece of *cloisonnai* with a little bamboo stick. Some of that ware, made on brass and silver, is burned eight times, and afterwards passes through six or eight processes of polishing. The whole outfit, tools, ovens, etc., of that world-known establishment is not worth one hundred dollars. The investment is in the skilled hand and deft fingers.

Our night at Kyoto will never be forgotten. It was the last and supreme night of the Bon festival—the time when the spirits of the dead revisit the earth and receive offerings of rice, etc. Along the roadway we noticed groups of people in the village cemeteries, removing grass, and putting fresh flowers on the modest monuments. At Kyoto the display was most brilliant. On the sides of the overhanging mountain there were magnificent fireworks, one piece being a perfect representation of the great Shinto gate before each temple; another, a Japanese junk, even to the light on the top-

mast ; and another, a figure of their character for power. The narrow streets were glorious with many-colored lanterns, while the river was simply wonderful with lights and transparencies. All the city turned out that night in best bib and tucker. The theaters were crowded, and the streets were jammed. Everyone seemed happy, and nobody specially mournful on account of the returned spirits so soon to depart. I counted it a privilege to have been in Kioto on the occasion of this celebration.

Of our trip northward, including a night at Nagoya with a charming North Carolina Protestant Methodist missionary's family, and a visit to the Protestant Methodist Conference, and other things, I will write in my next. Here I am at Tokio, the Mikado's capital. Leave for Nikko to-day.

August 20, 1894.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM NARA TO NIKKO.

IN this strange land every day brings new revelations and every evening changed meditations. When one judgment is about formed, something is seen or heard which compels a modification of the conclusion. So widely different are the classes from each other that it is exceedingly difficult to reach any adequate estimate of the whole people. Some general characteristics, mental and social, they all have; but the extremes are too far removed for the stranger of a few weeks, or the resident of a few years, to bring them together in a satisfactory generalization. From the count to the coolie there is a long distance, and between them is a great gulf fixed. But in one thing they are heartily agreed: *an ardent and aggressive love of country*. Above his highest personal ambition the Japanese places the honor and glory of his nation. This makes it easy in the present war to mobilize an army. I have heard of great eagerness on the part of hundreds to enlist in their country's service. And they have unbounded faith in themselves. To the possibilities of Japanese conquest they set no bounds. Already they are beginning to discuss how to dispose of the immense subsidy they will surely get from China when the Celestial Empire shall have been conquered. One man told me on the cars a few evenings ago that Japan could easily whip the coolie army of China and cap-

ture the whole country. Though extravagant, this is not an unworthy national sentiment, and, properly directed, will speed the higher development and purer civilization of a Heaven-favored land. I am profoundly impressed with this country as a strategic point for Christian missions. Once captured for the Lord Christ, the conquest of great Cathay, and the greater East, will be comparatively easy.

From Nara and Kioto our trip northward by rail gave opportunity to see the agricultural industries of Japan, and enjoy some very beautiful scenery. Like the farmer in other countries, the Japanese farmer is poor. He works hard, fertilizes his land constantly and *nauseously*, irrigates industriously and skillfully, rotates his crops in quick succession—but doesn't prosper. The land is heavily taxed, and so are the products of the soil. When these are paid to support the government, the farmer is almost left with "cleanness of teeth." Over the fields of rice, millet, cotton, etc., I saw tall, bare poles—a very forest of them. They are used to draw water from shallow wells for irrigation. By means of a cross piece, with a heavy weight on one end and a bucket attached to a bamboo rope on the other, water is poured upon the rice fields. Another curious device was a large wheel in a ditch, on top of which a man (or woman) kept a ceaseless step, and by whose revolutions water was lifted to a flume and distributed over the thirsty land. In the crudest way the soil is irrigated and crops cultivated—and then are sold for a song. One poor old farmer asked a missionary about the progress of the war, declaring himself as heartily in favor of it because it would raise the price of rice. The city coolie, on the other hand, favored

the war because it would make rice cheaper. Farm laborers here get about ten cents a day.

All labor is cheap. A large cotton manufacturer, who speaks English well, said he paid from eight to thirty cents a day to the operatives in his mills. Locomotive engineers get about eighty cents a day, and other railroad employees much lower figures. No wonder manufacturing and railroading are productive.

At Nara and Kioto we saw men in pilgrim dress, with a turban, or sort of inverted basket, over head and face, and stopping before houses while they played monotonously on a flute-shaped instrument. They are mendicants and penitents, roaming over the country, homeless and friendless, because of some crime or sin committed, and devoting themselves to penance and beggary. Judging from their unusually neat appearance, they must find it more profitable to beg than to work.

Another class is seen in all the cities and villages: *the blind*. They are many, and seem to receive tenderest consideration. A jinrikisha man, however reckless, will never run against one. They walk the streets alone, playing on some instrument, and most of them are self-supporting. By a sort of unwritten law they have almost a monopoly of the shampooing and massage business. The Japanese are very fond of rubbing as well as bathing, and must suffer not a little from rheumatism. Massage is a popular treatment, and the blind are most skillful manipulators. By this means they are self-sustaining, and become physicians to the ailments and infirmities of others. As one passes down the narrow street, blowing his flute, he is called in if there be need for a joint to be rubbed or a

head shampooed. I watched the process on several occasions, much to my amusement and entertainment.

Both in Nara and Kioto we saw in several temples a very popular Japanese deity, with an ugly face and a hard name. He is the God of Health—cures all kinds of disease, and relieves all sorts of pain. Prayers are presented, and that part of the image touched where the suppliant suffers. Judging from the worn places on the old god, I should conclude that these people are afflicted most with *colic* and *headache*. Not having any special malady, I did not test the virtue of the Buddhist saint. But thousands do believe that folly, and die because of it. Medicine, however, is a progressive science in Japan. Already she can claim some distinguished men in the profession. One of the famous bacteriologists of the world, I am told, is a native Japanese. So the old, rubbed, and weather-worn god and his shrine will soon be forsaken.

The first pagoda of any size yet seen was at Nara. It occupies a commanding summit, is five stories, one hundred and fifty feet high, dates back to 770, and contains four *Buddhas*. Our limited time in that city did not allow an ascent to its uppermost story, and a view of the beautiful valley.

I failed to mention in my former letter an interesting fact connected with one of the great temples in Kioto—the Nisi Hon-gwan-ji. In the courtyard, and very near the venerable structure, is a large, irregularly shaped tree, with immense lateral branches sustained by props, and with leaves much resembling those of the camphor tree. The tree is sacred in the eyes of the faithful, as in case of fire it is supposed to emit showers of rain for the preservation of the temple—a

sort of divine, self-acting fire department, appointed to save the abode of the gods and the trysting place of the saints. Alas! alas! for such blind superstition. With a heavy heart I turned away, and said: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Leaving Kioto in the early afternoon, we started northward, and reached Nagoya, the fourth city of the empire in population, about eight o'clock. Rev. A. R. Morgan, President of the Methodist Protestant Conference in Japan, and Dr. Wainright were at the station to welcome the strangers, and to *supply any lack of colloquial Japanese*. Soon we were dashing up the wide and brilliantly lighted street, with its attractive bazaars on either side, and in a few minutes our spirited jinrikishamen stopped in front of Mr. Morgan's gate. Here we found a royal North Carolina welcome, and spent a delightful night. Other missionaries came in for the evening, and the hours went swiftly by. How we talked of the Old North State, and the noble preachers, dead and alive! I had occasionally to take my longitudinal bearings to be reassured that I was on the other side the world from that goodly land of my fathers. Mrs. Morgan was a Miss Bryan, from near Goldsboro. Mr. Vandyke, one of the Methodist Protestant missionaries, gave us a very thrilling account of the destructive earthquake which occurred there two years ago. In escaping from the large school building, a piece of tiling fell upon his head, crushing the skull, and nearly taking his life. Many were the injured, and hundreds of houses were piled up in horrid heaps.

The next morning I attended the Conference of that Church, and by request spoke a few fraternal words.

The greetings of Southern Methodism had been appropriately expressed the day before by Dr. Wainright and Brother Tonaka. Mr. Morgan is President of the Conference by appointment of the Board of Missions, and is charged with the responsibility of stationing the preachers. Before leaving we visited some far-famed potteries in the city, and had a distant, but full, view of the celebrated castle, which was erected in 1610, and played so important a part in Japanese history during the reign of the Shoguns. On the two gables of the commanding structure are two gold dolphins, which glistened in the morning sun, and are prized above rubies by this patriotic nation. One of them was lost some years ago when being returned from the Vienna Exposition, but after long and expensive search was recovered and replaced upon its historic seat, never again to venture abroad. With regretful good-bys, and hoping to repeat that visit, we were compelled to leave in the forenoon of Saturday for Tokio.

In the afternoon we were promised a good view of Mount Fuji, but again were disappointed. The great monarch was completely enveloped in clouds, and along his riven sides a scudding storm was sweeping, as if to resent the profane curiosity of a wanderer from over the sea. Hoping for a better fate when returning southward, we turned our eyes away from where we knew the Japanese Olympus to be, but, unfortunately, could not see.

On the trains and elsewhere I have heard much of what the missionaries and foreigners call Japanese "honorifics," the greatest difficulty of the language. Together with their profound bowings, they use forms of expression which indicate extreme polite-

ness. These are honorifics. They speak in complimentary phrase of others and their possessions, and most depreciatively of themselves. For instance, it is polite to speak more respectfully of another's dog than of your own son. A man will say, "*Your* august wife," and "*My* fool wife." He applies these terms to everything belonging to another—as, "Your honorable cat." The cook at Brother Davis's, in Arima, came in response to the bell when we were eating dinner, and said to Mrs. Davis: "What is the honorable business?" When two persons meet for the first time, one will say (literally rendered): "This is the first time I have hung in your honorable eyes." The words *O*, "honorable," and *go*, "august," are prefixed to nouns denoting objects belonging to others—as, *O kumi*, "your honorable country;" *O Tomrai*, "honorable funeral;" *O Tsuki summa*, "the moon"—literally, "Hon. Mrs. Moon." His own things, on the contrary, are depreciated, as, *gu sai*, "my wife"—literally, "my stupid wife."

There are also traces of the caste system in their language. A different word is used to express the same thing when addressing a coolie or an equal or a superior. Thus have I been amused and entertained with the grotesque peculiarities of this language.

We arrived at Tokio Saturday night, spent a profitable Sabbath, and went up to Nikko on Monday morning. Of the Mikado's capital and "Nikko the Beautiful," I will write in my next.

The *Japan Mail*, of Saturday, August 18, contained this death notice: "We regret to announce the death of his Imperial Highness, Prince Toruhito. The little Prince began to be indisposed about the 20th of June,

and on the 26th was sent to Miyanoshita for change of air. On the 10th inst. his malady grew rapidly graver, and the physicians' reports became so disquieting that the Emperor issued orders for the Prince's immediate return to the capital. His Imperial Highness reached Azaba Palace at 12.25 A.M. on the 17th, and expired at three o'clock. The Prince was born on November 30, last year. He was the Emperor's fifth son. Of his four brothers, only one survives, Prince Yoshihito, the heir apparent."

A short paragraph suffices to announce this death in the royal family. Possibly absolute silence would have been more becoming; for, according to public statement and general knowledge, the little Prince is not the son of the Empress, nor is the surviving Prince Imperial. And yet the Imperial Diet last winter passed congratulatory resolutions and presented them to the Emperor on the occasion of the birth of his fifth son. Which one of ten or twelve is his mother has not been made public.

Tokio, August 22, 1894.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MIKADO'S CAPITAL AND "NIKKO THE BEAUTIFUL."

TOKIO, the Mikado's capital, a city of many conflagrations and destructive earthquakes, the center of the empire, in which old and new Japan meet together, and which every patriotic Japanese hopes to see before he dies, is the commercial, industrial, and political metropolis of the country. It has a population of nearly 1,500,000, unusually wide streets, electric lights, tramways and stone bridges, and some very handsome public buildings. Long the headquarters of the Shoguns, Tokio is intimately associated with the most brilliant military history of this island kingdom. It is indebted to the Taku-gawa dynasty for its political and commercial distinction, and very appropriately all the fifteen great Shoguns except two, the first and third, are buried in the city, either in Shiba or Nyeno.

Our first day in the capital was the holy Sabbath, having arrived the night before at twelve o'clock from Nagoya. Though the rain descended, and near noon the floods came, we ventured out in closely covered jinrikishas, with Dr. Wainright for a thoughtful conductor, both to worship and to see. We went out, not "for to see" old Buddhist and Shinto temples—reeds shaken by the wind—but to attend services in Christian churches, where the "ministry of axes" will sooner or later fell the ancient but blighting tree of

Asiatic superstition. First we stopped at the Greek Cathedral, one of the most imposing buildings in all Japan. Built by Bishop Nicolai—who has been the most successful missionary in the country—it occupies a commanding position, and is really a gem of architecture. The service, attended by about one hundred and fifty persons, was elaborate and very ritualistic, but to me rather impressive. The venerable bishop and his ten or twelve native priests were clad in gorgeous vestments. They swung incense until the clouds were dense and the odors intense, while intoning prayers and chanting psalms to the congregation, which stood or sat or bowed on the floor. The large choir, which responded occasionally and which was composed of both ladies and gentlemen, made the best music I have heard since landing on these shores. Some of the very devout remained for quite awhile with their faces on the floor, and all seemed impressed with the pompous service. I learned much of Bishop Nicolai's work—unique and in some respects unequaled. He has about *twenty thousand members*, and all these have been gathered with the aid of but *one* other foreign missionary. With a genius for leadership of the highest order, he has organized an army from among the people for the conquest of their own country. The native priests are trained under his own eye and sent to various points by his own command. While not accepting his doctrines, and having no toleration for his ritualistic flummery, no one can properly study the religious forces of Japan without taking this remarkable man and his great cathedral into account. The service is an improvement on the Roman Catholic, in that it is in the vernacular of the people, and in the splendid

building there are no images to worship. I regretted that opportunity was not given to have a short conference with the venerable prelate. Bishop Ninde told me that he called to see him, and found him a very interesting old gentleman.

Leaving the cathedral, we visited the Methodist Tabernacle, a large modern brick structure, built by Dr. Eby, of the Canadian Methodist Mission. The doctor is now absent on sick leave in Canada, and the congregation is not so large as formerly. Instead of a sermon that morning, some good, orthodox brother was conducting a class meeting. Both the building and the service gave me a genuine Methodist home feeling, although I understood not the testimonies given, and only the *tunes* that were sung. Thank God, we are a *witnessing* people, whether in America or in the isles of the sea, whether in the Queen's dominions or in the Mikado's empire.

In the evening we went first to a Presbyterian church, hoping to hear Mr. Tamara, the gentleman who was deposed from the ministry at the recent Synod for writing a book of which mention has already been made in these letters. He was not present, however, and a small congregation was being addressed by some young novitiate. We quietly retired and went over to the Methodist Episcopal church, and heard a sermon by Mr. Honda, President of the Anglo-Japanese College—or rather Dr. Wainright heard a *sermon*, while his companions only heard a sound. We had minds, but we understood not. How helpless one feels in a land of strange speech! Nothing could more effectually arrest the tower of Babel than confusion of tongues. How confidently you trust and how closely

you cling to an interpreter! An illustration there may be here of the office work of the Holy Spirit, the great spiritual interpreter between the human heart and the throne of grace. He interprets "the deep things" of God to us, and translates our poor complaints into the language of heaven. Thus ended our first day in the capital of these "islands of the petrified drops."

We visited the Imperial University—the Daigaka, founded in 1856, and already the educational pride of Japan. The changing names of this institution mark the progress of Japanese education. At first it was called Ban-sho Shirabejo, "place for examining Barbarian writings;" afterwards it was called Kaisei-jo, "place for developing and completing," and then given its present name, Daigaka, "great learning." So says a competent authority on things Japanese. Some of the buildings are modeled after those at Oxford University, England, including those beautiful quadrangles. There are twenty schools in the university, embracing everything from law to veterinary medicine. The Calendar, a stout volume in English of 214 pages, reads very much as do the annuals of American universities, except as to degrees conferred. The two classes of degrees given are *Hakushi* and *Dai Lakushi*. Were I to write E. E. Hoss, *Bungaku Lakushi*, no offense would be intended to the editor of the *Advocate*; only that he was a graduate in the College of Literature. The university is supported by tuition fees and grants from the imperial treasury. The government grant for 1893 was 365,162 *yen* (dollars); the college receipts were 118,309 *yen*. I notice that the average age of graduates last year in the several colleges was twenty-five years and two months. A typical young

American wants a diploma before he leaves his teens. If this university, with its 1,500 students, were brought under Christian influence, the day of Japan's redemption would be near at hand. Though not positively Christian, it is the product of Western thought. Such an organization, and such a national spirit to sustain it, were not possible before Commodore Perry anchored his flagship in Yokohama Bay.

Near the university is the large Tokio library, with over three hundred thousand volumes. I noticed that the well-regulated reading rooms were crowded with quiet, eager students. Many young men, in their native dress and undress, looked very much like the coolies pulling our jinrikishas; but they had English, German, and Japanese books on science, engineering, political economy, etc., in their hands, and were diligently making notes. Maybe some of these blowzy-headed fellows will yet be counselors of the Mikado, or historic names in the world's literature. These young Japanese are diligent and critical readers.

The National Museum—the Smithsonian Institution of Japan—contains a large and creditable collection, illustrating very strikingly the natural, national, and industrial history of the empire. Hours could be spent there to profit.

After tiffin and a short rest, we went to Aoyama (Green Mountain), a beautiful suburb of Tokio, where is located the Anglo-Japanese College of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The grounds comprise twenty-five acres, and are quite elevated—overlooking the city and the sea for a great distance. I very much regretted to see the large brick dormitory and Goucher Hall so badly wrecked by the recent earthquake. Over

\$20,000 will be necessary to repair the damage. Our brethren have here a fine plant, and are doing good work. For courtesies extended by Brother Spencer, the only professor at home that afternoon, I am most grateful. It was vacation time, and all were off for cool air and needed rest. Returning to the city, we called at the Canadian Methodist Schools, and found that the earthquake had shaken the foundation there also. To Mr. Crummy, the President, whom I afterwards met, and from whom I received much valuable information, a debt of gratitude is hereby acknowledged. All these and other buildings and institutions are the representatives of *new* Japan. Their architecture, together with the dress of the better classes, the width of the streets, and the construction of the business houses, indicate an evolution from the old Japan, which lived a hermit, went naked, and beheaded foreigners. The average street in a typical old Japanese city is about thirteen feet wide, and well filled with happy people unencumbered with excessive raiment. Of the old temples, dingy and dilapidated, where pigeons roost and money changers sell their little wares; where the ignorant clap their hands to wake a sleeping god, and repeat their meaningless prayers; where the Shoguns are buried and the old idols are daubed with paper balls, the prayers of the superstitious—others have written so much and so well that I must forbear. Besides, I prefer progress, and delight in the things that prophesy better days.

Nikko, a hundred miles north of Tokio, thought by the Japanese to be the most beautiful place in the world, might well command several days, but we could only give it a delightful twenty-four hours. But every

waking moment revealed a wonder, and even my dreams were crowded with perspectives of magnificent avenues lined with giant cryptomerias. Such an affluence of poetic taste and wealth of engineering skill I have not seen elsewhere in this land so enamored of the beautiful. Those great cryptomerias, over two hundred years old and over a hundred thousand in number, were patriotic gifts to the Shogun. They stand on either side of the winding and ascending avenues which lead to splendid temples on the mountain sides like living pyramids, to perpetuate the glory of the Shogunate—of Iye-yasu and his illustrious Taku-gawa successors. What stories of Eastern pageantry and Asiatic splendor those cryptomerian sentinels might relate if they had tongues to speak or we the ears to hear! On great festal occasions the processions must have been magnificent and the crowd of witnesses numbered by multiplied thousands. Even yet the stone sockets remain where flagstaves were planted, while lights from immense stone lanterns made mountain sides and temples a blaze of glory. At the foot of the mountain is the dashing Daiyagawa, with waters as blue as the sky bending over it, and as merry as the light-hearted people who listen to its silvery music. Over that stream a sacred bridge was thrown two hundred and fifty years ago, which was and is opened on certain feast days only, and then used only by the Shoguns or the Mikado. From the foot of that beautiful red bridge the winding, stone-paved avenue begins, leading first to the temples and on to the mausoleum of Iye-yasu, the first of the Shoguns. Near the temple gate—"the gate of the Two Kings"—is a graceful, five-storied pagoda, one hundred and four feet high, and painted in

many, but harmonious, colors. Within the inclosure are numerous buildings, many of them gorgeously decorated on the outside with painted carvings. Two of the buildings contain relief and memorials of the Taku-gawa dynasty, and everywhere is seen their gilt crest. The temple exceeds any other in Japan in its internal finishing and paneling. I have never seen a ceiling more tasteful and beautiful, and the inside doors are almost the perfection of art—worthy to be the gates of the new paradise. By ascending another long flight of stone steps, protected by a stone balustrade, we reach another small temple, in the rear of which is the tomb of Iye-yasu. It is a cylindrical single bronze casting of light color, made, I suppose, to hold the cremated remains of the great hero. In front stands a large bronze stork, with a brass candle in its mouth, and an immense vase with lotus flowers and leaves also of brass. Around the whole is a high stone balustrade, and all shaded by the wooded mountain on one side and the lofty cryptomerias that keep unwearied watch over the spot where sleeps the first Taku-gawa. Around by another wide, shaded avenue, and up a long flight of stone steps into a lovely resting place on another mountain side, we reach the bronze tomb of Iye-mitsu, the third of the Shoguns. But my letter lengthens to weariness. Of Nikko's sylvan retreats and silvery streams, and foaming cascades and thundering waterfalls, and emerald mountains and fairy dells, other less busy pens must write.

Returning to Tokio the next afternoon, we had our first and inspiring view of Mount Fuji, lifting his giant head up into the heavens twelve thousand feet and more. Loftier mountains I have seen in the land of

the Montezumas, but nothing so graceful and yet majestic as this sacred mountain of Japan. As the evening sun let his fires linger for awhile on the summit, while the twilight shadows were enrobing his massive shoulders, the scene was one never to be forgotten. And, as a companion to it, on the following Saturday morning we had another grand view from the car windows. The rising sun was just gilding his lofty crown, while the somber robes of night were yet inwrapping his majestic form. Those two pictures I shall sacredly keep.

In Tokio, by agreement and appointment, I attended an informal conference of representatives of the five branches of Methodism engaged in mission work in Japan. Bishop Ninde was also present. The question of special discussion was the unification of Methodist educational interests. There was a free interchange of fraternal opinion, and the whole matter referred to the several Conferences and Missions for official action. Some plan of federation is a growing necessity.

Kobé, Japan, August 27, 1894.

CHAPTER X.

A CIRCUIT OF THE INLAND SEA.

ON the 27th ult. I left Kobé for a circuit of the Inland Sea, called in Japanese "Seto-Uchi" ("the sea within the straits"). Around this beautiful inner ocean our mission work has been very wisely located, and to visit the several stations this journey was begun. In no section of the empire is the population so dense, and nowhere is the appeal for the gospel more plaintive and powerful. Not that the people ask for it, but because their pitiful condition demands it. Some parts of this field are fairer to the eye of beauty than I have elsewhere seen, and from two or three of the provinces have come many of the historic leaders of the country. Our brethren therefore have access to as good territory and as fine a type of citizenship as can be found in the Mikado's dominions.

An accident occurred the morning we left Kobé, which, though a little violent, was not interpreted as an evil omen. Going into the city from our school, the Kwansei Gakuin, my jinrikisha was capsized, and I was precipitated headlong over an embankment three feet high. When two hundred pounds of American citizenship struck that Japanese soil there was a miniature earthquake, but the shock was only felt in these bones—did not disturb the palace at Tokio. The poor coolie in the shafts was knocked flat and somewhat hurt, but seemed to forget himself in concern for his passenger.

A few sore muscles and a little more caution in jinrikisha riding were the only casualties.

We were to go first by rail to Hiroshima, accompanied by Brother Waters; but delay in receiving his passport made it necessary for Brother Moseley to be guide and guard. Police officers interpret treaty laws very literally and rigidly, and, though Brother Waters was only returning to his home, they would not allow him to go aboard the train. Hiroshima was reached about eleven o'clock at night; and, taking possession of Brother Waters's house, we found a delightful rest for weary travelers. This is a city of 80,000 people, and one of the neatest, cleanest, prettiest in the land. It is military headquarters for the Department of the South, and just now, during the Japan-China war, is only second to Tokio in political importance. Here the soldiers are camped, equipped, and shipped to Corea. By every train they are coming, and by every transport they are leaving for the seat of war. There is the stir of battle about the barracks and along the "hatoba" (wharf) as armed battalions march and countermarch, and vast military stores are being packed and hurried out to the big ships anchored in the harbor. We visited the army hospital, where wounded soldiers from Corea are being cared for by the Red Cross Society. There are thirty-two now under treatment; and from the extensive preparations made, the government must expect a long and bloody war. Wonderful has been the work of this society. All honor to Miss Clara Barton and her great-hearted associates. This department has been turned over to that organization by the imperial government, I understand, and the hospitals here are in charge of their officers. We were received with

marked courtesy by the manager, but could not go through the wards without a special permit from the commanding officer.

This war excitement demoralizes everything, and interrupts all Church work. The Presbyterian church in Hiroshima is used for a hospital, and notice has been given that ours will be needed for the recruiting officers. The government claims the use of any building for army purposes by simply posting a notice on the door.

At ten o'clock we had service in the chapel of the girls' school—to one, at least, a profitable, spiritual occasion. The improvised congregation was not large, but the interest was manifest and the attention intense. A splendid property, and admirable in all its appointments, have we in that school. The building burned three years ago has been replaced by one more tasteful and commodious. And never have I seen one more beautifully, neatly kept—a valuable object lesson to every girl who will some day be a home-keeper. All were delighted at the prospect of Miss Gaines's return, as she is expected this week, accompanied by some valuable recruits. She has wrought a good work, and her influence will abide. Like an oasis in a desert, that Christian school for girls was refreshing and enriching to a lonely traveler in this thirsty land. What a blessing it has been! what a benediction it will be!

Our membership at Hiroshima is about one hundred, and in addition to regular and frequent service in the church there is preaching in two street chapels, which is often attended by large and curious crowds. We have also three other schools—one for the poor—besides the girls' school, and are thus finding entrance into many young hearts and ears and homes.

Returning to Hiroshima the following Saturday morning, a new phase of Japanese life was seen, and other places of interest visited. We were given a *shimbo-kwai*—a kind of social entertainment—which on this occasion assumed the form of a reception. To me it was a delightful, suggestive coincidence, it being my silver-wedding day and the anniversary of my birth. Not privileged to spend it with the dear ones at home, I rejoiced to celebrate the day with a company of native Christians in Japan. The *shimbo-kwai* is peculiar to this country. We had first religious exercises, then two addresses of welcome and responses; afterwards a rendition of some things strictly Japanese. We had the “sword-dance,” the “No-dance”—performed for the entertainment of royalty—fencing by experts, an amusing speech by a punster, etc., all concluding with refreshments and tender good-bys. The “dances” were only in name, so no one need get nervous about the Church in Japan.

Another place visited during the day was a large crematory where human dead are turned to ashes in three hours. In front of the immense brick furnace, containing twenty-two ovens, divided into three classes, there are shrines for the Buddhist burial service. These are also separated into three classes, thus carrying caste into the coffin and oven. The first class are charged four *yen* (dollars); the second, two; and the third, one. The ashes of certain parts of the body are preserved, placed in a small earthen jar, and returned to relatives next day. Just now the average number of cremations there is ten a day. The bodies are brought in the afternoon and burned at night. I was almost sickened by the odors of the ovens, and felt a

chill of horror at the thought of thus disposing of these "temples of the Holy Ghost." How much more in accord with the Christian's hope, and solacing to heart-sorrow, is our simple, sad rite of Christian burial!

We also visited a large newspaper office—the *Daily Gei-bi-nichi-nichi Shimbun*—and witnessed the process of manufacturing current vernacular reading for this reading people. As we entered, the editor, in a state of comfortable undress, was in the press room. He retired quickly at the approach of foreign visitors, and after awhile received us in the editorial rooms, elaborately robed and seated on the floor. We knelt on the mats, and bowed as profoundly as our avoirdupois would allow when exchanging personal greetings. A description of the composing room and the several departments I must forego. This and every newspaper in the empire is under government espionage and supervision. Every editorial of a political nature, and especially every account of military movements, is submitted in proof to official inspection and revision before given to the public.

A difficulty with Brother Moseley's passport prevented his accompanying us farther; so we left by boat Tuesday afternoon, with Brother Shaw for chaperon and Brother Usaki for interpreter, to meet an engagement that night at Iwakuni. Here we found a nice little city of twelve thousand persons, and a congregation that quite filled our small but handsome church. It had been announced that there would be "*very large preaching*" that night, and the people came out "for to see." A noisy crowd outside tried to disturb the worship, but failed. Those present listened attentively, and expressed themselves as grateful for the coming

and message of their American brethren. We have a few faithful members here, including the intelligent and pious wife of the representative in the Imperial Diet. After a good night's sleep on the floor of a Japanese hotel, we started out for a twenty-mile ride in jinrikishas to Obatake and Yannai, purposing to take steamer at the latter place late in the afternoon for Metagerie. Our road was along the shore of the beautiful Inland Sea, with wooded mountains shading us on one side, and cool, salt breezes fanning us on the other. Brother Waters overtook us about ten o'clock, having left Hiroshima by jinrikisha at one o'clock during the night. His coming was specially enjoyed, as he brought the latest American mail, with long letters from home. Good news from a far country relieves the tedium and tiresomeness of travel. For the rest of that journey the jinrikisha was as comfortable as a Pullman, and the coolie as swift and steady as a Baldwin locomotive. Our thoughts were over the sea, and not on the blazing sun above us or the rough places beneath us. On that trip we passed through ten or twelve large villages, besides the towns of Obatake and Yannai, with two and eight thousand population respectively, and where we have chapels and a few members. If laborers could be secured, every one of these villages should be occupied. As it is, our brethren can only stop by the way for a few words of exhortation and to distribute tracts. The field is yet hardly touched; cities and towns are being worked, but the thousands of villages in which the great body of the people reside, and from which will come the strength of the Church, are yet without the privileges of the gospel.

Leaving Yannai late in the evening, we took steamer for Metagerie, where we arrived about three o'clock in the morning. After a few hours' rest and an enjoyable breakfast, thanks to Mrs. Shaw, who can paint a picture and order her household with equal genius, we took jinrikishas for a twelve-mile ride to Yamaguchi. This is the capital of the ken or province, and a city of over twelve thousand. Here we were on historic ground. The native place of Count Ito, the present prime minister, and for hundreds of years famous for statesmen and military leaders, this province has exerted great influence in the empire. We had services at eleven o'clock in our well-built chapel, attended not by a large but an apparently much interested congregation. Before the benediction was pronounced, our little conventicle was disturbed by the appearance of a police officer demanding our passports. It had been announced that Bishop Wilson would preach. So after examining our papers the little upstart representative of the government demanded to know where "Konto-ku (Bishop) Wilson" was. He seemed to suspect that we had another contraband compatriot hid out somewhere, and elaborate explanations were necessary in order to satisfy his official conscience.

Over at the college located there, founded and endowed by a nobleman, and quite well equipped, we found a cordial welcome and most courteous treatment. It is largely patronized, and destined, with other national schools, to work vast changes in this country. I fear they will not be toward Christianity, unless the Church girds up her strength and renews her aggressive movements upon the strongholds of Buddhism. Instead of a chapel, there was a large "hall for moral

instruction," in which, of course, the name of our Christ is never mentioned. The young are being educated away from the truth. Still this eagerness for knowledge must forever overthrow the blind superstitions of the centuries, and the Church should be alert to turn this tide of restless thought toward God. How I wish we could double our forces at once around this Inland Sea!

Returning to Metagerie, we had service at night in a street chapel, which was filled from all the regions round about. One interesting feature of the service was the baptism of the native preacher's little son, *five days old*. The father wrote a poem in honor of the occasion, the literal translation of which lost its rhythmic flow and passionate power. For five generations there had not been a son in the family of his *adopted mother*, hence the great rejoicing, and his cultivation of the Muses. The child was named *Megumi*—which means "grace"—given in recognition of the grace of God to a long-disappointed household.

The next day we rode seventeen miles by jinrikisha to Tokuyama, a city of ten thousand, another point on Brother Shaw's circuit. Here we rested a few hours, preached to a good congregation, and took passage at nine o'clock for an all-night ride across the sea to Hiroshima, with the privilege of sleeping (?) on deck. Brother Shaw has the zeal of a true evangelist, and the courage of a martyr. He has fifteen chapels already, and is eager to move on to new territory. Thus our brethren are working up to their utmost strength in this depressing climate in order to feed the hungry thousands with the bread of life. As we passed through the villages it was both amazing and pathetic

to note the excited curiosity of the people. Children followed us as American boys do the street procession of a traveling menagerie, while the older people stood and wondered at the meaning of this foreign cavalcade.

But of the trip to Matsuyama, Oita, Uwajima, and back to Kobé, with their suggestive missionary incidents and their inspiring experiences, I must ask space to write in another letter. Better than seeing the sights has been this circuit of the sea. This hand-to-hand work on the field has revealed the difficulties and dangers, the hopes and fears, the possibilities and responsibilities, of the Church here and in the home land. I thank God for these laborious but joyous weeks.

Matsuyama, Japan, September 3, 1894.

CHAPTER XI.

TRAVELING A CIRCUIT IN JAPAN.

SOME further account of our circuit of the Inland Sea must be given, in certain aspects and respects the most interesting and profitable of all experiences in Japan. When we left Hiroshima, Saturday afternoon, September 1, for Matsuyama, our native Christians pleaded with us not to go, and with solemn forebodings, following us to the hatoba, at last waved regretful good-bys. It was the two hundred and tenth day of their year—a traditional day of storms and disasters. They feared rough seas would rock our little craft, but promised earnest prayers for a prosperous voyage. And the God of both sea and land *did* smile upon us. That inner ocean, encircled by mountains as green as the land of the shamrock, and dotted with islands of every fairy form, each beautiful enough to charm the eye of Mercury, was never more placid and pleasing. The sun went down in unclouded splendor, leaving his slanting rays upon the dappled bosom of the sea like a path of mosaic stretching to “the holy Jerusalem,” laid by the delicate hands of angels and “garnished with all manner of precious stones.” Just then the new moon appeared, and stars differing in glory marched to their appointed places in the glorious constellations of these Eastern skies. The breezes were as soft as those that blow over Ceylon’s isle, and every prospect pleased. It was an ideal night—to one passenger on the little

vessel, a holy benediction upon his silver wedding day, with a bridal present, very precious, "descending out of heaven from God." There, under those Oriental fires of heaven, was a double replighting of faith for another half jubilee of years—both to the work of his Lord, and to the brown-eyed bride far over the seas.

Arriving at Mitsugahama at 9:30 o'clock, we had a five-mile jinrikisha ride to Matsuyama, where we found Brother Moseley sick in bed with bilious fever, and eagerly awaiting our coming. Either the skill of native physician or the presence of his brethren, or both, improved the patient, for on Monday morning he was able to be up and speed the parting guests on their way to other appointments. Matsuyama is a city of forty thousand inhabitants, and the capital of a ken. It was a castle city in the days of the daimios, the feudal lords; and on the lofty mountain which overlooks the valley for miles is the finest castle and the best kept yet seen in Japan, much resembling the Edinburgh Castle, where Scottish chiefs and kings so long had home and throne. We had a quiet Sabbath, with morning and evening preaching to small but apparently quite intelligent congregations. Our faithful band here hope before many months to worship in their new church—*Lambuth Chapel*—named in honor of the ascended saint whose frail body sleeps in a missionary's grave at Kobé. The corner stone was laid in July; the capstone, I hope, will be brought forth with rejoicing before the new year. I was pleased with the large, well-selected lot, with ample room for church and parsonage, without disturbing some fruitful trees loaded with oranges, pomegranates, peaches, and figs. On Monday morning most of the native members called in a body, and I

had the privilege of baptizing the baby daughter of our Japanese preacher. The little lady was named *Ai*, pronounced *I*, which means "love." I added, however, under instruction, a sort of honorific, and called her *Ai-ko*, which is probably interpreted "Miss I."

Accompanied by young Brother Toyosaki as guide and interpreter, we took steamer for Oita, on the Kiushiu coast. After nine hours' steady sailing around wooded islands and across narrow straits, gateways to the great ocean, we reached our destination in Kiushiu, the island of nine countries. Here in Oita, a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, we were on historic ground; the very spot where the heroic—and shall I not say apostolic?—Francis Xavier lived and wrought so wonderfully in the name of our Lord. In five years he saw possibly two hundred thousand Japanese forsake Buddhism for Christianity. The daimio of the province became an ardent convert, and his son was sent as special ambassador to Rome. But shortly thereafter, in the war of extermination against the Christians, the old feudal lord, having fought desperately, fled from his castle and committed suicide rather than die by knife and torch. At a place not very far from Oita thousands of Christians were brutally massacred. But through the more than two hundred intervening years—years of sleepless espionage and relentless hostility against Christianity—some secretly clung to their Christian faith, and at the first opportunity openly announced their allegiance to the long-despised Nazarene. It may have been in Japan that Xavier entered into that rich experience which inspired him to write those stirring numbers, happily placed in our hymn book, beginning with this stanza:

My God! I love thee, not because
I hope for heav'n thereby;
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must forever die.

At Oita we have a prosperous, spiritual church. There was Methodistic heartiness in the worship, and a crowded house to hear the word. For four years Brother W. A. Wilson has labored here with gratifying success, having added substantially to the membership and built both a handsome church and a parsonage. This is a congregation of fine-looking, promising young men. From that church have already come several of our best native workers. Some facts in the early history of Oita Methodism are worthy of place in the chronicles of the skies.

One distinguished-looking old gentleman called who has two sons preparing for the ministry. He is a happy, earnest Christian now, and very proud of his preacher boys. But he has only been in the faith two years, and like Paul, breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the Church for a time. When the first of his sons became a Christian he was enraged, and with drawn sword demanded that he recant on penalty of death. But the boy stood firm; said he would rather die than belie his Lord, and has had the joy to see the whole family kneeling at the same Christian altar and singing the same hymns of praise.

We made a jinrikisha excursion to Beppu, a large village six miles from Oita, around the coast, famed for its hot springs and baths. Here the lame and halt come for healing, and the multitudes gather for the pleasure of steaming and plunging. I wonder that these little people are not parboiled—they are so fond of hot

water. The familiarity and sociability of these baths wrought on the nerves of my American prudishness more than anything yet witnessed in this land of undress. Men, women, and children, without the slightest suggestion of a blush, mingled indiscriminately and gleefully in the steaming pools together. Such utter innocence of shame I did not think possible in the human family. No wonder that is regarded as a hard place for missionary effort, but nowhere in "the nine countries" is it more sadly needed.

A new circuit adjoining Oita, with Nakatzu for a center, and Brother Callahan as pastor, has been entered, and it is hoped will prove a fruitful field. While Brothers Wilson and Callahan were reconnoitering in that section a day or two before our arrival, an amusing incident occurred. They were spending the night in a Japanese hotel, and overheard a conversation between the proprietress and a drunken visitor, full of *saki*. He was specially hostile to foreigners, and seemed to have sympathy in his auditor. Finally, asking her what sort of men those were in her house, she replied (referring to Brother Wilson): "One of them has hair all over his face, and looks like the devil." Now his North Carolina friends must not charge this so much to Brother Wilson's formidable appearance as to *saki* and the spirit of antforeignism, which is very acute and intense in some parts of the country. Notwithstanding that speech and spirit, Brother Callahan looks for a prosperous year.

On Tuesday night, in charge of Brother Davis, who had come to meet us, we left for Uwajima, at the end of the Inland Sea, and the most distant point of our work. We arrived at half past eight o'clock next

morning, ready for breakfast on land at Brother Davis's hired house. The mistress of the manse was still at Arima, in the mountains, so we did as we pleased and fared the best we could. All that has been said of the beautiful Inland Sea must be revised and retouched after seeing the Bay of Uwajima and the mountains towering round about. Like the lower end of Loch Katrine, where the boat sweeps around Ellen's Isle and anchors at the entrance of the Trossachs, gathering in one view all the glories of that highland region so gorgeously described by Sir Walter Scott, so the Uwajima appeared in the early morning light from the deck of our gallant little vessel. The terraced mountains, cultivated like gardens up to their summits; the smaller islands, standing like helmeted sentinels to guard the palace of the gods, the sea flecked with the white square sails of the fishing boats; the bay, crowded with junks, steamers, and other craft; and the rippling water flashing back the golden salute of the morning sun, made a picture whose colors will fade only with the failing powers of memory. Amid such scenes, where "only man is vile," Brother Davis and his faithful wife labor for their Lord, with no missionary neighbor nearer than *one hundred miles away*. But that isolation identifies them more fully with the people, and they see more readily the fruit of their toil.

Thanks to "the lord of the hill"—a retainer of the Prince—we visited the castle grounds on the mountain, but could not enter the little pagoda-shaped building. That honor is denied to Japanese and foreigners alike. Some skilled military eye planted that ancient fortress, and there was no little engineering genius displayed in its construction.

Our Church here has recovered from the trouble of some years ago, and is doing well. Its history contains incidents of thrilling interest. Of two very old ladies—one converted at eighty and the other at seventy-seven years—I must write later and at some length. We had a good congregation out at night, and it is hoped the service was not without good results. A large, eligible lot has been secured, and before long we shall have a tasteful church in this beautiful outpost on the Inland Sea.

Leaving Uwajima on Thursday at noon, we took ship for Kobé, traveling the entire length of the Inland Sea, and arriving there on Saturday morning at seven o'clock. Foreigners who sail over that "sea within the straits" in small boats must be provided with "bed and board"—cots and "coreys"—*fu-tuns* and lunch baskets. The *fu-tun* is a thick comfort which serves as a mattress. A well-filled basket is also a necessity. Foreigners are not fond of Japanese food, nor are they of ours. But thus provided, and being content with a small place on the floor with an indefinite number of sleepers, who snore and smoke at intervals during night and day, one can travel with *comparative* comfort. These things, however, are not worthy of mention in connection with the joy experienced while visiting the various appointments on this great Methodist circuit. I only regret not being able to stop with Brother Myers at Tadotsu for a day, which would have completed the round. After a few hours in Kobé reading American mail, I ran up to Osaka to spend the Sabbath. And a delightful day it was with Brothers Utley and Towson. In the morning at East Osaka, where Brother Towson is both pastor and presiding elder,

there was a large congregation. They are worshipping now in a street chapel; but, thanks to the Board of Church Extension and the liberal gift of a consecrated woman, a representative church will soon be erected on an eligible lot. In West Osaka, where Brother Utley ministers, and where at night I had the pleasure of preaching and baptizing four little Japanese, we also need and must have a good church. This is probably the greatest manufacturing and commercial city in Japan, with over five hundred thousand inhabitants, and increasing rapidly. I hope some other noble soul will help us plant permanently in that part of this great city. With two church buildings and a system of street chapels, our work in that great center will move forward speedily. Ninety-one steamers and fourteen thousand sailboats are engaged in Osaka trade on the Inland Sea. Here the imperial mint is located, and more large manufactories than in any city of Japan. *I plead for this important place.*

With the Sabbath at Osaka my circuit of the sea was completed, and my mission in Japan, for the present, ended. In two weeks I have traveled over one thousand miles by boat, railroad, and jinrikisha—one hundred by the last—have preached ten times, seen many phases of missionary work and life, greeted many earnest native Christians, kept perfectly well, and been happy all the time. How this mighty work calls out the energies and sympathies of the soul! I wonder not that these brethren are so devoted to it, and are reluctant even to leave for a few weeks of needed rest. We need more men to occupy inviting fields. I pray the Church not to retrench, but to increase her offerings, so that at this crucial time we may renew an aggressive

movement upon this strategic island kingdom of the East. *Now* is the hour for assault as well as for siege.

I leave to-day in the "Empress of Japan" for China, with many thanksgivings and blessed memories of delightful weeks in this "Land of the Rising Sun." My faith in the redemption of this country has increased daily. The adverse forces are strong and determined, but our Lord is moving steadily to conquest. May he speed the glorious hour!

The war absorbs all attention. A number of our best members are in the field as officers or private soldiers. The Emperor moves this week to Hiroshima, to be nearer the seat of war, and by his presence to inspire his brave battalions. These people are determined to win in this struggle, and will exhaust the resources and credit of the kingdom in order to humble their giant neighbor, called by an enthusiastic Jap the "great sleeper." Of this and other things I shall have more to say from over the Yellow Sea.

Kobé, Japan, September 12, 1894.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM DAI NIPPON TO GREAT CATHAY.

WITH many regrets the dear brethren in Japan were bidden a loving good-by on the night of September 12. Six delightful weeks had passed, and every hour's association drew them nearer in heart, and every day's observation heightened appreciation of their great work. Southern Methodism has occasion for rejoicing that our Japan Mission, so wisely planned, is being conducted with unabated zeal and unexcelled consecration.

On Wednesday morning, before taking ship for "fair Cathay," I attended the formal opening of the Kwansei Gakuin, and had the privilege of speaking some words of salutation and parting to the fine body of young men who had assembled for another scholastic year. About forty were present, and many more were expected that evening. A terrific typhoon on the Inland Sea had delayed the coming of many, and excited the fears of us all. The year begins auspiciously, and I hope will be the most gratifying in the successful history of that admirable school.

September 12 was bright and clear, with no suggestion of the typhoon which swept with raging fury the high seas the day before, and played havoc with the shipping in Kobé harbor. Over the hatoba mad waves leaped, piling up broken fragments of little vessels, and sweeping their boiling waters into the streets. We

watched the wild billows foam and surge, and wondered how we could ever get out to the "Empress of Japan," expected during the night or early morning. But, as is often the case, our fears were groundless. As evening came on the sea ceased its surging, the storm king fled to his mountain home, and every cloud floated from the skies, as if to give the silvery stars a chance to calm the apprehensions of the American voyagers and their friends.

At eight o'clock in the evening we left the hatoba in a *sampan*, accompanied by Brothers Moseley, Turner, and Yoshioka, Mrs. Moseley, Mrs. Waters, and Dr. Kin, for the "Empress of Japan," anchored fully a mile away. As the oarsmen made the phosphorescent waves gleam and sing, we talked of the joyous weeks together and of the days to come, and then with tremulous voices sang the "Sweet By and By." The echoes woke responses from other boats, and brought the passengers on the "Empress" to the deck railings, as if they had fancied the coming of a Salvation Army corps. It was a holy hour. May its benedictions and vows of reconsecration never fade nor fail! Brother Myers, his wife, and Mrs. Tague soon after came aboard to give the parting hand, and wish for us "journeying mercies" over lands and seas till we are happily at home again. A brave band of noble spirits!

All day Thursday we sailed down the Inland Sea, of whose glories every traveler sings, but whose beauties can never be adequately described by tongue or pen. Every traveled passenger likens it to some fairest scene in another country, and then, as an enchanting new view bursts upon him, concludes that, though *possibly* equaled, the "sea within the straits" is unexcelled in

all God's great world of beauty. Having spent two weeks traversing it from side to side, and from one end to the other, I can adopt the strongest adjectives of the most extravagant admirer, and then sigh for other superlatives. "A bad case of adjectives," you say. Well, wait until you see the Inland Sea.

On Friday morning early the ship's long whistle aroused our slumbers and announced that we were entering the harbor of Nagasaki—the last treaty port of Japan, and the most historic place in Kiushiu, "the island of nine countries." It is located on a beautiful bay, deep enough for the largest vessels, wide enough for the accommodation of quite a fleet, and well protected by sheltering islands and overhanging mountains. I arose at once to enjoy the view as our proud "Empress" swept by Pappenberg, the mythical "Tarpeian Rock" from which thousands of Christians were *not* hurled, and on into the bay, escorted by a steam launch in order to avoid the deadly torpedoes planted, I suppose, for their enemies across the Yellow Sea. Soon we were surrounded by *sampans* filled with men and women, who quickly adjusted their improvised ladders, and made ready to resupply the ship's bunkers with coal from immense barges which came alongside. The skill and speed with which those little men *and women* pass the coal baskets up the swinging ladders is really remarkable.

Shortly after our vessel dropped anchor, one of the officers announced that a lady wished to see me. To such an unexpected and agreeable announcement I responded, to meet Miss French, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, who extended a cordial invitation to go ashore for breakfast, and a visit to the city. Of course

we gladly accepted. With Mrs. Van Patten, Miss French, and Misses Payne and Fry, of the Korean Mission, we had a delightful morning meal, and much talk about the mission work of our sister Methodism. These noble women have charge of a large school for girls—150 in attendance—and find it necessary to erect an additional building to accommodate the increasing patronage. I had the privilege of seeing the young ladies in chapel, and of speaking a few encouraging words. Misses Payne and Fry purposed returning on Saturday, though at considerable peril, to their post in Corea. Heroines of the faith! they seemed not at all afraid of wars and rumors of war. We also had the pleasure of taking tiffin with Dr. Correll and his charming family, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Correll, though a young man, is a veteran missionary, having been in Japan twenty-one years. He has the reputation of being the most fluent and eloquent speaker in Japanese of any foreigner in the field. I was told that even the Japanese envy his perfect accentuation and his readiness of speech. It is most important, though very difficult, for every missionary to master this language as soon as possible. If not, they will be, as Francis Xavier said he was, “as mute statues” in presence of the people. Preaching through an interpreter is very unsatisfactory. To speak the vernacular of the people gives one immense advantage.

We visited the large Roman Catholic church, the “Church of the Twenty-six Martyrs,” which commands a magnificent view from its height on the hill. Not far from Nagasaki, on February 5, 1597, twenty-six Christians were crucified, with their faces toward

the city. But they died bravely, all singing the *Te Deum* except one boy martyr, who expired shouting, "O paradise! O paradise!" When shown his cross he kissed it, and made ready to be lifted thereon. This church was erected in honor of these martyrs, who, by the way, were canonized in 1868 by Pope Pius IX. Within the chancel is a large painting representing the bloody scene of their crucifixion.

At Nagasaki is located the imperial dockyards, about the best in the East. Vessels can be blocked up and made ready for repairing and repainting in less than two hours. Near Nagasaki is also a place of special interest to loyal Americans—Venus Hill, so called because in 1874 American astronomers selected that spot for observing the transit of Venus. It is one of the high points just in the rear of the Concession. Another thing stirred my American blood. The "Concord," an American man-of-war, flying the stars and stripes, rode into the harbor, and cast anchor an hour or two before we sailed for China. It brought to the heart a sweet home feeling, and, though already perfectly safe, under cover of her great guns there was fresh sense of security.

Over the dreaded and treacherous Yellow Sea we had a smooth passage, with not the slightest indication of a coming or retreating storm. Between lighthouses on the Japan and China coasts the "Empress" was only twenty-three hours. On Sunday morning we were awakened for early breakfast to find our ship anchored in the yellow waters of the Yang-tse-Kiang, and at the mouth of Woosung River. My first thought was of the lower Mississippi, so much did the "Child of the Ocean" resemble the delta and turbid tides of

the "Father of Waters." From here passengers on the largest vessels are taken up to Shanghai, fourteen miles, on a steam launch. When at eight o'clock the little tug came alongside our stately "Empress" waving handkerchiefs from the deck—China's flag of truce—assured us that at least some in great Cathay had surrendered their hearts at our coming. Brother Bonnell and wife were there to welcome their daughter, Miss Marion, from a four years' stay at the "Wesleyan," in Georgia, and together with Miss Mary Allen to extend cordial hospitality to the brethren with a message and commission from the Church at home. Glad was the family greeting, and most joyous the brotherly welcome. How different when Dr. Charles Taylor sailed into the Woosung forty years before! A lonely, adventurous picket on the perilous front line, he was content not to be discovered, and had no dream of open gates and hearts. But our Lord has been at work, and what hath he wrought! In less than "a cycle of Cathay" marvelous changes have taken place. From the sea to the Great Wall, and beyond, every province has more or less felt the resistless force of a new civilization, in which the Christian religion is the mightiest factor.

Past the mud fort intended to guard the mouth of the Woosung we swept, and up the winding river crowded with vessels of every shape and size, and flying every national flag *except the Japanese*. The junks and *sampans* were adorned with immense painted eyes on either side the prow. This in response to a Chinese superstition that induced our friends to give us a popular saying of these people in "pidgin English: "

No got eye,
No can see!
No can see,
No can savee! (understand)
No can savee,
No can walkee!
No can walkee,
How can?

As the massive modern buildings on the *bund* came into full view, and the eye swept the long shore line on either side thick with stately and tasteful structures, it was difficult to realize that we were really in the "Middle Kingdom." But this is only the foreign city (American, English, and French), and has a population of about six thousand. Back is the great mixed city of two hundred thousand, and farther still a city within the walls of large population, narrow streets, strange sounds, and indescribable smells.

At the wharf Dr. Young J. Allen awaited our coming, and a few minutes' jinrikisha ride brought us to his hospitable home. Here also are Brother Loehr and family, with all of whom delightful and profitable days have been spent. At 6 P.M. I had the privilege of preaching to a good congregation, composed largely of missionaries, in the Masonic Hall, and under the auspices of the "Shanghai Free Christian Church." It was certainly an inspiration to meet so many heroic men and women who have consecrated everything to the uplifting of this vast country. Again, on Tuesday afternoon, at the weekly "missionary prayer meeting," we had a refreshing hour together. On Tuesday evening I attended the Presbyterian "jubilee meeting," a celebration of the semicentennial of the Presbyterian Mission in China. Several interesting histor-

ic papers were read, and an insight given into the work being done by that board of ample means and many men. I was specially entertained with the history of the first Bible Translating Committee, and their stubborn discouragement over the proper word to be used for God. Some favored *Shin*; others contended for *Shangti*. It is yet an open question, without prospect of early settlement.

On Monday morning we attended chapel exercises at the Anglo-Chinese College, and spoke a few words to the splendid-looking boys, Dr. Allen kindly acting as interpreter. The school has opened the new term fairly well, with prospects of a good year. It was a privilege to meet the polite and learned old Chinese teacher, Brother Sung Tse Hong, now eighty-seven years of age. For more than twenty years he has been connected with Dr. Allen's work, and, being an earnest Christian, is enjoying a happy old age. According to Chinese custom, and with the grace of a well-bred gentleman, he welcomed us by *shaking his own hands*. That is universal. Does it not indicate a national and traditional characteristic? Back of the custom is there not a philosophy? For centuries this mighty nation shook its own hands with serene satisfaction, and to all the rest of the world said, "Hands off!" But the day of exclusiveness has passed, and the time of hand clasping in a universal brotherhood is coming, if not already here.

We made a pleasant call on the American Consul General, Hon. Thomas R. Jernigan, of Raleigh, N. C. Most cordially and considerately did he welcome his Southern constituents, and promptly secured passports for our tour of the interior. Such authority is not ordi-

narily needed, but he thought it best during these days of war excitement and turmoil. The latest news is beginning to stir the country. China is being aroused, and what the next several months will develop even the oldest residents hesitate to prophesy. Every missionary's prayer is that this strife may tend to the furtherance of the gospel. And that is the general conviction. It is believed that a great opportunity for the Church is near at hand. However the controversy between the two nations may terminate, China will of necessity change her attitude toward Western thought. God grant that the Church may be ready to meet the weighty responsibilities and momentous exigencies of the coming hour. Already indications are seen of a great social and religious revolution. One of the viceroys a few days ago sent *one thousand taels* to a society for the dissemination of knowledge with which Dr. Allen is connected. He did this after reading a book recently translated. Another fact is suggestive: Boys from the Anglo-Chinese College, and other mission schools, employed in government service at Tien-Tsin, write that, in response to requests from several missionaries, they have been excused *on the Sabbath*, and allowed to attend Christian worship.

The day of reaping seems to have dawned. Brother Reid reports the accession of sixty-three members and one hundred and fifty probationers this year in Shanghai. I attended a service in Central Church Wednesday night, and took knowledge of the methods of work being pursued. The congregation was large, and, for a Chinese audience, quiet and attentive. Fully two hundred remained during the service, and many faces expressed intense interest and anxious inquiry.

Cheerful reports come also from other points in the Shanghai and Soochow districts. The brethren I have met are hopeful even to buoyancy; and the noble women, pursuing their wisely organized and splendidly equipped work, are enthusiastic and happy. Of McTyeire Home, Trinity Home, and the ten additional day schools with their two hundred children, I shall write later. I made a tour of the day schools yesterday with Miss Hughes, and was profoundly impressed with the wisdom of their planting and administration. Of the number enrolled, all from heathen homes, and all daily taught the catechism and some Bible history, fully one hundred and fifty attend the Sunday schools and preaching at Central and Trinity churches. The examinations of the classes assured me that these schools are an evangelistic agency of incalculable value.

A profitable and most enjoyable visit was made to the hospital and school of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, located at the West Gate. Brother Reid preaches there regularly on Wednesday afternoon, and has received probably forty members into his church during the past several years from that work. Here I had a new experience. Outside the hospital stood great crowds, while the large waiting room was filled to its utmost capacity. There they were waiting to be healed of all manner of disease. A pitiful picture—just such a company, I doubt not, as pressed about Simon's house in Capernaum when the Lord was there. In the waiting room two Christian women (natives) were exhorting and expounding the "Jesus doctrines." They take advantage of the waiting to heal the poor heart, and pray that the diseased

body may also be made whole. And that is done morning and afternoon for hours every day. Two lady physicians are on duty daily, and the number treated averages one hundred and thirty, exclusive of those in the wards, and occasional urgent visits to the homes of the people. Through the wards of the hospital we were conducted, each bed endowed by the liberal gift of some godly person in America, and saw how heathen faces were brightened by Christian love, while their bodies were being healed of suffering and disease. One appreciated privilege we had, not accorded to travelers, and rarely ever experienced by missionaries: *we saw the unbound compressed foot of a Chinese lady*. She hesitated for awhile, but at length modestly yielded to persuasion. It was probably about three inches long, and she a lady of average size and twenty-three years old. The toes, except the large one, were turned under the foot, and imbedded in the flesh. The instep was pressed out of shape, and the whole so drawn back that the heel was pushed down below the sole like the heel of a shoe. The sight sickened. I am glad to have seen it, but do not wish it repeated. And all this torture and maiming of the human body in obedience to *fashion*!

Over at the Bridgeman Memorial Home we had service in the chapel, Brother Reid interpreting, and then a delightful four-o'clock tea with the missionary ladies. Miss Melvin has charge of the Home, and is efficiently assisted by a band of consecrated workers, who count not life dear to themselves that the heathen women of China may be brought to Christ. That afternoon will ever be one of the inspiring memories of life.

Accompanied by Dr. Allen, we visited an opium pal-

ace—a large three-story building, leased and *licensed* for the purpose. What a ghastly sight! men in every stage of drunkenness and degradation. Some were just preparing the drug, purchased at the counter below, for the pipe. It is heated on the end of a large needle until down to a certain consistency, and then pushed into the curiously shaped pipe. Others were inhaling the smoke, in a reclining position (all recline on couches against the wall). Others were in the first stage of exhilaration, their eyes dancing and tongues chattering. And yet others were in a deep stupor—dead to shame, conscience, and God. A ghastlier picture I have never seen. And Christian nations are responsible for this degradation!

Coming out from there we witnessed the procession through the streets of the new Tao Tai, a high official of great political power. He was returning the calls of the several Consul Generals. Before him, beating gongs, bearing spears, pikes, banners, etc., were fifty or more persons gaudily dressed. Two were on horseback gayly caparisoned. Then came the Tao Tai in a sedan chair covered with rich green velvet, borne by four coolies, and followed by other chairs, in which rode his four or five secretaries and retainers. The days of such crudeness this nation will not always wink at. This official procession and means of locomotion—six coolies to carry one man—indicate a stubborn conservatism that must yield to the conquering march of Christian truth, which emancipates manhood and dignifies every condition and relation.

But my letter is too long, and so much remains to be said. What a world of strange sights and sounds!

September 21, 1894.

CHAPTER XIII.

MY FIRST WEEK IN CHINA.

THE hours have been so crowded with incidents since my landing in "far Cathay," that I really feel embarrassed in making selections about which to write. To one fresh from the West, and never before in the East, eager to learn and intensely interested in everything that aids to a better understanding of the mighty problems in which the Church is concerned, the hours fly too fast and opportunities are too few. I could wish that weeks were lengthened into months, and that I had eyes to see clearly what Israel ought to do. That a great and notable day is about to dawn upon China all agree, from the veteran missionary of forty years' experience to the ardent novitiate but a few months in the field. It is in the air; everybody feels it and talks it and prays for it. Indeed, it is positively inspiring to note the hopeful tone of every voice and the smile on every face. At home we lament the slow progress of Missions in China, but the men and women who have to till the hard soil and await the harvest have abiding and increasing faith that reward is sure and near.

We spent an evening at Rev. Mr. Richards's, of the English Baptist Mission. Dr. Edkins, a great sinologue and aged missionary; Dr. Muirhead, an accomplished scholar and veteran evangelist of the London Missionary Society; and Dr. Young J. Allen, not be-

hind the foremost in literary and philosophical attainments, were among the guests. It was a rare delight to hear these great men of large experience discuss the spiritual outlook for China. One phase after another of these Oriental questions passed in review, adverse and helpful forces were measured and classified, the history of forty years and more traversed, noting the dangers overpassed and the progress made, until to this American guest it seemed a demonstration that the Lord Christ would surely, and maybe not very distantly, claim this uttermost part of the earth for his possession. These men believe that the day of redemption is nigh. It seems to me that the Church should be girding her strength and marshaling her forces for decisive conflict. When the distractions and demoralizations of this war are over, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, should hurry other men to the front. As old things pass away we must be ready to control and mold the new. I verily believe that if the Churches had heeded the call of God in Japan, and sufficiently manned that field with consecrated evangelists and teachers, the "reaction" of four or five years ago would never have occurred. I would not delude any with the hope that our mission in China is soon to end. Years of toil and sacrifice are before us. But that vast changes are imminent, and a long step forward is about to be made, are glorious possibilities. God grant that we may be ready to meet them!

Conducted by Brother Reid, we made a tour of Shanghai within the walls one day. Here is a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, and as yet scarcely touched by the gospel. The streets are narrow and filthy, and the people dirty and industrious. But in

their shops, each with the odor of a sewer, many curious and beautiful things are made and sold. One wonders how such beauty could come out of those dens, how such lotus flowers can bloom and flame in a marsh of mud and stench. Like the Japanese, they have a genius for the decorative arts, and in some things excel their hostile neighbors across the Yellow Sea. But if you desire to make a purchase, never think of paying the price first asked; for a half, and often a third, of the amount stated, with elaborate and emphatic assurances that not a cash less would be taken, you can finally secure the article, and then pay the covetous Chinaman a good per cent. He never sells at a loss. Nothing does he enjoy so much as a bargain. An hour of chaffering over a little trade is not time lost to him, but a heaven of delight.

Among other interesting places visited was the temple called the "City Temple." It was dingy, dirty, and seemed quite abandoned. There was no display of architecture, and a marked absence of care on the part of the faithful. The old images were as smoky as the walls of the building; all looked sadly neglected. Before the principal deity, "the city god," who was a large, red-faced image, with thin, long, black whiskers, there were offerings of cooked chicken, mutton, fish, tea, and wine. After a suitable time has elapsed, the priest in residence appropriates these offerings to his own greedy and needy stomach. Around three sides of one large room were a number of images, differing in size and appearance. Before these prayers are offered *according to the age of the suppliant*. I sought out the one answering to forty-five, and wondered how many persons in Shanghai of that age were ignorant

and superstitious enough to pour their pitiful pleas into the dull ears of that ugly thing. With a silent prayer to the Father above that the times of this ignorance may soon pass away, I left the place where sacrifice is sin and every prayer a travesty. One thing, however, specially attracted, and was not without spiritual suggestion. In front of one image there was quite a crowd, looking on intently while one young man bowed his head to the floor repeatedly, and dropped a few cash into the treasury. It was the settlement of a difficulty. He was adjudged the offender, and by prayers and offerings before the altar was being reconciled to his brother. In that mockery there is a lesson. Before God's altar of prayer, if we are truly reconciled to him, all estrangements are removed, all enmities buried, all brotherly hands reclasped. But I fear those ignorant heathen are a rebuke to some professed children of our Lord.

I have seen two funeral processions—one of a very poor, the other of a middle-class person. The heavy coffin, weighing probably over four hundred pounds, was borne by four or six men, by means of long poles. Just in front, the son, as chief mourner, rode in a jinrikisha, clad in sackcloth, and wailing out his grief in most distressing tones. Behind came the Buddhist priests in jinrikishas, followed by the family and friends. If the person is very poor, the family ride on wheelbarrows. I saw three or four members of a household on one wheelbarrow, all robed in sackcloth, and making the streets dreadful with their wails of despair. On a bridge near which we were standing the procession halted for a moment. That is a universal custom, and done to appease some evil spirit. Imita-

tion paper money is also burned, I suppose, to pay passage over the water way. As I looked and listened, my heart fainted within me because of their distressful condition. They truly sorrow as those who have no hope. There is no light in their tomb, no joyous greeting and meeting beyond their graves. Their dead may reappear, but in the form of some degraded animal. The reunion of hearts, with never another parting, promised to Christian faith, brings no consolation to their sorrow. How pitiable their superstition! What an appeal to the Church for teachers to show them the way out of darkness to light, out of death to eternal life!

The China Inland Mission has a splendid property and headquarters on the lot adjoining our Mission compound. I had the pleasure of an interview one morning with Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, its projector, and Mr. Stephenson, his deputy director. Mr. Taylor had just returned from a four-months' tour of the distant provinces, traveling on boats, wheelbarrows, carts, and mule litters. At several points he held conferences with the missionaries, and gave us a most cheering account of the work. Since 1852 he has been a China missionary of singular consecration, and has organized a system of evangelization for the interior as daring in enterprise as it is courageous in faith. About five hundred and twenty missionaries are now in the field, some of them far removed from the treaty ports, having planted their flags even beyond the Great Wall. In Manchuria, Mongolia, and Thibet they have gone, preparing the way for other missions to occupy and possess the land. About forty of these are from Australia, and are supported by the Churches in that antarctic continent.

From every Christian country and denomination they have come, seeking the salvation of the people, and not the establishment of an ecclesiasticism. In order, however, to conserve their work, converts are organized into churches, and connected with the several Christian denominations. However much I might fail to approve some of the methods employed, I cannot withhold my high appreciation of the spirit which controls this grand mission, and my admiration of the sublime faith of its able and consecrated projector.

We visited the large Roman Catholic institutions one afternoon. They are located about five miles from the city, and because of their equipment are quite an attraction. There is a meteorological station, thoroughly organized, which supplies the entire China coast with daily weather reports. So the whole empire and the vast shipping interests of the coast are brought under obligation to the Roman Catholic Church. The government has no such station, and does not give a dollar to this or any other. There is a rather remarkable natural history museum, the collection of one venerable priest, an enthusiastic scientist and author. The industrial department, in which almost every kind of handicraft is taught, must have become a source of revenue. The boys are orphans. They are educated and then put into the shops and offices, doing everything from making a chair to painting a picture. The college was quite full of students, from the preparatory boy up to candidates for collegiate degrees. A number of priests are there also, taking a course in philosophy and theology preparatory to evangelistic and educational work. This belongs to the Jesuit order. I had a long talk with one candidate for

orders, a native of Kentucky, but out here from St. Louis, Mo., just two years ago. There are two or three nunneries and an orphanage which we had not time to see. All these institutions derive more or less support from valuable property located in the heart of Shanghai. What lessons in administration and enterprise may we not learn from these indefatigable and irrepressible sons of Ignatius Loyola! With fearless purpose and, I hope, true Christian faith, they are planting churches and schools all over this empire.

The Presbyterian Mission has in Shanghai a large printing and bookmaking establishment, which is not only a mighty evangelistic agency, but a source of large revenue. On its presses are printed Bibles for the American and the British and Foreign Bible Societies, the lesson papers used by the Sunday schools of nearly all the missions, and the books and tracts for sale and distribution among the people. It is overcrowded with business. A copy of the New Testament, on handsomest paper and in finest type, and to be elegantly bound, is now being made for presentation to the Empress Dowager. Its cost, nearly \$1,000, will be met by the Christian women of China. Many prayers are offered that this volume may lead to her conversion and the salvation of all in the palace. A sound conversion there would, sooner or later, lead to a revolution in the empire. Just such an establishment as this is the need of Methodism in China. From the very day of its opening every press would be kept busy and its income would be quite a revenue. The Presbyterian press cannot now supply the demand; and if anticipated changes are wrought by this war, there can be no estimating the need and value

of such an evangelizing agency. Anyone acquainted with the interior of a printing office would be greatly interested in a Chinese newspaper establishment. The long cases for type are arranged around three sides of a quadrangle, and at an angle of forty-five degrees. The typesetter cannot sit on a stool, but must walk from one case to another for the *character* needed. And he must have a prodigious memory. Instead of twenty-five letters, an ordinary font contains six thousand five hundred different characters. These are arranged in the cases, and their places must be as well known as the boxes of an American printing case. Had such a formidable establishment been encountered, I am sure my early fondness for the press would have been effectually cured before "setting a stick," or furnishing a line of "copy."

Of our own work in Shanghai much could be encouragingly said. The Woman's Board has two boarding schools—McTyeire Home and Trinity Home—and ten day schools. These are under admirable management, and are accomplishing incalculable good. I was at Trinity Church one afternoon when the pupils of Clopton School and from several day schools came in for evening prayers. To hear the little ones from heathen homes singing Christian hymns—singing heartily if not melodiously—and then, after reading the Scriptures responsively, join reverently in prayer to the only true God, filled me with joy inexpressible. Those children can never be idol worshipers. They may not all become Christians, but will never be heathen any more. Out of that number I feel sure that God will raise up some noble spirits who will lead their people out of the wilderness in which they have wandered

and suffered for centuries. The day schools are wisely located in easy reach of Central and Trinity churches. So of the two hundred children in daily attendance at least one hundred and fifty are induced to attend the Sunday schools. Charming places are McTyeire and Trinity Homes. Without are foul streets and forbidding sights; within are ideal households, and a sweet Christian atmosphere. Every missionary home ought to be comfortable and tasteful, giving to the tired, heart-sore toiler a breath of the dear rooftree far away, and refreshing relief from the strain and sin of heathen streets. Without such rest for eye and ear and heart, health would sooner give way, and recalls from the field would be more imperative and numerous. All feel the loss on account of Miss Haygood's absence, and hope for her early return. The news of other workers coming cheers the brave young women who are laboring so zealously for their Lord.

When in the "foreign cemetery" a few days ago, and standing near the missionary graves of Southern Methodism, I recalled the sad morning when a cablegram announced the death of Dora Rankin, and all the bells of her native town (Milan, Tenn.) tolled in honor of her heroic service and triumphant translation. Over that peaceful sleeper a beautiful stone cross has been erected, the symbol of her all-conquering faith, and in its simplicity expressive of a character as modest as it was stainless. Vines of evergreen are entwining about it and sheltering the mound, which seems to borrow grace from the form that rests beneath. Since she "fell on sleep" others have followed, until now we have a Machpelah to bind with strongest ties the heart of Southern Methodism to this vast empire.

One evening I attended a meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society in Central Church. (Brother Reid says it will soon be an Epworth League.) Thirty of the fifty members were present, besides the pastor and several foreign visitors. John Marshall, son of Rev. C. K. Marshall (named for that prince in our Israel who so long lived and labored and died at Vicksburg), was the president. He led the devotional exercises, called for reports of committees, made announcements, and otherwise conducted the meeting after the most approved style in an American Church. The occasion was certainly inspiring. When I thought of the vast possibilities in those young men, many of them occupying good positions in the customs and telegraph service, and all earnest Christians, psalms of praise were in my heart. "Surely," I said, "these are the early fruits of a glorious harvest." Now, would it not be well for the Epworth Leagues of Southern Methodism to send out two missionaries—one to Japan, and another to China—who, while doing full work in the field, will have special charge of League organizations? Let our youngest Connectional Board and the new Epworth Editor make answer.

Shanghai, September 22, 1894.

CHAPTER XIV.

ITINERATING IN CHINA.

WE left Shanghai on the afternoon of the 22d inst. for an itinerary of the country embraced in this district. Canals are the roadways of China, and all travel is by boat, except what is done by sedan chairs and wheelbarrows. These canals intersect at every angle, and almost every mile, and are crowded with curious craft. Boats are "foreign" and "native," and of every size, from the junk of several tons to the little "foot boat" in which a single passenger must sit circumspectly or get a dipping. In narrow places passing boats are sometimes so jammed as to obstruct travel for hours. Such an experience our boat had, but fortunately we were not on board. Our little vessel has a nice cabin, in which we eat and sleep, being furnished with a table, chairs, and two beds. It is rowed by five coolies, who either pull on the oars or a line from the bank, unless we have favoring winds and can use the sail. The captain is called the "Lauda," pronounced very much like "Loudor," and with loud voice he gives commands, evidently feeling the dignity of his position and the weight of his responsibility. But he had knowledge of his business, including winds and tides, and was careful of his boat and the comfort of his passengers. All honor to the Lauda of the "John Wesley."

At six o'clock we arrived at Nantziang, and were

greeted with a note from Miss Lochie Rankin, and an invitation to dinner at "Louise Home." A delightful evening we had, talking over the great interests of the Church on both sides the sea, closing with the regular Saturday night missionary prayer meeting. In the home of Brother Hill, who is both pastor and presiding elder, we were grateful guests. He is a busy worker, having thirteen preaching appointments weekly, besides visiting and exhorting three day schools. Here the Sabbath was spent most profitably. We had preaching at half past nine o'clock in the morning in the church, followed immediately by the Sunday school; preaching again in the afternoon at three, and service at five in a street chapel a mile away. It was our first experience with a typical Chinese congregation. They come in, stand or sit for awhile, talk aloud to each other, move their position to get a better view of the foreigner, and then retire. Of course some remain quietly, and even reverently, to hear the blessed gospel. The inquiring look on certain faces when attention has been arrested and truth found lodgment is very pathetic. Much of street chapel preaching seems to go to waste. The crowds come, gratify their curiosity, and leave with apparent indifference. But how many who catch a single thought that remains and finally saves, none can tell. Every week some missionary hears of an inquirer who first heard the gospel in a wayside chapel, and from that day gave up his idols. The seed must be sown by all waters. So long as the crowds come (whether from curiosity, hostility, or spiritual sympathy), the word must be preached in faith, nothing doubting.

Nantziang, once a prosperous city of over forty thousand inhabitants, now has about twelve thousand. It

suffered greatly during the Taiping rebellion, and may never recover its ancient glory. Here the "Louise Home" of the Woman's Board is located, in which Miss Rankin resides, and where she supervises several day schools. She also makes triweekly visits to Käding, a walled city of fifteen thousand people, eight miles distant, and looks after six flourishing day schools located there. A faithful, self-denying, tireless toiler is this modest pioneer missionary of the Woman's Board in China.

We spent Monday in Käding—or at least all that was not consumed in working our passage there and back on the canal. Contending with a "dead calm" in the morning and "head winds" in the afternoon exhausted the day, except about three hours. The only compensation in canal-boat travel is the opportunity for reading and meditation. Punctuality in meeting appointments is an impossibility unless an ample margin is allowed in their arrangement. Brother Hill and Miss Rankin both feel encouraged as to the outlook in Käding. The native pastor seems to be diligent, and after years of working and waiting I hope the time of reaping will soon come.

On Tuesday morning we booked for Wongdoo, eight miles distant, on wheelbarrows. This was a new experience, and one only to be endured, not enjoyed. The wheelbarrow is not constructed after the American pattern. The wheel is in the center, and covered with wooden slats. Passengers sit on the side of the wheel. If there are two, they balance each other; if only one, the coolie skillfully tilts the vehicle to one side until a balance is reached, and then trots off. A rope on either side forms a stirrup in which the foot can rest. During

that ride and walk of eight miles—for we had to walk over numerous bridges and bad places—we must have seen four or five hundred unburied coffins. Most of them were covered with straw and left in the open field. Thus thousands of China's dead are sleeping above ground, and in wooden coffins falling to pieces by the action of sun and storm. Mounds beneath which others are buried can be counted by thousands. The whole country is an immense cemetery, the land being cultivated in patches between graves and coffins. And these coffins are a curiosity. They are made of wood from six to nine inches thick, and are hermetically sealed. I saw one that could not have weighed less than five hundred pounds.

At Wongdoo we had a chapel service, Brother Hill preaching to a crowd that filled the house and the narrow street outside. Here we rejoined our boat, purposing to reach Tsingpoo for an afternoon service; but after seven or eight hours' "toiling in rowing," we stopped outside the walls and spent the night. At eight o'clock the next morning we were at Tsuka-koh, four miles away, and were in the midst of an interesting chapel meeting when Brother Burke arrived. As Brother Hill concluded, he followed in an earnest exhortation. How I longed for a mastery of their vernacular, in order to make an appeal for my Lord! It seemed to one uninitiated into the habits of this people such a pity to close a service with so many *seemingly* inquiring into the new doctrine, and eagerly grasping for the rest it promises the weary and heavy laden.

In the evening at seven o'clock, after an all day's diligent effort to make about eighteen miles, we arrived at Sung-Kiang, Brother Burke's home, and a

walled city of great commercial and political importance. Including the suburban towns, it probably has nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants. Chinese populations must be estimated; there are no statistical returns. Uninjured by the Taiping rebellion, it has maintained its commercial supremacy, and, being a military station, has considerable political distinction. From the top of the five-storied pagoda we obtained a magnificent view of the country, which stretches far away for weary leagues, as level as a plain, and cultivated like a garden. A tall pagoda here and there stands out against the sky, and in one direction a few hills, called mountains, on the tops of which heathen temples are built, except one conspicuously appropriated by the Roman Catholics. Many towns and cities are to be seen, with their crowded populations, making one constantly wonder where they find daily bread—or rather rice. The ordinary and polite salutation among the Chinese is: “Have you had *rice* to-day?” And they are miserably poor. Thousands live on a few cents a day; and if unable to work, are compelled to suffer. Even skilled laborers, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc., receive from twenty to twenty-five cents a day, while common workmen get from ten to twenty cents, and count themselves very fortunate.

In Sung-Kiang is the tomb of Ward, the American filibuster who figured in Walker’s Nicaragua Expedition, and afterwards came to China. He offered his services to the government in the Taiping rebellion, raised an army, and led it victoriously in every contest. To him probably is due the credit of organizing the so-called “all-victorious” army which General Gordon afterwards commanded and made quick work of the re-

bellion. He held Sung-Kiang against the rebels, and the adjacent country, but at the close of a battle was struck by a spent ball and killed. By order of the government a memorial temple was built in his honor, behind which he sleeps in an unmarked mound. He was canonized according to heathen rites, and the people commanded to worship his spirit. We visited the temple, and found an old soothsayer in charge, plying his trade and making merchandise out of the superstitious and afflicted. Thus the house of *heathen* prayer has become a den of thieves.

In another temple, dingy and neglected as they all seem, one thing attracted special attention. Above and a little in front of the large image before which candles were burned and prayers offered, there was an immense *abacus*—the Chinese counting machine. It is in every hong, shop, bank, or place of business. By means of it the Chinese calculate very rapidly and with almost unerring accuracy. Now, whether that machine was there, kept by the deity, to count the cash cast into the treasury, or the number of worshipers bowing at his shrine, or the number of sins to be forgiven for which confession was to be made, it was most suggestive. Was it not a blind seeking after the great Christian doctrine of rewards according to deeds done in the body? But alas! that old dust-covered god had no eyes to see, and no record to keep. We worship an omniscient God, who has angels to keep and seal the books, in which thoughts as well as deeds find accurate entry. Oh, if these people understood that doctrine in its divine fullness, what a fleeing to the *living* God there would be, from the sea to the Great Wall!

In another part of that temple was a large picture of

some horrible, dragon-looking animal, desperately trying to devour the sun. This picture, by government order, is in the houses of all Chinese officials as a *warning against avarice*. But, from universal report, the lesson is lost and the warning unheeded. Officials are said to be monsters of iniquity—grasping without exception and corrupt without limitation. Every contract is a job, and almost every act a judicial crime. On this account there is universal and utter lack of confidence in all government officers. No man can hold office in his native province, and the term of service is limited to three years. But in this time fortunes are stolen, and a poor mandarin becomes a sort of fabulous Croesus. This occasions widespread discontent in China, and threatens her overthrow far more than the navy and army of Japan. At any moment rebellions may break out, which will make the canals of China run red with the blood of her sons.

Outside the walls of Sung-Kiang is a temple, in one apartment of which is a realistic representation of the *Buddhist hell*. We went to see it, and tried to ascertain the significance of its horrible details. At the entrance of the infernal regions stood a forbidding figure, with a Satanic grin on his face, and a bundle of imitation silver money in his hand. Inside were the various kinds of torture to which the pitiful victims were subjected. Some were falling from an immense arch, around which serpents were coiled; others were bound to a stake, and headsman were wielding the bloody ax; others, with heads down, were being sawn asunder; others, in a rice mortar, were being pounded to jelly; and still others, in an immense furnace, were burning, while the grim stoker was stirring up the fire to make

it seven times hotter. On one side the iron gate stood slightly ajar, and some had escaped. They stood outside, and were taking on the skin of dogs, hogs, foxes, etc. This illustrated the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. As we studied the horrible picture, I said: "Surely this has little hold upon the faith and fears of the Chinese. If they believed its doctrine, their lives would be changed. The fact is, the masses have no religion. They care little for their temples, and have no worship worthy the name. Theirs is a vague superstition, without any definite faith. What the literary and high-class people may believe is another matter, but this is certainly true of the ignorant millions."

Going out to that temple I had my first ride in a sedan chair. It is a kind of doll house on two long bamboo poles, and borne on the shoulders of two coolies. I rather prefer the wheelbarrow. The *riding* is easy enough; but the poor coolies have so often to change shoulders, and the poles look so insecure, that all pleasure is lost in sympathy. One fellow, noticing my uneasiness at a break in the pole, relieved apprehension by saying: "Rest your heart." This was said in Chinese, and was interpreted by Brother Parker.

Chinese houses have no fireplaces. They are not heated in winter, however deep the snow. A Chinaman keeps warm by adding another jacket or two. In this way the temperature is estimated. It is not so many degrees cold, but so many coats.

Another evidence of the utter lack of confidence in each other's integrity is their system of exacting security money. If you rent a house for fifty dollars a year, you must pay down fifty dollars in advance as security. Then if you pay the monthly rental as it falls

due, the advance payment will be returned at the end of the year, or when you give up the house. They have no laws to enforce the payment of debts.

In hundreds of shops imitation silver paper money is kept for sale. It seems to be an immense business. This is purchased by the superstitious millions to appease the wrath of some angry god, or to burn and transmute into spiritual currency for the use of fathers and other dead-relatives.

The canal-boat population is large and distinct. Thousands of people have no other home. Children, chickens, and dogs are raised there, and never live on land. Parents never seem uneasy about children falling overboard. Our friends in Nantziang were much interested in a little baby on one of the boats. According to custom, the little fellow could not be taken ashore until a certain moon, and the time was near at hand. The event was to be celebrated. These people can sing, with understanding: "No foot of land do I possess." Their poverty is appalling.

After a pleasant day with Brother Burke and family, we took passage again for Shanghai, arriving here yesterday morning at eight o'clock. On the lot adjoining the mission house and church in Sung-Kiang Brother Parker and family find pleasant residence in part of a Buddhist temple. Thus the decaying religion of Cathay is giving way to the disciples of the Lord of lords.

On Monday we leave for Soochow and the Conference.

Shanghai, September 29, 1894.

CHAPTER XV.

HERE AND THERE IN FAR CATHAY.

RETURNING to Shanghai after a week's itinerary through the interior, three days were spent in that busy, hustling New York of China, including Sunday, September 30; and a blessed Sabbath day it was! Rarely in life have I so much enjoyed the "communion of saints," and never had stronger faith in the all-conquering power of the gospel. To see a congregation of Chinamen, which quite filled the large church, sit reverently through two services—love feast and preaching—and in the afternoon kneel with one hundred of them around the Lord's table, with many evidences of spiritual fervor and power, stirred my heart to the depths. If any doubt lingered as to the possibility of bringing this vast nation to Christ, it vanished that day. The Chinaman can apprehend the Lord by faith as clearly as the American, and, when he does so intelligently, rejoices just as gladly in his saving grace. And a solid Christian he makes—not so aggressive as an ardent Westerner, but stern in his fidelity to conviction, and loyal even to the endurance of persecution.

The day was quite filled with restful service. In the forenoon Sunday school, love feast, and preaching at Central Church; in the afternoon preaching by Brother Wadsworth, and communion at Trinity at three o'clock, and preaching in the Union Church at six; in

the evening service at Brother Bonnell's chapel at eight, and attendance for awhile at a good gospel meeting in China Inland Mission headquarters. That was a day never to be forgotten. The Sunday school, except for the dress and appearance of the people, was exactly like such a school in a well-organized city church in America. Brother Charles J. Soon is the capable superintendent, and from infant room to Bible class there were the same happy young life and study of God's word to which I have always been accustomed at home. The songs sung were the same in tune, if not in time, though the words I understood not. John Marshall played the cornet, and succeeded fairly well in holding the unaffected and untrained voices together. The collection, of course, was not omitted, and the *cash* thrown into the baskets was quite liberal for those poor children, most of them from heathen homes. It amounted that morning to \$1.80. During the year they had contributed over \$50, and were supporting entirely a flourishing day school in that part of the city.

Immediately after Sunday school we had a love feast. To me it was an inspiring occasion. There we had the "language of Zion," which I could understand, though densely ignorant of Mandarin, Shanghai colloquial, and every other Chinese dialect. Expression, intonation, manner, gesture, all were just what I had seen and heard many a pentecostal day far over the seas. Brother Fong, our oldest native preacher, speaking with suppressed emotion, said: "I feel both glad and sad to-day. Glad when I see the work progressing and so many becoming Christians; but sad when I look around at the thousands who are strangers to

this blessed religion." An aged woman, with becoming modesty, yet unfaltering courage, declared her love for the blessed Saviour because he first loved her. And many other clear, almost rapturous, testimonies made that feast of love one of the most delightful I ever attended. At its close I had the very great pleasure of baptizing four persons who had passed an approved probation and were ready to assume the vows of membership in the Church of God.

The preaching service, which followed immediately, was attended by a congregation which quite filled the spacious church. Fully two hundred of the number had remained through the entire morning, beginning with the Sunday school at half past nine o'clock, and seemed in nowise to abate their eager desire to learn more of "this new doctrine," and genuinely to enjoy the worship of God's house. What a contrast to the indifferent, surging thousands in the streets outside! Within were gladness and life; without were weariness and death. But probably the most helpful and inspiring service was in the afternoon at Trinity. To see a hundred Chinese in this land so long determinedly hostile to Christianity kneeling at the same altar and devoutly receiving the most solemn sacrament of the Church was enough to make the angels sing a new song, and wake the slumbering energies of the feeblest faith. Brother Reid has two hundred and fifty-four members and two hundred and sixty-five probationers, a flock which overtaxes his strength, as he is not in robust health. During the year there has been an addition of seventy-four members and one hundred and fifty probationers—a percentage of increase which is equal to that of "a revival year" at home, and which

promises even larger things in the near future. At night, in the street chapel in Hongkew—the American district of Shanghai—the congregation, after the manner of chapel crowds, was somewhat restless. But good work has been done there this year: twelve new members received, and a probationers' list of eighty-seven. In that part of the city a church is greatly needed. With a building like Central or Trinity, a strong organization could soon be effected which would become an evangelizing center to a neglected population of a hundred thousand. Will not some reader of these lines, with faith in the Lord's conquest of China, and prayerfully appreciative of his sacred stewardship, send the money for such a temple? We *must* build the Lord a house.

On Monday at noon, in the house boat "John Wesley," and accompanied by Brother Reid, we moved out on the tide, and, with full sail to a favoring wind, turned the prow of our gallant little craft toward Soochow. Up that crowded canal for eighty miles we rowed and sailed, and saw enough to make a volume. What a study are these water ways of China, furnishing easy but slow communication with every part of the vast empire. The methods of agriculture employed, though very crude to a Westerner accustomed to McCormick reapers and other labor-saving machinery, have the merit of highest efficiency. Soil which has been cultivated for over two thousand years is made to yield large harvests and support an immense population. It is doubtful if any land in the world can equal this in the bountifulness and variety of its productions. Nearly every tillable acre is used *to raise food for man*. Scarcely a square mile is sown in grass. There are

no meadows, and, of necessity, there is no stock raising. The buffaloes used for milling, plowing, etc., are easily kept, and get most of their comfortable living by picking tough grass and weeds along the banks of the canals. The land is so subdivided that holdings are as small as one-sixth of an acre, and even less. The owner of as much as ten acres is considered almost a feudal lord. In public estimation the farmer stands next the scholar. The people are divided into scholars, farmers, artisans, and merchants, and in that order are they esteemed. Beggars and play actors are excluded from this division as unworthy of recognition, and are debarred from holding office. I have seen it stated that at each vernal equinox, before an altar devoted to the inventor of agriculture, the Emperor offers supplications, and plows a piece of ground in honor of the occasion. Viceroys and other high officials are required also to do the same thing. The crop of wheat thus raised—presumably not very large—is used in idolatrous worship. Thus honor is put upon the owners and tillers of the soil. And well it may be, for on them depends the nation's hope against starvation. Of their land tenure and farm rental systems I have learned much, and may write at another time.

Over the canals in many places are massive stone bridges, which have stood for centuries. The Chinese certainly understood the principle of the arch. Such graceful, faultless curves, made of great blocks of granite, that would tax the Titanic strength of modern engineering to lift and fit them in proper place, are rarely seen in Western lands. I saw one bridge three miles below Soochow, called the Precious Girdle Bridge, that had fifty-three arches. It was on the side of the

Grand Canal, and served at once as a roadway and breakwater against the floods of a large lake. Near that magnificent triumph of ancient engineering and artistic taste was fought one of the fiercest battles of the Taiping rebellion, in which General Gordon led his gallant forces to brilliant victory. It is strange, however, that these granite structures that arch the water ways have no corresponding roads. One constantly wonders at such massive bridges, that defy the decay of ages, and not a road wide enough for a baby carriage or smooth enough for anything save the tread of a buffalo or the foot of a Chinaman.

On the banks of the canals and over the fields we saw immense memorials of stone, gate-shaped, and many of them handsomely carved. They were erected to widows who declined to marry again, or other distinguished dead. But not every widow in China deserves a granite memorial. Here, as in America, they are not *all* averse to reconstructing their homes.

We arrived in Soochow, eighty miles from Shanghai, about noon on Tuesday, a quick trip, thanks to the boatmen, who pulled on the oars while we sweetly slept. The strong walls and tall pagodas of the famed and beautiful capital of Kiang-Soo were for some time in full view, before we passed through the gate and into the literary center of China and the "silk metropolis of the Orient." We dropped anchor at "Tsing-yang-deen"—Methodist headquarters inside the East Gate. Brother Anderson was there to bid us welcome, and in a few moments we were the happy guests of a hospitable American home. What a sweet breath of the blessed land of the magnolia these missionary homes do bring to lonely wanderers in heathen empires!

Soon Dr. A. P. Parker and Brother Gray called, and in the evening some of the good ladies were invited to tea. But of this great, cultured, wealthy city of over half a million, and adjacent sections—long stubbornly resisting the foreigner's presence, and the gospel he brings, but now most promising to the Lord of the harvest—I must write in another letter. The two days spent there, before continuing our itinerary, on account of pouring rains gave almost no opportunity of seeing anything beyond the "Methodist compound;" but our schools, hospitals, churches, and homes made every hour an edification and delight. Of these the Church will have full report.

On Friday morning we left in the "John Wesley" for Nanzing, accompanied by Brother Anderson, presiding elder of the Soochow District. It was a great disappointment that Brother Hendry, the faithful pastor at Nanzing, just returned from a rest trip to Japan, could not join our party. He was compelled, however, to respect medical advice, surrender cherished desires, and remain in Soochow. Overworked, broken in health, this self-denying, laborious missionary must for awhile rest from his loved employ. It is poor economy for the Church to keep so few men in the field. Excessive labor in this climate, trying to meet the increasing demands of an opening field, will wreck the strongest constitution and shatter nerves of steel. More men are an immediate and urgent need.

En route to Nanzing we passed, at different points, large native boats with flags waving from the mast-head, and a little cannon on the forward deck. These are "gunboats"—revenue cutters, so to speak. They are engaged in patrolling the canals and lakes for rob-

bers and "salt smugglers." The government has a monopoly of the salt business. It is manufactured and sold by imperial officials, and from this source large revenue is derived. The foreign article is taxed, that of "moonshine" manufacture is seized, and the smuggler severely punished. I saw a boat which had been cut in two and stood on ends. That was a captured smuggler's craft, and was put up as a warning against other like offenders. In our hospital at Soochow I saw a robber who had been treated for a gunshot wound, and two Chinese soldiers who had received lead in their bodies, all in the same salt battle on a canal. In every town there is a government depot for the sale of this necessary of life, but in their cooking the Chinese are not reckless in the use of salt.

In the interior we hear and see much of Chinese prejudice against foreigners. In the villages we were greeted with such uncomplimentary terms as "foreign devils," "dogs," "robbers," etc. So tyrannous has been this public sentiment that a missionary's personal teacher would not recognize him on the street, and would not, for any consideration, be seen engaged with him in friendly conversation. They do not believe in social equality. That any entrance for the gospel has been effected, and any hearing secured over such inveterate prejudice, is a great triumph of grace. But that barrier is giving way, and every day brings fresh evidence that the gates of the hearts as well as of the cities of China are swinging open at the coming of the King of kings.

We reached Nanzing, fifty miles from Soochow, at noon on Saturday. Here we found a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, and the neatest, best-kept houses yet

seen outside of Shanghai. It is in the center of the silk district of the world, and a place of much wealth. Several citizens, silk merchants, and owners of pawn-shop stocks (an immense business in China) are each supposed to be worth over a million. Here Brother Hendry has been working successfully for two years, and Brother C. K. Marshall (Dsau) has a popular dispensary and chapel. Four years ago Bishop Wilson visited Nanzing on a prospecting tour. Now we have an organized church of thirty-two members, and over twenty probationers, and are in growing favor with the people. By his medical work Brother Marshall has found entrance into the homes of the wealthy, and several of them make annual donations to the dispensary fund. The Quarterly Conference held Saturday afternoon showed marked progress during the past three months, notwithstanding the enforced and lamented absence of Brother Hendry. About \$9 was reported on self-support, one member received, and seven names added to the probationers' list. I have attended more than one Quarterly Conference in America that did not make a more cheerful showing. On Sunday morning Brother Anderson preached to a changing crowd in Brother Marshall's chapel, and in the afternoon we had a short sermon and the holy sacrament at the chapel in Brother Hendry's house. The new church, in process of erection and well located, will soon be ready for dedication. When that is finished, and a comfortable parsonage for the missionary built, Methodism in Nanzing will be planted on firm vantage ground, and will be able to make even more rapid and substantial progress. That home for the missionary is a necessity. It is folly for a foreigner to endure the

discomforts of a native house. Far better the comforts of a home, and years to work, than unwholesome quarters and a speedy recall from the field. The enfeebled health of Brother Hendry, I fear, is traceable somewhat to this cause.

Thanks to Brother Marshall, we had the pleasure of a visit to the home of Mr. Gold, a cultured and wealthy Chinese gentleman. He is said to count his gold by the half million. His house, fronting on the narrow, crowded street, seemed not unlike many others; but in the rear, where the family dwell, there are numerous, spacious, and elaborately decorated and furnished apartments. We were received with great grace and cordiality, and invited to the seats of honor in a model Chinese reception room. Immediately tea was served in the costliest China—the tea without cream or sugar, and each cup with a handsome cover of the same ware. That is to preserve the fragrant aroma of the delicious tea. In a few moments he served cigars, on a silver waiter, which the smokers of our party pronounced equal to the finest weed that grows under any sky. Into a large reception hall, used for feasts and for the reception of distinguished guests, and adorned with swinging lanterns and rich carvings, we were conducted, and shown the various articles of interest. Adjoining was the schoolroom, in which three of his four sons were being instructed by a private teacher. The oldest, a handsome youth of seventeen, *was married last year*. His wife was an inmate of the family. I am told that as many as four generations sometimes live within the same compound. In another part of the house there was a room and a teacher for his four daughters. The ladies and their apartments, of course,

were not visible, but we had reason to believe that they were not denied a sight of the foreign guests. He then led us into his beautiful garden, fragrant with blooming tea-olive and radiant with a variety of fruits and flowers. In the center was an octagonal tea house, over which delicate vines were tastefully twined, and where again we were served with the Chinaman's favorite beverage from plants grown in the host's native province. I have not often met a gentleman with manners so graceful, and a bearing more distinguished. With many well-wishes, and a cordial invitation to accept his hospitality at any time, we were bidden a very friendly good-by. Thus a long-coveted opportunity was enjoyed—seeing the inside of a cultured, high-class Chinese home. The humble huts of the coolies and the malodorous haunts of the laundrymen in America give no idea of what the Chinese can be and are, when uplifted by education and culture. They are undoubtedly a people of remarkable capacity.

Brother Marshall entertained us at tea and dinner, and greatly regretted that we could not spend another day in order to give us a genuine, typical Chinese feast. He treated us to several Chinese dishes, and, in addition to a knife and fork at each plate, had a pair of chopsticks. I developed some little skill in their use, and shoveled rice quite like a native, much to the amusement of the servants in attendance. Fearing that his guests might not altogether enjoy a regular Chinese meal, we had a sufficient foreign *menu* to satisfy any taste or appetite. According to Cathay, no lady was present at the table, but at evening prayers Mrs. Marshall and the beautiful little daughter appeared with all the household. The other children are away, some at

school, others at work, and doing well. A very interesting family has our good brother, and a most valuable work is he doing for our Lord.

Early Monday morning, before the stars had ceased to shine, the captain of our boat had his men at the oars, and we were off for the Great Lake region. On the way, in several of the smaller lakes, there were curious sights—women and children in large tubs for boats, propelled by one paddle, gathering water chestnuts for market. At first we thought they were wading in the water; but a nearer view disclosed the crude little craft, an oblong tub, in which they sat and gathered their treasures. At noon we reached the island of Tung-ting Shan, where a full day was most delightfully spent. It is fifteen miles long, and at some points two miles across. Around that entire island for thirty miles or more there is a paved walk, made of brick set on edge, the work of three hundred years ago. As only *human* feet walk that highway, it may last for several centuries longer. All around the island there are prosperous villages, and the most respectful people to foreigners yet seen in China. Not an ugly name were we called, and everywhere treated with marked consideration. How I longed for a man to open work there immediately! Our brethren all felt that an early and large harvest would surely be reaped. And it is a healthful, beautiful place. The mountains, up to whose heights we climbed, invite the breezes from afar, while all around their sides are groves of pomegranates, mulberry, tree-strawberry (yang-me), persimmons, chestnuts, tea-olive, in full and fragrant bloom, with here and there an orange and other fruits. And such persimmons—as large as an apple and deli-

cious beyond imagination to one only accustomed to the little opossum variety in certain parts of America, which are endurable only after the frost falls. From the mountains we had a magnificent view of the Great Lake, stretching away for miles like a sea of sapphire, dotted with green islets—making a picture *almost* as beautiful as the Inland Sea of Japan.

In the early afternoon of Tuesday we moved with our boat up to the eastern end of the island, and left before the larks began to sing on Wednesday morning for Mount Ting-ugasan, near the town of Modoh. We wanted to cross the Great Lake—fifteen miles—Tuesday afternoon, but our captain was as *cautious* a man as e'er commission bore. He was a typical Chinaman, and has mortal terror of pirates and other wicked prowlers by night. We rowed against wind and tide, and at noon anchored at Modoh. The lofty mountain which overlooks this busy village, crowned with a tall pagoda one hundred and fifty feet high, the castle summer home of ancient kings, and the scene of royal romance and splendor, was our objective point. From the top of that mountain to Soochow, twelve miles distant, there is a paved walk, called the "King's Highway." The old pagoda stands, though somewhat dilapidated, the stately, solemn sentinel over the ruined castle and devastated gardens of the Soochow kings. Four hundred years before Christ that mountain was beautifully terraced, laid out in gardens and grottoes, and crowned with magnificent palaces. A tale of love and sorrow connected with that royal mountain, concluding with its surrender to the ambitious King of Hanchow, would form the basis of as thrilling a story as was ever woven by the author of "Ivanhoe." What a strange sensation

—standing on the very spot where kings and courtiers dwelt in splendor more than two millenniums ago! And a grander view I have never had in all my travels in the home and distant lands. For fifty miles the eye swept a scene of enchantment in every direction, and looked down upon more than six millions of toiling heathen people. There, in full view, was Soochow, with her temples and pagodas leaning against the sky, and her water ways glistening in the afternoon sun. In every direction were towns and villages by the thousand. The fields, cultivated like a garden, with their varying colors from gold to deepest green, and traced by canals that shone like silver borders around beds of flowers, looked like a vast fairyland. It gave me a new view of China, and another conception of her really wonderful people. I recalled that reported scene when Hernando Cortes reached the mountain heights that overlooked the beautiful Valley of Mexico, and, enraptured with the charming landscape, in the center of which nestled the capital of the Montezumas, crowned with the castle of Chapultepec, he lifted eyes and sword to heaven and swore that he would take that land for Christ and the king. So I felt like summoning the Christian Church to that historic summit, in order that the inspiring view might compel a vow to win this marvelous empire from heathen darkness, and present it as his last and fairest inheritance to our Lord and King. When China swings into the column of Christian nations, the angels will get ready to sing the coronation hymn. And that crowning day *is* coming—coming not with the swift sweep of Isaiah's angel with six wings, but with the steady, irresistible step of the infinite love and eternal purpose of a God mighty to save.

Down the paved highway, once guarded by stone balustrades, and marked by costly shrines, we returned to our boat, thanking God for exalted hopes that towered far above the venerable pagoda on the mountain and stretched beyond the glorious sweep of the horizon. At eight o'clock we were at the city gate of Soochow, but found it closed. A few *cash*, however, induced the squeezing guardian of the outer wall to let us in, and soon we were home again, ready for the Annual Conference which met the next morning at nine o'clock.

Soochow, October 13, 1894.

CHAPTER XVI.

A METHODIST CONFERENCE IN A CELESTIAL CAPITAL.

THE China Mission Conference met in Soochow, the historic capital of Kiangsu, on the morning of October 11, and adjourned on the evening of the 15th, after a most harmonious and delightful session. The weather was perfect throughout, with not a cloud in the sky, and just cool enough to put elastic movement into mental and physical energy. The days of storm and rain which immediately preceded gave way to fairest days and most glorious nights, all working together for the joy and cheer of the Conference. All the brethren and the members of the Woman's Board were entertained in Tien Sz Tsong—the several homes and schools that constitute the Methodist compound, and all within a radius of one hundred yards. On the first morning at breakfast, each guest found a card on his plate with the list of engagements for dinner and tea already arranged. Thus each home had the privilege of entertaining all the visitors once or twice during Conference, and the confusion of having an overcrowded table at one place and no guests at another happily prevented. The social features of the Conference occasion were greatly enjoyed, so far as time allowed, but the hours were much occupied with business. We had Conference sessions in the forenoon from 9 to 12, the Woman's Board representatives met

at 2 P.M., I counseled with the presiding elders at 4, and the mission meeting was held at night. There was preaching by the native brethren at 3 and 7:30 P.M. each day, and at 4 the ladies had a Bible meeting with the women.

Promptly at nine o'clock on Thursday morning, the session was opened, with every member present except one, soon to arrive from home. The old Conference hymn,

And are we yet alive?

never so thrilled me before, although the tune was sung in a strange tongue. But everybody in that large congregation, which almost filled our spacious First Church, sang with loud voice. Down some rugged cheeks, fresh from storm and battle, tears fell, and then, with an energy of tone expressive of the victory of faith, they heartily rang out the inspiring lines:

Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain.

A splendid body of men and a brave band of noble women! From Dr. Allen, the veteran of thirty-six years' service, to Brother R. A. Parker, just completing his first hopeful year of missionary experience; and from Miss Lochie Rankin, the first heroic representative of the Woman's Board to her heathen sisters in China, to Miss Steger, of Missouri, just arrived by the last steamer to begin her missionary career—all, together with the native brethren, seemed strangely impressed with the power and presence of the Holy Spirit. In that frame the Conference began, and closed after a session of five joyous, but laborious, days.

Two secretaries were elected—one English, the other

Chinese. Dr. Parker was interpreter, and sat by the Chairman to state questions and put motions in Chinese. Thus the native brethren were able to take an active part in all Conference proceedings. The discussions were in their language, Dr. Parker keeping me advised of points and motions made. Business proceeded regularly, and, despite the different tongues, all minded the same thing.

The reports of the preachers, which were more than mere statistics, specially interested me, and brought out incidents of missionary labor that were most instructive. This was eminently true of the native pastors. One brother said that the last had been his best year, and that he had the strongest hope of his people becoming Christians. "Some of our meetings," said he, "are much like Pentecost at Jerusalem: multitudes come to preaching, probationers are more easily secured, and the older members have a better spirit. Our new members are well trained, and the probationers come not only to the meetings appointed, but at other times, and want me to instruct them. The members are contributing more liberally also. One of the stewards said to me not long ago: 'If you get so much money from the people for Missions and other things, they won't pay anything for the preacher.' I told him that the Lord would take care of that." Another said that his chapels were not crowded as formerly, but a larger number sat quietly through the entire service. Another said that the people were becoming friendly, and seem desirous to learn of the doctrine. At one place a recent convert relieved their distress about getting a chapel by offering his own house for public service. He kept books in the room where visitors were received, and

many remained to read with him, and thus learned of the Christian religion.

Another young preacher gave a thrilling account of a new convert enduring persecution at home with such patience that the family were being favorably affected toward Christianity. They ridiculed him, mixed uncooked and cooked rice for his meals, put thorns in his bed, and in every possible way attempted his humiliation; but all was borne with such a meek and quiet spirit as to commend his religion and command their respect.

All the missionaries gave cheering accounts of their work, and the success of the year was most gratifying. About one hundred and thirty-five were added to the Church and nearly two hundred additional probationers were receiving regular instruction, making the full members and probationers foot up nine hundred and ninety. Such numerical results have never before gladdened the hearts of these faithful brethren. All the indications point to a larger ingathering next year. One young man was admitted on trial, four were ordained deacons, and five to the order of elders.

Buffington College is located in Soochow, and under Dr. Parker's skillful management has achieved great reputation. It is really a well-equipped institution, and has already made some valuable contributions to the ranks of our ministry and to honorable positions in the empire. I was quite surprised to see the chemical and physical departments so well supplied with the best apparatus, and to find classes of young men studying calculus and other higher mathematics. There were four graduates in the collegiate department last year,

two of whom have entered the theological school and are being prepared for the itinerant ministry. An additional building has become a necessity, in order to provide for an industrial department. All these educated boys cannot be preachers and teachers. Christian young men are at a disadvantage in, if not debarred from, the national examinations, and therefore have no hope of official preferment or any influential share in the conduct of public affairs. But if taught civil engineering, telegraphy, etc., they can secure imperial positions because of their expert knowledge. If made to learn a trade, they will become useful and influential Christians in the artisan class. I commend this enterprise as worthy of liberal support, in which there is great promise to the cause of God in China.

The hospital here, founded by Dr. W. R. Lambuth, and conducted with eminent success by Dr. Park, has had a prosperous year under the superintendency of Dr. Hart. The number of patients treated is the largest in the history of the hospital, and its influence in the community and beyond increases with the weeks. Gen. Li (pronounced Lee), in command of this military division, is a liberal friend and patron of the institution. I saw several of his soldiers in the wards, under treatment for gunshot wounds received in a recent battle with pirates and salt smugglers. A few days before the General sent his check for two hundred dollars, and had on a former occasion shown his appreciation of foreign surgery. Another prominent gentleman sent a handsome board, with suitable character inscriptions, which was elevated to its appropriate place on the walls with rather imposing ceremonies. Dr. Park

received a number of such testimonials. Before a serious operation is performed, the family of the patient are required to sign and seal a document acquitting the surgeon of guilt in case it should prove fatal. This precaution is necessary to save trouble, if not life, from an infuriated mob. But successful surgery commands highest respect, almost idolatrous admiration. The hospital and dispensary, therefore, become efficient evangelistic agencies. At the forenoon clinics, while the numbers are waiting to have audience with the doctor, a chaplain preaches to them, and is expected to minister consolation and instruction to the patients in the wards. He finds ready access to the hearts of the afflicted. Here is one place—a missionary medical hospital—where the sick are not supposed to be injured by the visits and prayers of a pastor. A few such retreats from professional upstartism would be a blessing in America.

The Anglo-Chinese College in Shanghai matriculated one hundred and forty-one students during the past year. We have a splendid property and a fair equipment. Good work is done, but all feel embarrassed in not being able to retain the pupils longer. After a few years' instruction they readily secure lucrative positions, so great is the demand for such young men. Not sufficient time, therefore, is given to ground them in the great doctrines and experience of the Christian religion, nor are they sufficiently trained in the higher collegiate branches to become leaders in educational or literary work. But the demand for these boys is great. Eleven secured positions in some branches of the government service during the last year. When the anticipated changes in China take

place—when telegraph lines are extended, postal and fiscal systems established, and other railroads built—need for the character of work proposed by the college will be intensified. I believe the institution has a great opportunity and will make a grand history. Young men attending the institution pay tuition. Quite an intelligent, handsome student body they make.

There are also thirty-three day schools, attended by five hundred and thirty-nine pupils, and taught by Christian teachers. Including the girls in the boarding and day schools of the Woman's Board—eight hundred and sixty—we have one thousand six hundred and forty-six youth under Southern Methodist instruction in China. The value of these schools to the evangelization of this great empire cannot be estimated. All these children may not become Christian, but they can never be heathen any more. They have taken a long step forward which can never be retraced; have put their hands to a plow which will not let them look back. Out of these schools have already come some of our best workers and most earnest Christians. The outlay has brought large return. I wish we had money for similar investment at other points. It is wise missionary policy.

The representatives of the Woman's Board were called to meet daily at 2 P.M. These young women transact business most orderly and accurately. Their reports are written and quite full, embracing incidents which enliven and brighten the statistics. Committees report promptly and minutely. All the details of their work are inquired into diligently and rigidly. The very best results are sought from the investment made. Plans are freely discussed, and every woman votes her

own clear judgment and honest convictions. I think their work has never been on a better basis and was never administered more harmoniously and vigorously. Their day schools are so located—contiguous to our churches—as to aid in building up Sunday schools and congregations. This is wise. Unless thus intimately and sympathetically correlated, much of their labor would go to waste.

The Girls' Boarding School, located near First Church, and under the immediate superintendency of Miss Pyles, is doing admirably. I had the pleasure of visiting the class rooms and noting the methods employed. The dormitories are neatly kept, and the girls evidenced, in manners, dress, speech, and song, that they were being carefully instructed. In that home Misses Gary and Waters also reside, but their work is out in the city, superintending the day schools. And hard work it is. The Lord is blessing the cause committed to the hands of these dear young women.

The Woman's Hospital in Soochow, conducted by Dr. Anne Walter, of Mississippi, is doing admirable work. The number of patients treated is the largest in its history. The wards are quite full all the time, the clinics are crowded daily, and the multitudes of diseased made whole win name and influence for the Christian religion. Mrs. Campbell and a Bible woman instruct and exhort in the little chapel, while the crowds are awaiting their turn to be admitted into the consultation room. Thus, as in the days and spirit of the Master, they take advantage of bodily affliction to administer spiritual remedies. So, while the diseased are made to take up their bed and walk, I trust many hear the great Physician also say: "Thy sins be forgiven

thee." Dr. Walter has been called into the homes of the official and wealthy classes, and has received distinguished consideration and flattering testimonials for efficient professional service.

The Conference was an occasion of spiritual power. It was a genuine and joyous "communion of saints"—a time of refreshing from the Lord. Hearts flowed together, experiences of higher living were given, and instances of answered prayer and divine guidance related which made the occasion a Pentecost. I esteem it one of the great privileges of my life to have been associated for days with these heroic men and consecrated women. The native brethren, I am told, partook generously of the joyousness of the Conference, and go out to another year's work more hopeful than ever before. By the way, the loneliest man in China is a young native preacher trying to establish work in a new place. He is not only alone—cut off from friendly communication with his own people—but is suspected of betraying them into the hands of "foreign devils." A foreigner, not at all dependent upon the people for social entertainment, having resources within himself for daily enjoyment, though entirely alone in a city of a hundred thousand, has less to endure and suffer than the neglected, rejected, and suspected Christian Chinaman. That they stand up so bravely and accomplish so much can only be attributed to the sustaining and all-conquering grace of God.

By slow degrees access is gained to the higher classes. Brother Anderson has received into his Church (the Central, of Soochow) two gentlemen of the literary rank—the first fruits, I trust, of a great harvest in this famed city of scholars and governors. The

only aristocracy in China is *an aristocracy of letters*. Culture alone can wear a crown. Every high official must pass through the Examination Hall. The Emperor cannot appoint a man to chief office who has not won his degrees in a fair competitive examination. As little as we think it, *culture controls Cathay*. The literary classes are supreme. Of course the system may be abused and circumvented, but the theory is wise. It is China's civil service that requires a special fitness before appointment to office. Position is not a reward for partisan support. Now, to gain access to this class means much for Christianity. Our physicians and the hospitals are also throwing open barred doors, and introducing us to the *literati*. To Dr. Walter we were indebted for a visit to the ex-governor of a province who resides in Soochow. We were received in state by the venerable statesman, conducted into his inner reception room, treated to tea many times, and shown distinguished courtesies. Dr. Walter has cured several sick members of his family, and he was loud in her praises. When a daughter of the present governor was ill he recommended her, and a messenger was dispatched; but the young physician was taking a little needed rest in Japan. Dr. Hart also has received like consideration for service rendered to distinguished families. Such incidents are eloquently significant when we think of the inveterate hostility to the very presence of the foreigner a few years ago.

The growing demands of our work make it necessary to provide facilities for publishing books and papers. A resolution was adopted by the Conference looking to the coöperation of all Methodist bodies in China in the establishment of a publishing house.

The question of location was left open, but all agree that if the institution can be secured it must be domiciled in Shanghai, the great commercial center of the empire. I commend it most heartily. If established, it will pay expenses from the day the first press begins to run, and in a little while will become a source of revenue.

On Monday night the thirty-fifth question was called and the appointments read : first, the representatives of the Woman's Board ; then the members of Conference. With glad hearts and cheerful voices all joined in the parting hymn. The next morning boats were in line on the canal, and as one after another filled with passengers the boatmen pulled on the oars, and we waved them loving good-bys. Dr. Allen, longest in service, and revered by all, said he never felt happier or had stronger faith in the Mission. With a benediction upon his younger colaborers, he boarded the little Methodist flagship, and led the way out the great gate and down the canal toward Shanghai. And so the gate of another Conference year has opened to the China Mission. May it be a double, wide-open gate of glorious triumph!

Of Soochow, the "Venice of the Orient," I must write in another letter. To Brother Anderson and his charming family, under whose roof ten days have been spent, I am indebted for a thousand delicate courtesies. For every one I have a brother's love.

Soochow, October 17, 1894.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE "VENICE OF THE ORIENT."

THE ten days spent in Soochow gave some opportunity to see and learn much of that famed and truly wonderful city. The capital of the large and wealthy province of Kiang-su holds a distinguished place among the great cities of China. Founded twenty-four hundred years ago, a literary center from the days of Confucius, the home of scholars and statesmen, the silk and embroidery market of the Orient, like its lofty pagoda, the highest in the world, Soochow occupies the most exalted place in the affection and admiration of the Chinese people. Five hundred years before the Christian era its Great Wall was built, thirteen miles in length, fifteen feet thick on top, with six massive gates that swing beneath magnificent arches worthy the triumphal entry of the gods. The streets are typically and uncomfortably narrow, but unusually clean, and very busy communication with different parts of the city must be had on foot or in a sedan chair. I did not see a wheeled vehicle, not even a wheelbarrow, in that great capital of over five hundred thousand people. There may be some, of course, but the carriages and freight wagons are the shoulders of coolies. Canals afford boat accommodations to certain distant points, but not to the hongs, bazaars, temples, and pagodas—places of special interest to a foreigner. So on foot we went, and wandered for weary miles, hardly

thinking of the rough cobblestones until we got home. The stones are very roughly and unevenly placed. They are not rough in fact, but have been worn as smooth as glass by the footprints of millions through two and a half millenniums. If every stone had a tongue to speak, what histories might be related of Kiang-su's brilliant and beautiful capital! The very thought is awe-inspiring.

The place first visited—and a most conspicuous building it is—was the City Temple, which dates back to the year 300. Here, as in every other place of idolatrous worship yet seen in China, there are dirt and neglect. The old images seem not to have been rubbed and burnished for a century, and the candlesticks might well be claimed for a museum of antiquities from the period of Rameses. Can it be possible for a people who take so little care of their gods to have much faith in them? Will the heart neglect what it loves? These questions would not down as I looked into the dingy, smoky, malodorous temples dedicated to Buddha, Confucius, and Lao-tse, the founder of Taoism. This City Temple, which embraces two large buildings and thirteen smaller ones, with its hundreds of gods, great and small, is the religious center of the capital. But not many faithful did we find at their devotions, and never in any temple have I seen more than two or three persons at one time engaged in worship. One young lad came, robed in white and shod in sackcloth, to burn "ghost money" and candles for the benefit of his father, recently deceased. From the shrine, where he bowed his head to the floor three times, he retired to another building in which purgatory is grotesquely represented. There he burned money and bowed, sad-

ly deceived with the superstition that his dead father would receive that money transmitted into the currency of the spirit world, and thereby be able to provide for his necessities. A handsome, intelligent-looking lad he was. How my heart burned with a desire to teach him a more "excellent way!"

In another part of the city is the Confucian Temple. This is the center of a group of buildings within a large inclosure, surrounded by a high wall ten feet thick, and painted yellow, the national color. Here are buildings and rooms with tablets dedicated to the sages—a multitude which I had not the time to number. In the main building is an ornamental board in Chinese character, with this tribute to Confucius: "Teacher and Example for Ten Thousand ages." And, indeed, no mere man has ever so controlled and molded the thought of so many millions as this sage of the Celestials. A man of marvelous gifts he must have been. His moral teachings are the gospel of the Chinese. They believe them, but do not practice them. If their lives were as good as their books, this would be a greater nation. This splendid temple is inhabited by thousands, maybe millions, of bats. I stood at the door and held my nose while studying the points of interest. The word for bat in Chinese, I understand, means happiness or good luck. These people, therefore, have great respect for the bat. Probably on that account he is allowed to take undisputed and indecent possession of this sacred shrine. Just in the rear of the main building is another and smaller, dedicated to the mother of Confucius. The stone tablets, on which were engraved astronomical figures and the map of the city, I could not read, not being very familiar with "Soochow colloquial," or even

with "Mandarin." All Chinese temples I have seen, except the "Beamless Temple," in Soochow, have the same style of architecture. The roof is tile covered, the eaves project a great way over the walls, and at the corners turn up in graceful curves. The several stories of the pagodas are so constructed, and nearly all the larger dwelling houses in the towns and cities.

The "Beamless Temple," not very far from this great Confucian shrine, is so called because there is not a piece of wood in it. From foundation stone to pinnacle everything is brick and granite. The second story is supported by a complicated system of arches, and so is the roof. It was so built in order to preserve the sacred books from fire.

As we passed along the narrow streets to this temple, attention was called to an ancient and rather dilapidated pagoda. This is the oldest pagoda in the city and province, rightfully claiming a history of sixteen and a half centuries. Fifteen years ago the Governor of Kiang-su, whose aged mother was quite sick, hoping thereby to appease the spirits and restore her to health, began the restoration of this ancient monument, so badly injured during the Taiping rebellion. He subscribed largely to the building fund, and actively supervised the work. This was not, however, a pure unmixed expression of filial piety. According to the Chinese custom, when a parent dies an official must retire from public life, and spend three years in mourning. That the governor did not want to do, as it would involve the loss of uncounted perquisites and a fortune for life. After spending much money the project was abandoned, the aged mother died, and her dutiful son forsook official life to spend years in proper tribute to her memory.

En route to the temple, we passed the large yamen occupied by the imperial tailor and his retinue. A yamen is the official residence of an imperial officer. There are a number in Soochow. The imperial tailor is intrusted with the delicate and responsible duty of purchasing the silks, satins, and other goods found in this market for the palace in Peking. He has a large number of runners, keeps up quite an establishment, moves in august procession on the streets, and must be an important public functionary. But the "Son of Heaven," as the Emperor is styled, could not afford to be robed in silks purchased in the ordinary way. Just what margin the imperial tailor allows between the amount *he* receives and the sum *the merchant is paid*, one only knows from the fortunes amassed in a few years.

Of the great pagoda, two hundred and fifty feet high and sixty feet in diameter at the base, with its nine stories, its spiral stairways, its niches and images, and the magnificent views from the top, others have written so much and so well that I shall not attempt a description. But by far the best view of the "Venice of the Orient" is from that majestic height. The irregular streets below can scarcely be seen, as the projecting eaves of the houses almost meet. Dr. Parker observed, as we stood on the veranda of that ninth story, that the loudest noise in this city is the human voice. And so it was. Not the whistle of a single engine, nor the buzzing of a flying wheel, nor the whirring of a single spindle. Everything is done by hand, and every movement ordered by the human voice.

Had we remained a half hour longer on the pagoda, we would have witnessed a shocking scene: the be-

heading of a criminal. We saw the execution grounds quite near, but had no thought that in a few moments human blood would stain that green grass. Only a few paces from the pagoda, down the street, we met the officers with the prisoner in charge. In front a file of guardsmen, armed with muskets, marched in double ranks, followed by the prisoner swung to a pole with ropes, and borne by two men. His feet were ironed, his hands tied, and with ropes around his body and legs, he was swung to a pole like a hog. The agonized expression on that poor man's face will follow me to the grave. Behind him came the magistrate with placid face, in a handsome sedan chair. He was to preside at the execution. In a few moments a headless body was thrown into the grave, and the head stuck up at a city gate or other conspicuous place as a fair warning to like offenders. Only the Christian religion will correct this barbarism. No nation can develop in civilization that adopts such a bloody and horrid mode of punishment.

In China no prisoner is punished before he confesses his crime. But to force confession sometimes the most dreadful torture is practiced. At length the suffering man, to escape agony in death, confesses, that he may more speedily die. Except in cases of conspiracy, or when martial law is declared, all capital cases must be reviewed and passed upon at Peking.

The hongs and shops of a Chinese city do not display goods as in the West. You have to call for each article, which is labeled, and securely covered. And the indifferent goods are shown first; the best, last. There is Chinese shrewdness in that plan. He asks a good price for the indifferent article, and by easy process puts a higher figure on the better. Thus he has

a liberal margin for scaling, and then makes you pay well for all you get. That is well for Chinese profits. As a matter of fact *their* manufactured goods, as a result of very cheap labor, are much lower than can be purchased in Europe or America.

On the streets I noticed boxes nailed up in conspicuous places. Knowing that China had no postal system, I wondered what they meant. One of the brethren solved the problem by informing me that they were receptacles of bits of paper containing printed matter. So devoted are these Soochow people to learning, and so sacredly do they regard the Chinese character, that they would not allow a scrap to be trodden under foot. These are gathered up, and burned with religious ceremony. Such is Soochow's tribute to letters.

On the morning after Conference adjourned I had the privilege of attending a Chinese wedding, and enjoying (?) the feast. The marriage ceremony was performed by Dr. Parker in the First Methodist Church, the groom being a Christian, though the bride is yet a heathen. He came in first, arrayed in a long black satin robe, and wearing a hat, turban-shaped, with the brim turned up all round, and a red crown adorned with a gilt ornament. On the front pew he sat, as motionless as a statue, and impassive as a North American Indian. There was no twinkle in his eye nor play of smile in his face to indicate joy on his wedding day. The bride soon appeared at the door in a red sedan chair, and was conducted down the aisle by two women, as the heavy red embroidered cloth over her head in the shape of a veil would not allow her to see. The ceremony over, the young groom bowed to the minister and the friends, and then retired, going immediately

to his own home to await his bride. We went to the house, were admitted into the bridal chamber, and got a glimpse of the bride's face. Her eyes were closed, and she said not a word; and according to Chinese custom would not speak to anyone till the next day. Red is the bridal color, so everything was brilliant. The trunks containing her *trousseau*, furnished by the groom, were red, as also the candles which were burning, the pictures on the walls, and the spread on the bed. The two large red candles represented the two young people, and it is a superstition among them that the one which burns the longest will rule the household. They are watched carefully as the flame seeks the socket. The wedding feast, which we attended, and which was also furnished by the young Benedict, was in the dining room at Buffington College. We ate with chopsticks, the groom acting as head waiter and giving general direction. The bride was at home a few blocks away. The following is the list of dishes, most of which I sampled, and a few somewhat enjoyed: 1. Watermelon seed. 2. Pomegranate. 3. Orange. 4. Sugar cane. 5. Pickled plums. 6. Red-ham jelly. 7. Green beans. 8. Sliced ham with sea weed. 9. Cucumbers with shrimps. 10. Shark fins, with cabbage and pork. 11. Chicken, with sea cucumber. 12. Cold chicken, with oysters and cabbage. 13. Duck, with pork and bamboo shoots. 14. Hog brains and marrow. 15. Mushrooms and collards. 16. Gizzards and livers. 17. Cold duck, with jellyfish. 18. Cold pheasant, with greens. 19. Boiled ham. 20. Boiled pork. 21. Shrimps hashed. 22. Sugar and pork fat dumpling. 23. Rice. 24. Porpoise.

For a napkin, at close of feast, a towel dipped in hot

water is handed each guest. A few towels serve quite a company. All the wedding toggery among the poor and middle classes is rented. The expenses borne by the groom even then are large, and often involve him in debt requiring a long time to pay. Another marriage occurred on Thursday, one of our preachers and a young lady from the Girls' Boarding School being the contracting parties. That feast we also attended. The *menu* was much the same as before, except a dish of ancient eggs—probably a year old. They were *said to be* very nice, the Chinese having a way of preserving them.

Another rare privilege we had: a call upon a distinguished gentleman of the official class, an ex-governor of a neighboring province. Brother Gray accompanied us, and acted as interpreter. We went in sedan chairs. Our cards, on red paper and in Chinese character, were sent in before us, when the wide doors swung open and our chairs were borne into the spacious court. There a satin-robed gentleman, the governor's secretary, received us and led the way into a large reception hall, where the aged statesman in silk stood alone to give us greeting by bowing quite low and shaking his own hands. He conducted us into another reception room, furnished in approved Chinese style. Between every pair of chairs around the three sides of a room is a small table—the chairs and table at the end, opposite the door, being the largest and handsomest. They are the seats of honor, the first place on the left. Tea was served at once, the courteous host taking each cup from the servant with both hands, and presenting to his guests. It is polite to return the bow and to receive the cup with both hands. We were as Celestial as

possible. Then talk began, the venerable statesman, according to Chinese politeness, asking the age and birthplace of each, where we were from, whither going, how long we would remain in China, and what was our business. We in turn inquired as to his age, and expressed surprise that a gentleman of seventy-two should look so young and vigorous, a compliment he was not slow to appreciate. He talked quite intelligently of the war between Japan and China, and spoke kindly of America's attitude thereto. One curious question the old gentleman asked much amused me. He inquired if the *fung shui* was favorable with us. *Fung shui*, literally "wind and water," means good luck, fortunate circumstances, etc. He treated us most politely, and expressed gratification at our call. After thirty-one years in the public service, he has retired to spend the evening of life in his native city.

The governor's innocent question about the *fung shui* recalls some things seen and heard which show what tyrannous influence it has over this superstitious people. *En route* to the great pagoda we passed the house of a very wealthy gentleman, and this story was told me in connection with him. He had serious sickness in his family, and applied to a *fung shui* doctor to ascertain the cause. The shrewd old fraud saw his opportunity. After patient and pious (?) inquiry, he discovered that it was because the gentleman's land was not in a Chinese square—another's property projected somewhat into one corner. He, of course, made ready to purchase. The doctor told the other poor householder not to sell until he gave the word, bargaining with him as to the amount of his lion's share. The few square yards were not worth more than one hun-

dred dollars, but he stood firm until \$10,000 were paid. Whether the sick recovered I did not hear, but the doctor feathered his nest comfortably off the superstition.

Not far from Buffington College, to the east, I noticed every day a number of tall, bare poles. They are over the mansion of the distinguished P'ang family, and placed there for *fung shui* protection. When Dr. Parker put a modest clock tower on Buffington College, it was higher than the P'ang mansion, and disturbed the spiritual equilibrium between that aristocratic home and the Ink Pagoda to the west. So, in order to restore the lost harmony, these poles were erected, reaching up the height of the clock tower. It is passing strange that a people so strong-willed and full of brains should be dominated and degraded by such arrant nonsense. Only the truth of God will ever exorcise that direful superstition.

We looked into two or three silk-weaving *huts*. There are no large factories, with hundreds of operatives and improved machinery propelled by steam. All these beautiful silks and satins, of richest colors and rarest figure, that have made the Chinese the marvels of exquisite taste and delicate workmanship, are made by hand, and in the humble dirt-floored huts of the poor. I wondered that such beauty could come out of dirt. The looms are crude, wooden, old-time things, worked by hand. One man throws the shuttle and pulls the beam, while a boy, perched on a seat above, manipulates certain strings by which he lifts and shifts the sleys, and produces those figures of every lovely pattern. The silk thread is furnished these weavers, and the work done for a maximum of ten cents a yard.

In that way also embroidery is done. There are thousands of women in Soochow so employed. They get the thread from a dealer and do the work at home—and for a mere song. If poor tired fingers can make eight cents a day, good wages are supposed to be earned.

All gentlemen above the coolie class wear long finger nails. They look like claws, but are much esteemed and carefully cultivated. If able to afford it, silver shields are worn for their protection; if not, bamboo is substituted. Long finger nails are an evidence that the person is not engaged in manual labor. Dr. Parker is authority for the statement that some clip them occasionally to be used as a medicine. Just how they are compounded, and what place they occupy in the Chinese *materia medica*, I did not learn.

Mission work in Soochow has been prosecuted under many difficulties and against stubborn opposition, but the day of a larger hope has dawned. Both the Northern and Southern Presbyterians have been working there for twenty years and more, and the Baptists began about seven years since. Our cause is progressing most hopefully. I shall be greatly disappointed if the next few years do not show a marked advance.

Of Soochow's history in the Taiping rebellion and its connection with the name of General Gordon, of the Examination Hall and the scenes there enacted, and of many other things, I have not time to write.

On Thursday afternoon, with a pain in the heart, I bade the dear friends in Kiang-su's capital a regretful good-by.

Shanghai, October 22, 1894.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS, CONCEITS, AND CUSTOMS OF THE CHINESE.

OF only a few things indicated by the title of this letter can I write, though my notebook is full. One with an open eye is constantly seeing the ludicrous and grotesque, with much to amaze and admire. Behind these strange sights and sounds and smells, there are a remarkable people and a great civilization. Laugh at their conservatism as we may—ridicule their cowardice as we please—sneer at their superstitions as we wish—yet they have the oldest unified government in the world, the longest unbroken political history, and support contentedly the largest, densest population. To remain thus intact for more than four thousand years, and command the support of so vast a citizenship, speaking various dialects, and separated by so many lines of latitude and longitude, is an achievement without a parallel in the history of nations. And this is the more remarkable when we think of the commercial and political rapacity of the powerful Western nations seeking for centuries her dismemberment and destruction. Back of all this solidity and stolidity there must be a strong foundation of granite character on which to build. The civilization has its philosophy in *the people* who compose it.

In another respect China occupies a unique place in the family of nations: Though unwarlike, she is a great colonizer, and whenever conquered by an Eastern

power she never failed to control and civilize the conqueror. The Roman Empire carried her civilization with her victorious eagles into every country she conquered. China has absorbed her conquerors, given them her language, literature, and religion, and ultimately made them loyal and veritable Chinese. The Tartars overran and conquered the country, but they soon yielded to the superior force of China's civilization, and became the most ardent Chinese of the Chinese. Is there such another record in the political history of the world?

It is said that the Chinese have no patriotism, and invidious comparisons are made with the Japanese, whose island kingdom is loved with the intensest ardor by every subject from prince to peasant. In this judgment one may be deceived. In the first place, the Chinese are not a demonstrative people; secondly, they hate war and love peace, soldiers are contemned, and peace is desired at any price; thirdly, they are scattered over a vast area, with slow means of transportation, no general postal system, and inefficient methods of intercommunication; fourthly, they may despise a reigning dynasty, but still love their country. This last I believe to be true. Every Chinaman is proud of his country, reveres its history, worships its ancestry, is attached to its soil, and when he dies wants his body to sleep in its generous bosom. That attachment has been one secret of China's political solidarity through more than sixty-six cycles of change and revolution in other parts of the world. This conclusion I have reached after talking with the most learned scholars and devoted missionaries, and refreshing my reading of history by the closest observation on the field.

Chinamen are remarkable for their imperturbable temper *when occasion requires*. I have seen them quarrel and fight with each other, on house boats and in the streets; but when dealing with a foreigner, and duty seemed to demand, a Chinaman is as undisturbed as a sphinx, and as cold as a glacier. Dr. Allen says he "never blushes *except in his eyes*," and never allows passion to defeat his purpose or sway his judgment. He keeps his eye steadily on the main issue, and his temper perfectly in hand. That characteristic makes him a consummate diplomatist. As illustrative of this I heard an amusing story on a Western statesman, commissioned to conclude certain pending negotiations with the Chinese Government. After much delay and many meetings, and minor quibblings with the Celestial representative, the impatient Westerner lost his temper, and struck the table rather vigorously with his fist, accompanying 't with an explosive expletive. The imperturbed Chinaman of course adjourned the conference, and *with many regrets*. The Occidental statesman lost a night's sleep over his folly and threatened failure of his mission, and then wrote a letter of apology, requesting another conference. They met—with the Chinaman in command of the situation, as well as his temper.

I have frequently heard this expression since reaching China: "He saved his face." It is suggestive of a national characteristic, and plays an important part in all Chinese intercourse. The idea is that, though defeated in any plan or purpose, there must be some semblance of compromise so as to save him from a complete backdown and humiliation. There must be some plausible way of escape—he must "save his face."

This is seen in every trade you make, and on up to every national treaty. If a Chinaman is rebuked or discharged, he wants to "save his face" by resigning—to have as little blush and loss of reputation as possible. The shame of exposure and the ignominy of loss he dislikes more than the loss itself. To this sentiment is partly due the use of the "middleman" in every transaction, from the arranging of a betrothal to the transfer of an estate. Brother Anderson gave me a piece of personal history illustrative of this desire and determination to "save the face." He was concluding the purchase of a lot for a church, when an obstructive official made frivolous and iniquitous claims and objections. The matter was referred to the higher authority, when the aforesaid official so skillfully shifted his point of objection that by yielding a foot or two of ground the property was secured and he "saved his face." Concession to this sentiment is often necessary in dealing with persons other than Chinese. And where vital principle is not involved it is well. Do not humiliate, but let a man "save his face."

Though they have not progressed very far from their first crude inventions, we are really indebted to the Chinese for the mariner's compass, gunpowder, the suggestion of the art of printing, and probably other things valuable. That they have original and great capacity, is beyond question. The Chinaman surrenders his own convictions and customs very slowly, and never adopts others without being quite sure of their adaptability to, and utility in, his present condition.

I have heard much of filial piety among the Chinese. Confucius taught it, all their books reiterate it, and many thrilling stories are written to enforce it; but

I find that in practical everyday life, the Chinaman is not more filially pious than anyone else. They pay great respect to the dead, but often sadly neglect the living. I heard of an old beggar in Soochow, who laid around the gates of our missionaries and received charity every day. At length the old man in rags and dirt passed away. Suddenly his daughter, the wife of a prosperous gentleman, appeared on the scene, provided a nice coffin, employed priests and musicians, and gave the old beggar-father a grand funeral. She allowed him to live in rags and die of want, but buried him in state. The old mediant living was harmless and a nuisance; but the father dead, his spirit could avenge and torment. So she buried him, worshiped him, burned ghost money for his use in the spirit world, and wore sackcloth in his honor. That is a picture from real life, and actual death.

This story, which I have seen repeatedly enacted in several cities, brings up the whole baneful, mournful system of ancestral worship. It is the one great blight upon Chinese character and life, deadening the noblest impulses and destroying vast resources. For this alone not less than \$150,000,000 is expended annually. Every third shop in every town in the empire has ghost money for sale, or other things used in that grotesque worship. It is pitiable to see the display in the homes of the dead and at funerals. I have seen several Taoist priests in the house repeating prayers, beating drums and gongs, tossing up most skillfully circular pieces of tin or brass, and occasionally stopping for chatter and a laugh, while the family sat or stood around robed in sackcloth, and apparently much entertained.

The Chinese believe that a man has three souls : one remains with the corpse, one with the ancestral tablet, and one goes into the spirit world. When a member of a family is very ill they think one soul has left the body. Then they go out and wail, loudly and piteously pleading for the spirit to come back, at the same time, if at night, holding a lantern to show it how to return. Our friends tell me they have often heard these mournful cries in the night, and that they are really heart-rending. I heard of the children in one family going out and begging a little brother to return, crying, "Little b-r-o-t-h-e-r! Little b-r-o-t-h-e-r!" until others were moved to tears. When death at last comes, the first thing done is to place a cup of cold water at the door for the spirit to take a last drink. Then they burn a suit of clothes, that the dead may be presentable and command proper consideration from the police and runners about the yamen of the spirit world. A quantity of money is burned also, that the dead may not lack for necessary funds. After this, bedding, boots, shoes, and other personal articles are committed to the flames for the spirit's use and comfort. The coffin and burial clothes are most important. A man's respectability is estimated by his dress and coffin. In response to this silly sentiment, families often impoverish themselves on coffins and funerals, and men, in order to secure proper sepulture, not infrequently superintend the making of their own coffins, and select a *lucky* place for the grave. On every seventh day, for seven-sevenths, the ladies of the family weep in concert, calling the dead by name, and recounting his virtues. At certain fixed intervals after death they have what may be called *entertaining the spirit*. He is supposed to re-

turn, accompanied by other spirits. On those occasions relatives and friends are invited to be present, priests are employed to chant and pray, and the elaborate ceremony is concluded with a feast. The last important matter is settling the *fung shui* of the grave—making final selection of a lucky place. That is one reason so many coffins remain on the ground unburied for a long time. Now all this superstitious nonsense shows how entirely life in China is but a slavery to death; how the dead dominate the living, and how the grave flaunts unchallenged its victory in the face of heathen despair. What an appeal to the Church to send them a gospel of hope and faith in a conquering Christ, that will enable them to repeat the Christian's challenge: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

There is a difference of opinion as to the prevalence of infanticide in China. Some time ago there was a symposium on the subject, with opinions from missionaries and foreign officials in different parts of the country. These I have read, and the weight of testimony supports the belief that many children are annually sacrificed in the empire. This is concluded from the imperial decrees and proclamations of local mandarins against drowning female children, from the laws against infanticide, the pictorial illustrations seen all over China showing the different ways it is done, and also the number of foundling hospitals established. The first foundling hospital, projected in 1247, was called an "*establishment for pitying the little ones.*" One writer stated that when he was a resident of Peking a cart was driven along certain thoroughfares in the early morning in order to collect the female children that had been exposed during the night. The

reason for such a horrible practice can easily be discovered by anyone who studies the constitution and by-laws of Chinese family life.

The extent to which organized beggary is carried in China is something stupendous, and the extremes to which beggars will resort in order to extort charity are marvels of Satanic ingenuity. If such genius were directed to legitimate pursuits, a comfortable and honorable living would be more easily made. Some instances related to me are disgusting beyond the power of imagination to depict. They are regularly organized and officered, and every beggar is under authority. He begs by rule, his district is assigned, his methods given, his story taught him, and his daily returns carefully reported. I have seen one stand before a hong and wail piteously, until the desperate merchant dropped a few cash into his upturned palm in order to get rid of him.

I saw a very interesting old man in the Sunday morning congregation at Soochow, and heard the exciting story of his life. His cheeks were branded with the characters that stand for *Tai ping*, and was done by the rebels during the Taiping rebellion; but he escaped from their hands, and remained loyal to the Imperial government. He is an itinerant engraver, a poor man, but quite intelligent, and now a happy Christian. For five and fifty years he was a devout Buddhist and an ardent idolater, despising Christianity and hating the foreigner who preached it. But he heard the message, the Holy Spirit used it to his conviction, and he at length accepted the Saviour, and was received by Brother Anderson into the Church. He gave him the brass idol over which he had bowed for over half a century, and

the little prayer books used in his daily devotions. I shall take the image home for friends to see the veritable inanimate object that commanded the homage of an immortal soul. What the word of life did for one poor darkened idolater it can do for multiplied millions. Li Tien Siang, the old brother mentioned above, is among the first fruits of a vast resurrection harvest to be garnered in the valleys of China.

This is a land of small farmers, and very few large landed estates. There is much individual wealth, but it consists in stocks and city property. Land is so subdivided that holdings are as small as one-sixth of an acre. It is doubted if any farms in the world are better cultivated. The same soil which is now feeding millions has been yielding annually its increase for over two thousand years. Never less than two, and sometimes three, crops are gathered yearly from every tillable acre under the Emperor's flag. And yet it seems not to grow tired of its heavy burdens. But such constant and industrious fertilizing was never known. Nothing is lost, and everything is made to produce. Farm tenants pay their rent out of the main crop—usually one-half. The other crops are the exclusive property of the tenant. These rates have been fixed for centuries, and are rarely varied.

The population of the eastern provinces is very dense, averaging about four hundred and fifty-eight persons per square mile. To support these millions, the land must be made to produce every pound possible, either of grain or fiber. As human muscle is the cheapest thing in China, the fields are largely cultivated by hand—like a garden. This excessive demand on the soil to support an excessive population accounts for the fact

that little or no stock is raised in this part of the empire. It is estimated that eight persons can be supported on land necessary to feed one horse. Cotton is planted, or sown, when the wheat is garnered. The stalks are thick and small, but they succeed in getting quite a good yield. There are no Eagle or other gins. Ginning is done by hand, strings tied to a long bow, vigorously pulled, being the crude means of separating the lint. Something of the necessitous condition of the poor is indicated in the fact that women's milk is sold on the streets of some cities. It is bought especially for invalid children and aged persons. At least so stated a book that I read a few days ago to entertain the hours on the Grand Canal.

Labor is very cheap. A farm hand is paid twelve dollars a year, including food, straw shoes, and free shaving. The head has to be shaved and the cue cultivated. By spending four dollars for clothes, he can save eight dollars, and in ten or fifteen years he can buy a quarter of an acre of land, and a third interest in a buffalo. The buffalo cow is used for plowing, etc., if anything other than human hands are employed. A tenant farmer pays the landlord half the rice crop—the intermediate crop is his own. Silk weavers, who do the work at home and furnish the looms themselves, get so much a foot, and feel fortunate if they make ten cents a day, and that in depreciated currency, worth about one-half of our American money.

There is a land and poll tax to support the government. From the land alone eight million pounds is received. Not a large sum, I imagine, comes from the poll tax, as only freeholders are liable therefor. When the land has been overflowed it cannot be raised, but

local officials manage to get comfortable extras in the way of perquisites and squeezes. The district magistrate is tax collector, judge, and general administrator. His district is assessed so much, and it must be paid, unless by special imperial edict rebate is allowed on account of floods, pestilence, famine, or other calamity. Of his extra collections and appropriations no account is taken.

There are no lawyers in China. The law is not a distinct profession. Special attention thereto is considered disreputable. The magistrate is lawyer, judge, and jury. There are persons hanging around the yamens who aid litigants in preparing their cases, but they are not respectable citizens. No prisoner is condemned on other testimony alone, whether circumstantial or positive. He must confess before punishment. But in order to extort confession, tortures are practiced that are worse than death.

There is no agrarianism in China—no ill will between the rich and the poor. The highest positions are open to the humblest. There is no caste, nor any inherited titles or positions. A coolie may become a viceroy, if he pass the examinations and demonstrates capacity for the public service. This line is taught every school-boy: "The general and prime minister are not born in office." I was surprised to learn that China has a civil service regulation that America might adopt to profit. No man is appointed to office. The Emperor cannot even consider the appointment of one who has not passed a successful examination and reached a certain degree. And in that examination every young man has "the inspiration of a fair opportunity." I cannot say much, however, for the subjects on which they are examined.

China has no national currency except the copper *cash*, one-tenth of a cent. The Mexican silver dollar is current, but the government does not mint silver. The *cash*, made of copper, with a square hole in the center, has been in use since before the Christian era. Many coins over a thousand years old are now in circulation. China has no postal system. Mails are carried between interior points by private express companies. They receive and deliver letters at your house, the postage, or rather expense, paid at place of delivery. You can send a letter for nothing, but it costs something to receive and read it.

The banking system is somewhat peculiar. All drafts are payable to bearer, never to order. The draft is in two parts, and is stamped across where it is divided. One is held, the other sent to the bank on which the draft is drawn. When presented for payment, the two pieces at the point where stamped must match. If so, the money is paid without further identification. This applies to native banks, not to the great foreign corporations in Shanghai and other treaty ports.

I have been interested to learn of the Coöperative Loan Clubs organized among the Chinese. A number of persons unite, paying sums from a half dollar to any figure. One borrows the whole amount for one month, then by casting dice they determine who is to be the next borrower. Failure to pay is sure to be made good by the borrower's family. It is a sacred obligation, and loss is never incurred. By such devices, timely aid is secured in emergencies. It is the Building and Loan Association of America applied to ordinary business—the borrowing not to build, but to use in trade and family expenses.

A movement is on foot to secure further revision of the American treaty. Our missionaries now hold property in the interior, and claim other rights, by borrowed privilege. This is done under what is known as the "favored nation clause" in certain treaties. The treaty with France provides specifically that French missionaries shall be allowed to live and hold property in any province of the empire. Now, under the "favored nation clause," which recites that additional rights granted in treaties with other nations shall not be denied the citizens of that country, American, English, and other missionaries have claimed French privileges. But there is a desire to have the right accorded directly and unquestionably.

But this letter is already too long, and I have barely touched the subject to which attention is called. If a line has been written that will induce any reader to purchase some books on China, and begin a study of this great country, and especially this magnificent mission field, the hour we have spent together will not have been in vain. Its magnitude oppresses me, but the mightiness of its possibilities and prospects thrills every fiber of my being.

Shanghai, October 24, 1894.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAST DAYS IN SHANGHAI.

RETURNING from Soochow, kindly accompanied by Brother Anderson, we stopped for several hours at Quansan, twenty-five miles away, once a walled city of political importance and commercial prosperity, but since the Taiping rebellion injured almost to ruin. The old walls still stand, a mournful memorial of former grandeur; and in some open spaces are old stone figures, immense in size, of horses, lions, sheep, and men, which once guarded the passageway to costly tombs erected in the Ming dynasty. Just inside the city is a lofty volcanic hill, or mountain, surmounted by a tall pagoda, on which an ancient temple stands. To the top we climbed, in order to get another and last view of the beautiful, fertile valley in which so many crowded millions live and sin. Towns and villages by the thousand were in the sweep of vision, while to the northward the great pagoda in Soochow seemed a majestic pillar in one of God's first temples, supporting its roof of blue sky, frescoed with clouds of every harmonious hue. Here we had the best conception of China's vast system of canals, marking the country like a check-board. And much can be said in their favor. I am not sure but they are better for these people than macadamized roads. Once made, they are inexpensive to keep. They never become impassable on account of floods and mud, and, in addition to being a highway of

travel, they help to support the people by their bountiful yield of fish, and they furnish an easy mode of irrigating the land. The express speed of the impatient West is not possible on them, but the rate of movement exactly suits the conservative Orient. The farm wagon is a boat in which the family go to town and take their products to market.

Near the foot of the mountain is the Buddhist temple, recently repaired, and evidently much honored by the faithful. There were more signs of fresh paint and of cleanliness and care than we have seen elsewhere in China. And an object of worship was there, different from anything heretofore found—a full-rigged house boat, with folded sails, oarsmen standing on deck, the *lauda* in command, and within certain gods, neatly robed, before which were kneeling-boards, candles, and incense sticks. That, I suppose, is for passage on the great canals in the spirit world, and the deity on board is a sort of Buddhist Neptune in command of winds and tides.

In Quansan we have a rented chapel and a school, but the results of many years' labor are not very encouraging. It is difficult to *establish* work in a new place without the presence and influence of a foreigner. Here is an ancient city of twenty-five thousand people, and is "left to be supplied"—not even a native helper available for appointment. We need, and must have, more men for the China Mission.

A week in Shanghai has given splendid opportunity to see more of this Occident in the Orient, this greatest city in all Eastern Asia. It is the heart of China, from which flows commercial blood into every province. All ship lines have either their terminal or way stations

here. To go from one part of the empire to another, one has first to come to Shanghai. Our Mission is most fortunate, therefore, in having headquarters in this New York of the East. And the work of years is now bearing fruit. The most popular church in Shanghai, with the largest native membership, is our handsome Central Church, the timely and princely gift of a godly layman in Missouri. It would delight his heart to see the hundreds crowding that building every Lord's day, and to look in at the Epworth Leagues, the probationers' meetings, the class and prayer meetings, the love feasts, and other joyous conventicles. With Central and Trinity churches, we are firmly established in that part of the city. On the Hongkew side another is much needed. When these are secured we shall have centers from which to move upon vast thousands.

Accompanied by Dr. Allen, we had the pleasure one morning of being received into the home of one of the most distinguished literary men in China, and a Christian as well—Mr. Wong, a long-time resident in Hong Kong. He is a member of the London Mission, and attends Dr. Muirhead's church. He has traveled much, having spent some time in India and Great Britain. For several years he was associated with Dr. Legge, at Edinburgh, in translating the Chinese classics, and since returning to his native land has devoted himself to authorship and journalism. He aided Dr. Medhurst in translating the Bible, and is himself the author of fifty volumes, original and translated. We were received with great cordiality and in the highest style of true Chinese politeness. He talked freely on home and foreign affairs, and hesitated not to condemn the

suicidal policy of his country in being so slow to accept Western ideas and reforms. His strong conviction was that the war with Japan will result in certain changes, but an internal revolution would come before the giant sleeper was fully aroused. I was delighted to meet this distinguished man of broad views and vast attainments—the representative of a distinct force, the type of a small but increasing class of Chinese thought. On his desk was a globe, which itself indicated that he had outgrown the Celestial conceit that China is the world, and her Emperor the only ruler. He conducted us into his large library, and seemed pleased to introduce his guests to his companions of fifty years.

We had the pleasure of a dinner and evening in the home of the venerable Dr. Muirhead, for over forty years a missionary in China under appointment of the London Mission. Though a scholar and author of repute, he has devoted his laborious life to evangelistic work. It is said he has probably preached more sermons to these heathen than has any other man in the empire. Dr. Edkins, the great sinologue, was present also; and Rev. Mr. Leis and wife, of Tien-Tsin, just returned from a year's absence in England.

One afternoon was given to a visit out beyond the walls to see the "baby towers," places in which little children are thrown without expense or trouble of burial. Some doubt had been expressed by several as to the continuance of this barbarous practice; but when we saw a new or recently repaired "tower," opened the iron shutter over the window through which the little bodies are thrown, and were sickened with the odors of decaying flesh and bones, there was no lingering question in our minds. Funerals and coffins are

expensive in China, and that is given as an apology for this heartless custom. Alas for such a product of heathenism! There is something yet for the gospel to do in this land of Oriental odors and baby towers.

On the street, *en route*, we saw a man—a criminal—fastened to a post, with a board around his neck. That is one mode of Chinese punishment: the offender has his neck made fast in a board, and is seated near where his offense was committed. On the board is his name and that of the crime for which he is made to suffer. For different lengths of time he is thus condemned—taken to prison at night, and staked out at the same place during the day. Whether or not this humiliation is an effective deterrent of crime I did not learn, but am inclined to think it is.

One morning I accompanied Brother Reid on a pastoral visit to a dying member, and saw the same triumph of faith often witnessed at home. Mrs. Mo, long a member of our Church—among the first fruits of Dr. Lambuth's ministry—is slowly walking into the valley of the shadow of death, but without the slightest fear, and with a firm rod and staff for comfort. With a failing voice she joined in the hymn, responded to the prayer, and gave joyous testimony to the grace of God which conquers the grave. She said Jesus was her blessed comfort, and that she was patiently awaiting his message to go home. The religion of the Lord Christ accomplishes the same results in China as in America. I was really glad to have looked on that radiant face and heard the testimony of that dying saint. Oh, let us speed the message and messengers that will thus convert every heathen home into a sanctuary of God! What a contrast to the hopeless wail-

ing I had heard, accompanied by the monotonous repetitions of dirty-looking priests, with gongs and drums to play their interludes! Grace will make a Chinese heart glad in the hour of death.

Recently Brother Reid received into the Church a lady whose history is a lesson, if not an inspiration. When quite a child she attended for one year the day school of Miss Fay, a missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church—induced so to do by the gift of a few cash a day. She did not become a Christian, but ceased to worship idols. Twenty-five years passed; that child grew to womanhood and motherhood. The seed planted in the young mind silently developed, amid unfavorable conditions, until at length the heathen girl became a Christian woman. The entire family have turned from dumb idols to the living God. After twenty-five years the harvest time came. What an encouragement to our dear sisters engaged in day-school work! So much of time and toil seems to go to waste; but they cannot tell which will grow. The story of this child is a call to holier service and more patient waiting.

I saw yesterday the costly and handsomely carved silver case in which the Bible, specially printed and bound, is to be presented to the Empress Dowager in honor of her sixtieth birthday, by the Protestant Christian women of China. The book itself will cost \$1,000. It is hoped and believed that this expression from the loyal Christians of the empire will be most acceptable, and will have no little influence in winning more liberal favor from the government, besides the opportunity of *reaching directly the Palace* with a message from God. The celebration of this occasion was to have

been the greatest event in Chinese history for a century or more. One road and one street, for ten miles, were to have been covered with carpets and decorated with lamps, pictures, and everything attractive in Chinese manufacture. This, however, will be abandoned on account of the war. It is significant that in this country, in which women are at a discount—are secluded and kept in ignorance, are protested against at birth and regarded as a calamity in youth—the ruling spirit in all national affairs is a woman. Greater than Emperor and cabinet officers is the Empress Dowager, who has placed crowns on several brows, and who is the creator of viceroys and of governmental policies.

By the way, there is a story told in connection with this really remarkable woman that strikingly illustrates the silly credulity and superstition of the Chinese. It is said she has eighteen lamps in her palace—in one large reception room. Some little time before the recent plague in Canton, one of the lamps flickered and sputtered, and behaved *badly generally*. She inquired the cause, and some astrologer, or other diviner of spirits, thus solved the problem: He said the eighteen lamps represented the eighteen provinces of China, and the flickering one stood for Canton; that a great disaster was to come upon that province, resulting in the loss of thousands by death. Whereupon the Empress Dowager besought the gods to avert the calamity and save her people. Response came that forty or more thousand dead rats would be received, but the balance must be in human beings. It is said that about that many thousand rats were sacrificed in Canton, and probably eighty thousand persons died. The story is not true, but it served the purpose of

trading in the superstition of those benighted Cantonese. All of which only emphasizes the urgent necessity of redoubled effort in the enlightenment and uplifting of these multiplied millions.

Bishop Ninde spent some days in Shanghai after his return from Peking, and while awaiting a steamer for the Central China Mission. He attended our regular Saturday night missionary prayer meeting, at McTyeire Home, and gave a much enjoyed fraternal talk. I am grateful for the privilege of much delightful association and conference with this noble brother and ecumenical Methodist.

I leave China with unfeigned regret. I have become, in my feeling and faith, quite a part of our beloved missionary band. The vastness and importance of this mission field grow upon me with every day's observation and study. When these millions are turned to Christ the millennium will begin to dawn. When this dense cloud is rifted, the whole world will soon "roll into light." Then how great should be our plans and efforts for such divine achievements!

If time allowed I should like to tell of the blessed hours spent in our missionary homes and schools; of the mornings and afternoons at McTyeire and Trinity homes; of the tiffins and evenings, meeting invited friends, at the Central Parsonage; of the cordial hospitality of Brother Bonnell and family; and of the days of pleasure and profit under the roof of Dr. Allen and Brother Loehr. Honored fellowship! For courtesies innumerable, and associations delightful, and souvenirs beautiful, they have profoundest gratitude and assurances of warmest love. But the hour of departure is at hand—the time of anchor-lifting has come—and I can

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only say, Good-by, and God bless you! May the new Conference year be the most fruitful in all the heroic history of this vast mission field! Your lives are enriched in the service you are rendering.

Life saved for self is lost, while they
Who lose it in his service, hold
The lease of God's eternal day.

In an hour the little steamer of the French mail line will take us down the Woosung to where the great ship "Oceanien" is anchored, awaiting her passengers for the south. Thanking God for these memorable weeks in Far Cathay, I leave for a look at other mission fields, and to go on to the land of first and tenderest love.

Shanghai, October 27, 1894.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM CHINA TO CEYLON.

PROMPTLY at 4 P.M. on October 27, the lines were loosed and the little launch left her moorings in Shanghai for the big ship "Oceanien," of the French mail line, anchored fourteen miles away in the Yangtse, at the mouth of the Woosung. Nearly all the members of our Mission were at the wharf to say good-by. It was a sad, sweet hour. The few weeks spent together had ripened Christian friendship into strong personal attachment, and it was really hard to bid them a long, possibly a last, adieu. But all paths have their diverging points. Every life has its partings. The tenderest ties must be severed, if but for awhile. Of recent years my life has been largely made up of comings and goings. So in our Lord's work, however intense the pain we cannot stop even to *confer* with flesh and blood. With warm handgrasps, and waving handkerchiefs, and unconcealed tears, we "let our bodies part"—the missionaries to remain at their loved employ, and their brethren "to distant climes repair." As we steamed down the Woosung, and the beautiful band of Shanghai faded from view, my heart was lifted in silent praise to God for the joy and profit of my first visit to Far Cathay. Enriched in spirit, and strengthened in faith, and encouraged in purpose, I shall redouble effort for the evangelization of these heathen millions. Brother Bonnell kindly ac-

accompanied us down the river, saw us safely on board, and remained until nine o'clock, when our ship weighed anchor and turned her prow toward the tropics.

We had a smooth sea and pleasant voyage down to Hong Kong, never out of sight of land, passing numerous sails, large and small, and exchanging salutes with other stately steamers going northward. There is an immense business on this China coast—increased very considerably, I imagine, by the exigencies of war. Concealed under the flags of friendly nations, no doubt contraband cargoes are being carried for both the Chinese and the Japanese governments. Several officers from a ship thus employed are fellow-passengers on the “Oceanien” for home. And freight rates have so advanced that I am told the numerous ship lines are making money very rapidly.

All the officers and crew of the “Oceanien” speak French—a very few having some smattering of English. But by means of pantomime and some “pidgin” French, we get along quite nicely. The stokers are full-blooded Africans, with all the distinguishing features so well known to a Southerner, except a jabber of French substituted for plantation patois. They really gave me a home feeling. For their brethren in America I have genuine affection and the strongest spiritual concern. We have coffee or tea and bread early in the morning, breakfast at 10, a light lunch at 1 P.M., an elaborate dinner at 6, and tea with crackers or cake at 8:30 to 9. The dinner of many courses is served deliberately, and all expected to be washed down with the best claret. For several of us who never patronize the bottle the waiter wears an expression of mingled surprise and pity. He no doubt pities

us as anachronisms, and wonders from what backwoods we have come, and how we ever mustered courage to venture abroad. All the French drink wine—and most of their passengers of every nationality.

On Tuesday morning at eight o'clock we rode into the beautiful harbor of Hong Kong. The first view of island, city, and harbor from the deck of our vessel was most charming. The city proper—really named Victoria, but called Hong Kong—seemed rather small, as the tall houses were crowded together on narrow streets, and rose in tiers one above another, under the shadow of the mountain. Castle-shaped structures—the homes of merchant princes—adorned prominent points on the mountain side, while on the top of Victoria peak, over 1,800 feet high, a little observatory stood, and a union jack waved its silken folds in the face of the sun. The first news of coming mail ships, seen far away o'er the sea, is reported from that summit to the harbor-master below. Regretting that the ship would remain only about thirty hours—not allowing time to visit the great city of Canton, just eighty miles away, and Macao, where Francis Xavier died—we felt measurably compensated in a more thorough and pleasant acquaintance with Hong Kong, a really wonderful city, the fourth largest shipping port in the world, and the most easternly possession of England's Queen.

We called first at the American Consulate, and found not an official, but a cordial, personal, social welcome from the Hon. W. E. Hunt and his charming family. I felt a larger and special interest in this capable and honorable representative of the stars and stripes, because he is a Mississippian, resident at Greenville. A

gentleman by instinct and culture, he honors the government of which he is the accredited agent, and makes glad any of her citizens who chance to visit this far-away bustling city. Everything was done to make our stay pleasant and profitable. We were accompanied to places of interest, introduced to prominent citizens, handsomely entertained at dinner, accompanied to the ship, and much regret was expressed that longer time was not allowed for a formal and elaborate reception in our honor at the Consulate.

We ascended the abrupt, rugged mountain to Victoria peak—went up by cable, and came down by sedan chair. It is difficult to imagine a more pleasing prospect than one gets from that lofty island summit. Below was a stirring, strongly-built city, whose narrow streets were crowded with men that looked like moving specks. At its feet the beautiful blue bay, nestling in the clasped arms of giant hills and mountains, and filled with vessels of every shape and size, from the little junk to mighty merchantmen and men of war. We counted twenty-nine large steamships loading for the ports of the world, besides many sailing vessels, while *sampans* innumerable flecked the waters with their square canvas, and nearly two hundred launches glided from ship to ship, as gracefully as swans and as swiftly almost as the flight of birds. Far to the north and south the great ocean, with its sheen of billowy green, reflecting and refracting the cloudless sun, revealed a perspective of form and color almost equal to the gorgeous sunset the evening we left Vancouver. The island, eleven miles long, from two to five miles broad, and twenty-seven in circumference, once barren and dreary, has been made to bloom like a garden under

the hand of English taste and genius. Though rocky without "depth of earth," soil has been brought hither, and flowers of every hue made to grow, besides five hundred varieties of ferns and forest trees for shading the streets and beautifying the gardens. One gentleman told me that he had an ample supply of tomatoes for his table grown in two or three pots, the earth therein brought from the mainland. In the Botanic Gardens we had our first view of a genuine banyan tree, whose long, umbrageous lateral branches were supported by strong tree trunks made from roots that had reached the ground from its spreading limbs. And along many streets these trees were growing, with their hundreds of matted roots exposed to view, grasping the rocks and seeking for moisture. Of course, these are only prophecies of larger things down in India.

Our descent from the "peak" was around the splendid "Magazine road," scientifically graded, well macadamized, and kept in perfect repair. We rode in sedan chairs, an hour and more being necessary for the return trip. I give the palm to Hong Kong coolies. They keep step so regularly and move so firmly as to give the chair an easy, gentle swing, and make the ride one of constant delight. And there is not that frequent change of chafed and perspiring shoulders that made me in Soochow and Sungkiang regret that I had consented so to impose on human flesh. But like the typical coolie, whether in Japan or in China, they want more than the bargain calls for; and if you be an innocent stranger, they will extort it, even if it takes strong crying and tears.

Near the Botanic Gardens is the palace of the gov-

ernor general, Sir William Robinson. Over that palatial home a shadow had recently been cast. Lady Robinson, cultured and beloved, had fallen on sleep. Adjoining this mansion is the home of the president of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. It is built and furnished by the corporation, turned over to the president, together with a supply of servants and a salary of \$20,000. We also visited the English cathedral, a massive building in the form of a Greek cross, the corner stone of which was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh in 1869. Within are two magnificent memorial windows, and numerous tablets to military and naval heroes who lost their lives in battle or in typhoons on the sea. One of the most interesting places in the city is the Sailors' Home, founded and sustained by the colony. Consul Hunt gave us many suggestive incidents to illustrate the benevolence of that institution. When sailors are discharged and paid off in that port, according to government regulation, the money is not paid to the men, but to the consul of their country. He arranges with the managers of the Home to provide for them until they take shipping by another vessel. Then, if any funds remain in his hands, they draw it and go on their way rejoicing. But for some such beneficent arrangement there would be no little suffering among those who, though able to battle with the fiercest storms at sea, are as helpless as children on land. In connection with the Home is a neat little Gothic chapel, and a chaplain is always on duty to minister in spiritual things. In that chapel we saw the "punkas" for the first time—so arranged that two or four men, sitting outside, by pulling ropes, can fan a whole congregation. Here it seems to be necessary to

keep a congregation cool—in some places I have known they need warming up. My brother, Bishop Haygood, in adapting his admirable book, “Our Children,” to this latitude, would have to change the chapter on “*Stoves as a Means of Grace*,” to “*Punkas as Persuasives to Piety*.”

That part of the city which suffered so sorely with “the plague” several months ago is closed up, and an order has been issued by the government of the colony to have all the buildings burned. Some questions of property rights, however, have been raised, and a temporary stay of execution secured. The government of the colony is administered by a governor, aided by an executive council of five officials. There is also a legislative council. I had the pleasure to meet one of the judges, and learned from him that only two criminal judges were appointed for the Chinese population consisting of 220,000, and that each day’s business was easily cleared off from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. That certainly speaks well for the quiet, law-abiding disposition of the Chinese.

While not able to justify the forcible possession of this island and harbor by the English—wresting it by force and without sufficient provocation from a harmless and unwarlike people—yet a striking object lesson is given of the magic and mighty changes that may be wrought by a higher civilization. In a few years the hiding place of pirates has become a city of splendid buildings and vast wealth and attractive beauty. England begins all her great colonization schemes by first “colonizing ideas.” The island was ceded to her in January, 1841. On the 7th of May the first issue of the *Hong Kong Gazette* appeared, printed on the

"American Mission Press," at Macao, forty miles away. In June the first sale of land took place, and by the end of the year the little city had increased to 15,000. Now it is a colony of 230,000—220,000 of whom are Chinese. The revenue of the colony for 1893, as reported to me by Consul Hunt, was \$1,906,396, about one-sixth of which was derived from opium. The tonnage of the harbor last year reached the enormous figure of 14,349,122, while the passenger list was 1,827,738. The oil imported from America alone amounted to 1,421,189 cases, with ten gallons in a case. It has been ascertained that the Chinese returning from America to this port have brought \$759,020. The difference between the great city of to-day and the retreat for pirates and thieves fifty years ago is the difference between a Christian and a heathen civilization.

My regret in not being able to visit Canton was increased because of a cordial invitation sent to Shanghai, from Rev. William Bridie, of the Wesleyan Theological Institution, to accept the hospitality of his home. I met him two years ago at the Wesleyan Conference, in England, and would have been delighted to renew that brotherly fellowship. The brethren at Foo-Chow were also kind enough to send me a special invitation to visit that city and the Conference over which Bishop Ninde is to preside in a few days, but other engagements compelled me to decline. I am glad, however, to learn that these great members of our Methodist family are being signally blessed in their efforts and plans to give the pure gospel to China's benighted millions.

Just as the bell rang at noon on Wednesday for the

anchors of the "Oceanien" to be lifted, the "Empress of China," on which we had come across the Pacific, and by which we were sending letters to the dear ones at home, slowly moved past us, and began her majestic journey to Columbia's shores. I had learned almost to love the decks on which days were spent walking, talking, reading, and meditating; and as she started for Western waters, and in a few weeks would again reach an American port, I could not repress a measure of regret that passage had not been secured for a speedy return to the loves and labors of my native land.

Though the temperature grew rapidly warmer as we moved southward, making it necessary to exchange flannels for the thinnest summer clothing, thanks to a northeast "monsoon," which steadily favored us, the heat was never oppressive. The breezes were soft and balmy, making the days on deck quite as enjoyable as the ideal picture of "life on the ocean wave." Very restful were those days to me, after the hard work in Japan and China.

On the early morning of Saturday we arrived at the wharf in Saigon, the capital of Cochin China, situated on the Saigon River, forty miles from the sea. This is a French possession—captured in 1859, and formally ceded by treaty in 1862. The French possessions are called Indo-China, and include the colony of Cochin China, together with protectorates of Tonquin, Anam, and Cambodia. Saigon is far to the south, being in 10 degrees north latitude, and, of course, abounds in tropical beauty and luxuriance. We went ashore at once, and visited many places of interest before our ten o'clock breakfast. The market was most

attractive—crowded as it was with buyers and eager, chaffering sellers. And there is no better place to study the characteristics and civilization of a people. A biologist will classify any animal by the food he eats; and so may we rate peoples and civilizations. Everything was there for sale, from an onion to a pineapple, and from a frog to a monkey—fruits, vegetables, birds, fowls, everything. The frog is considered quite a delicacy, and went off “like hot cakes.” I was asked to purchase a monkey—was asked first \$2.50, then \$1.50, and finally the blowzy-headed native said: “What you give?” I could have secured it for fifty cents, and made some boy in America happy; but the idea of lugging a monkey half round the world!

The most common and disgusting sight was the universal chewing and spitting of the betel nut. Men, women, and children all chew and spit. It makes their lips red and their teeth black—but all buy and chew. The nut is cut into pieces, one of which, with a leaf of some kind, on which a little red substance is put, said to contain a small quantity of lime, make up the disgusting quid. Some mix a little tobacco with it. That was the most popular article for sale in the morning market. The cocoanut grows here luxuriantly. When young, though very large, it contains quite a quantity of “milk,” which is palatable and healthful. They were bought for two cents apiece. In the Botanic Gardens we saw all the flora of the tropics, and so arranged as to produce most exquisite effects. Every tree, shrub, and flower that will grow in these hot and moist parallels can be seen in this magnificent garden. There is also a large zoölogical collection, containing everything from a python to a tiger, and

old travelers pronounce the aviary the finest they have ever seen. What varied and glorious plumage! What delicate and gorgeous tints on breast and wing! On artificial lakes swans gracefully swam, and pelicans of every size and shape were to be seen, while the stork strode the shores in search of prey.

The population is much mixed—the Chinese being numerous and prosperous. The natives are dark and very small—especially the women, who are even more diminutive than the Japanese. They mature early in these equatorial parallels, and under the iniquitous custom of the East become wives and mothers often before reaching their teens. I saw on the street one child-mother who could not have been more than twelve years old. The men are also small and not muscular. The East Indians are here, of several tribes and faiths. The men are fond of gaudy-colored, thin wraps, thrown loosely around the body; while the women appear more flashily robed, with rings in ears and nose, and on their fingers and ankles. White marks on the forehead indicate their caste.

Saigon is quite a beautiful city—called by the French “the Paris of the East.” The streets are finely macadamized and beautifully shaded. You can look for a half mile unobstructedly down one street, and it seems like a cathedral aisle, the branches of the trees interlaced above in the perfect shape of a Gothic arch. These trees have the color and leaf of the locust, and in November are as green and as fresh as in May. There are some magnificent public buildings, displaying all the genius and taste of French architecture. The palace of the governor general is a far more elaborate and tasteful structure than the White House in Washington, and

the adjoining gardens are a tropical paradise. We visited the Palace of Justice, itself a large and handsome building, and had time allowed would have witnessed the trial of a case in an Eastern court. In one of the principal streets there is a splendid monument to Gen. Gambetta, with a bronze figure of the great statesman and most eloquent French orator of the present century. His right hand is on a map spread out on a cannon, which rests on the body of a dead soldier, while his left points off to the field of battle and victory. There are two heroic figures of soldiers on either side of the granite pedestal—one falling with a fatal wound, the other on his knees, with his eagle eyes fixed upon the enemy and his rifle “presented” ready to fire. This would be a creditable work of art for any city—even Paris, with its many statues and its majestic Vendôme Column. There are other monuments in the city less pretentious, but quite imposing.

The Roman cathedral, erected in 1880, is a very large Gothic building, with transepts and nave beautifully adorned. Our ship failing to leave at four o’clock on Sunday morning, as announced, I went ashore and attended service there at eight. The congregation quite filled the spacious temple, the bishop of the diocese conducting the service. Officers of the army and navy, with their families, were there, and persons of every rank and color—Anamites, Chinese, Malays, Africans, French, English, and Americans sat together worshipping the same Lord. How I wished that these people had more wholesome teaching and a better type of Christianity! The Catholics have another chapel in the city, and several schools and orphanages. I could not ascertain if there were a Protestant Mission

in the colony, but suppose not. At night the *cafes* and theater were ablaze with beauty. A troupe from Paris was performing, having come out on a guarantee *from the colonial or municipal government* of not less than 125,000 francs. That is the French idea of building a civilization—making large grants of public funds, the money of the people, for fun and fustian. No wonder the sturdy English excel them as colonizers and civilizers.

Four or five miles away, and connected by a narrow-gauge railroad, is the city of Cholon, with 40,000 population, and a place of great commercial importance. There are seven large rice mills there run by steam, besides scores worked by hand, giving Cholon the title of “the granary of Cochin China.” In the narrow river which connects this city with the Saigon we counted, as the “gharry” moved rapidly along, over five hundred flatboats; less than half that number crowded that busy water way. The Chinese, as usual, seem to command most of the trade.

The “gharry,” a four-wheeled light vehicle drawn by one little horse, is quite an institution in this section. And the horses, though very strong, are not larger than Shetland ponies. I saw nine persons in one “gharry” drawn by one little horse.

We had quite an accession to our passenger list on leaving Saigon—among the number a low, fat, square-shouldered French gentleman who has been *ad interim* Governor General of Cochin China for six months. He is returning home from the cares of state. If he ever had any care—which is doubtful—he has certainly left it all behind.

On the afternoon of the 6th, at 4:30 o'clock, we ar-

rived at Singapore, only 1° and $16'$ from the equator. As our steamer was to leave at five o'clock in the morning, but little opportunity was given to see the prosperous and beautiful capital of the Straits Settlement.

The first objects of attraction before we came to anchor were the Malay boys, almost naked, in their little boats, ready to dive for coins. The passengers emptied their pockets of cash, and we had great fun watching the active little fellows plunge in like frogs and scramble for booty. They never missed one, being able to see under water like fish.

Calling a "gharry," we drove into the city, a mile or two from the wharf; visited the American Consulate, the English cathedral—an imposing Gothic structure, which has a spire 204 feet high, and in which a congregation of a half dozen were engaged in an evening prayer service; examined some of the larger public buildings, and drove out to the Botanic Gardens. But as there is no twilight near the equator, and the sun goes down promptly at six every day in the year, we were too late to see the beauties of this tropical Eden.

The buildings of the city, though not attractive architecturally, are large and substantial. In the esplanade in front of the sea is a bronze statue of Sir Stamford Raffles, who first took possession of Singapore in 1819. The Raffles Institute and the Raffles Library and Museum, a new and very handsome building, are also named in his honor. I was no little amused at one monument in front of a public building. It was a large bronze elephant on a granite pedestal, with this inscription:

His Majesty
Somdigh Phra
Paramindr Maha
Chulalon Korn,
The
Supreme King of Siam,
Landed at Singapore,
The first foreign land
visited by a
Siamese Monarch,
on the
16th March, 1871.

The Sultan of Johore, whose dominions are not far away on the Malay Peninsula, has a splendid palace a few miles out from Singapore, where he spends much time and lives in royal magnificence. "Government House," where the Governor General of the Straits Settlement resides—Sir Charles Mitchel—we did not see for the tropical foliage, but passed the beautiful gardens adjoining.

Thanks to the thoughtful courtesy and company of a handsome young soldier at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, where inquiry was made, we found our way to the home of Dr. B. F. West, one of the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The doctor and family returned just a month ago from a year's absence in America, much refreshed and recuperated, ready for another and longer term of enthusiastic service. We attended prayer meeting in the English-speaking church in the evening, and much enjoyed communion with those Methodist saints so far from home. It was a helpful, spiritual hour, and much needed by those who travel on a French steamer. At the close of the prayer meeting a delightful half hour

was spent in the "Mary C. Ninde Deaconess Home," in goodly fellowship with these consecrated missionaries. From these fellow-laborers I gathered much information about their mission which has been so signally blessed of God. Enterprised in 1885, it has already accomplished great things and become a positive force in the island. At the approaching Malaysian Mission Conference, over which Bishop Thoburn will preside, the best reports in the history of the mission will be made. In Singapore there is an English Church with over one hundred members, self-supporting, a Chinese Church with about two hundred members, a Malay Church with about forty members, and a Tamil Church. There is an Anglo-Chinese school, with 475 pupils, in splendid buildings erected by the community, with very little foreign aid. There is ■ Boys' Orphanage, a Girls' Boarding School, a Tamil School, about thirty day schools, and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, a Mission Press, and Methodist Book Room. Last year there were more than *one hundred accessions* to the Chinese Church. The Orphanage, Tamil School, and Soldiers' Home are all supported locally. One fact was given which evidences the extreme hostility of Mohammedanism, and the very great difficulty experienced in dislodging that stubborn heresy—though there is a Malay Church with a membership of forty, there is really not a Malay member. The congregation is composed of Chinese and others who speak Malay, but not a native Malaysian has accepted the Christian faith. In that connection I recall a scene witnessed while Brother Kelso and I were walking from the church to the Deaconess Home. We passed a shop in front of which a father, with loud voice and

in sing-song tone, was reading the Koran to his family—one of his sons holding the lamp. A very impressive and suggestive picture! May it not account for the fact that the Malays are practically untouched by the gospel?

To Rev. C. C. Kelso, Dr. B. F. West, Rev. R. W. Munson, the presiding elder, their wives and all the other good ladies, and to Mr. Snaggs, of the Soldiers' Home, I am much indebted for a pleasant evening, for valuable information, and for some new views of mission work in the far East.

Of the island's natural history—of its fauna and flora—I could write at length, but would have to reproduce the guide book, for I had little chance to study this in one short evening. Some facts learned, however, are suggestive. Of the 184,544 inhabitants of the Island of Singapore, 121,908 are Chinese, and they are the most prosperous. The finest carriages and horses we saw were owned by Chinese merchant princes. Several of them are several times millionaires. And they are liberal, public-spirited citizens. They were the largest contributors to the Methodist Anglo-Chinese School, and two of them are members of the Executive Council, which, with the governor general, controls the colony. Many of the handsomest bungalows which crown the suburban hills for several miles out of the city are the homes of these gentlemen, and in the city they have a club known as the "Celestial (Chinese) Reasoning Association." These facts indicate the persistent force and immense capability of the Chinese in money-saving. The same observations we made also at Saigon and Cholon. The Chinaman can amass wealth where a Jew will starve. There are

very few Jews on the eastern coast. As evidence of Singapore's commercial prosperity these figures are published from the report of 1892 : Imports, \$150,073,923 ; and exports, \$143,011,967. The revenue of the colony for 1892 was \$3,826,603.

Leaving on the early morning of Wednesday, we sailed for five hundred miles through the Straits of Malacca, with palm groves of the Malay peninsula on our right in constant view, and the tropical splendors of Sumatra glistening under a cloudless sun on our left. We are now plowing through the Indian Ocean, and to-morrow, the holy Sabbath, will hail the breezes that "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle."

Miss Strider, of West Virginia, who for five years has served our Mission in Japan, joined our party in Shanghai, and is making with us the homeward voyage.

Of this ship's company I should like to write if space allowed. All tongues and tribes and kindreds and dress are on board—dwellers from all latitudes and longitudes. We have the little French dude, with his nose glasses and wide three-buckle belt, who changes his costume from three to five times a day. His one mission in life is to look pretty—or rather to try. All gay life is represented here, from a governor general to a dancing girl. The Lord Christ and his disciples are at discount.

Indian Ocean, November 10, 1894.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN "CEYLON'S ISLE."

THE "Oceanien" came to anchor in the harbor of Colombo after eleven o'clock on Sunday night, November 11; but passengers were not expected to go ashore until morning. About noon on the Sabbath some mountain peaks of Ceylon came into full view, and then for hours, as our vessel sailed around the southern coast, we were in sight of the palm groves and spicy forests that have made this lovely island famous since the days of early chroniclers. Her precious stones excited the avarice of ancient merchantmen, while her tropical wealth and political position inflamed the cupidity and ambition of aggressive kings and nations. But as we steamed through the placid Indian Sea that restful Sabbath afternoon my thoughts were engaged with Ceylon's spiritual conquest, and its intimate connection with the first Eastern missionary movement of Methodism. To the south, some eight degrees or more, was the very spot where Thomas Coke suddenly fell on sleep, and was gently lowered into a watery grave. The hills that greeted our eyes were in his great heart when he begged the English Conference to allow him, a veteran of more than sixty years, and at his own expense, to go as a teacher of the true religion to the dusky millions that crowd these torrid parallels. When those remorseless waves shall give up their dead, no nobler hero will ascend the

skies than the intrepid and sainted "foreign minister of Methodism." It was appropriate that the first Methodist church in Colombo, and in all Asia, should have a fitting memorial tablet to the great-hearted missionary whose love embraced all peoples and whose faith sought the conquest of all nations. His colaborers and companions buried him at sea, and proceeded on their journey with heavy but brave hearts to carry out his divinely-inspired plans.

Colombo now has a spacious but artificial harbor. At a vast outlay a breakwater has been constructed which gives ample and safe anchorage to all the great merchantmen that sail these southern seas. And the harbor is always quite filled, Colombo being a convenient call and transshipping port for the lines that ply between the East and West, and southward to Australia. The flags of all nations peacefully wave in the waters of Ceylon's capital, and give the beautiful city of 110,000 no little commercial importance.

Before six o'clock in the morning the decks of our ship were crowded with natives, black and copper-colored, in every loud dress and no dress, with trinkets to sell, and eager to turn an honest or dishonest penny. Boatmen, coolies, and hotel runners swarmed around us, chattered so loudly and pulled at us so wildly that we *might* have imagined ourselves distinguished and long-expected visitors, each vying with the other to do us honor. But every foreigner is accorded a similar welcome. And they are never satisfied. After each bout with these beggars I give a sigh of relief, thank the Lord for escape from another storm, and then begin to brace myself up for the next. We have nothing approaching such scenes in our American cities.

And the naked rascals seem to be thoroughly organized. The steamship porters will not handle your baggage; it must be carried out by coolies. The launch or sampan man will only receive it from coolies. And so the wharfmen, cabmen, and hotel porters. At least eleven persons expected tips or payment in getting our baggage from the ship to the hotel—and in the following order: The "boy" who cared for our stateroom, the waiter at the table, the ship baggage master, the three coolies who put our luggage in the boat, the boatman, the porter at the customs wharf, the driver of the "bandy," the boy who accompanies it, and the hotel porter who solicited our patronage. And when you leave the hotel every one of the entire swarm of servants makes his profound *salam*, and expects "master" to remember him. They force themselves upon you, and can hardly be shaken off by violence.

Every foreigner is called "master," and in a most abject tone. I never heard anything quite so humble in *ante-bellum* days down South. These are sample expressions, minus the tone, gesture, upturned eye, and head laid over on one shoulder: "Does master want a guide? I can show master everything. Master can give just what he likes. Master, I am the boy that told you the way to the post office; won't master give me something? What will master have for tiffin to-day?" And on and on they could be multiplied *ad nauseam*. I understand the Tamil word for a superior is properly translated "master," and have everywhere adopted the English rendering.

En route to the hotel I called at the post office, and found much good news from the dear home land. Let-

ters were read and reread, and then the papers were eagerly scanned for tidings from Church and State. Reports from the Conferences were like bulletins from the field of battle, and I felt a thrill of eagerness to stand in those assemblies and tell of God's wondrous doings in distant Asia. But, alas! I note that our ranks are thinning and brave men are falling.

Everything in Colombo seemed strange to an American's eyes on his first visit to the tropics. The bullock carts—two-wheeled vehicles covered with cocoanut palms—the “bandy” drawn by one horse, and so constructed that passengers sit back to back, the little bazaars and shops in which the keepers sat on the floor while their customers stood outside; the streets crowded with peddlers and beggars; the dress of the people, very thin, and either white or of the brightest colors, and their heads either bare or covered with immense red or white turbans, were a few things that awakened intense interest and furnished rare entertainment. What contrasts one sees! The carriages of Europeans, drawn by splendid horses and driven by liveried coachmen, dash along the same streets that are used by little carts pulled by diminutive ambling bullocks, which trot briskly when persuaded, and filled with native nakedness. The European wears a white hat, white clothes, and white shoes, and carries a white umbrella; the native coolie is dressed in his ebony skin, and little else, which shines in the sun like polished glass. He has long, thick, straight black hair, and wears no hat. The vertical sun, which would utterly prostrate a European in a few minutes, has done its perfect work on his complexion, and seems to have no effect upon his brain.

Of course this hot climate and its luxuriant tropical

growth, furnishing easy means of subsistence, produce indolence. We saw the people everywhere either squatting on the ground or lazily stretched out under the trees, seemingly content with their lot and unconcerned about the future. They are mostly very poor, but in their poverty hold rigidly to certain caste distinctions. They do not accept the heresy that there is dignity in labor. A few bananas, cocoanuts, pineapples, and other fruits will support a high-caste gentleman, who goes naked, wears a comb, and congratulates himself that he is not as other men are—especially his low-class neighbor. One high-caste Singalese—porter in the refreshment car on the railroad to Kandy—who sported a round tortoise-shell comb as the badge of his rank, told me that low-class people were not allowed to wear the comb. "Well," said I, "suppose a Tamil coolie makes money, dresses better, and concludes to wear a comb, what would you do about it?" "We would make him take it off—if necessary, would use force; we would take him to the courts." Such is the tyranny of custom even among the uncivilized. There is an aristocracy of ebony nakedness as exacting and imperious, and as senseless, as obtains in the courts of Asia, or among the fractional and factional "four hundreds" in America.

This social distinction is also observed in the dress of the women. The Singalese women wear a white sack and a colored skirt—a single width of cloth—drawn tightly about the waist and tucked in securely without pins, buttons, or other fastening. The Tamil women wear, instead of the sack, a loose cloth, usually of the same material as the skirt, thrown over the chest and one shoulder, leaving the other bare.

We visited the Museum in Colombo—the Smithsonian Institution of Ceylon. Quite creditable is the collection, evidencing intelligent industry on the part of government officials, and the vast resources of this wonderful island. Precious stones of every conceivable variety, marbles and building stones, woods of different grain and fiber, flowers of every hue, birds of every brilliant plumage, and animals of every geologic age and size, with ancient relics, handicrafts, and products of the soil, are there to be seen. We were shown three hundred and thirty-seven different articles made of the cocoanut palm, from a broom to a bottle of oil, and a bar of soap to a coil of rope. The cocoanut is to Ceylon and Southern India what the bamboo is to China and Japan. There are 1,200 species of butterflies and moths, 600 of which are peculiar to Ceylon. Of the hundreds of beautiful birds collected, forty-nine are found only on the mountains and palmy plains of this island where every tint is bright and every song is sweet. Specimens of the masks and musical instruments used in devil dances and worship, too frightfully prevalent in the country, are there preserved. Stone figures and carved pillars from ruins at Anurajahpoora, dating back to 437 A.D., indicate the ancient taste and genius of the people for the decorative arts.

Beggars! beggars! beggars! They are on every street corner, in every public building, and under the shade of every banyan tree by the roadside. Their diseased and maimed limbs are displayed in a most disgusting way, as piteous and effective appeals for charity. Little naked children ran after our carriage, patting their stomachs to indicate their hunger, and thus

beg for bread. The cry of an empty stomach is always heeded, and the little sinners know it. Another thrust a cinnamon stick in my hand and begged master to smell it. While insisting that I did not wish it, and would not have it, he said: "Master *must* keep it; I don't want it. *Master* must have it." And thus they force the unwilling to buy; and often, to purchase a little immunity from the pests, travelers will throw them a few small coins, and then bid the driver to go ahead.

But while the ignorant coolie class are thus annoying, I would not be understood as underrating the capacity and character of the better classes. I have met several gentlemen of fine intelligence, and understand that the present attorney-general of the colony—a native—has considerable legal ability, and would command position in any country.

Estates is the word used here for plantation. A gentleman owns large "estates," not a plantation. And these estates are now devoted largely to tea culture. The coffee industry, once prosperous, was so disastrously injured for a series of years, by what was called the "leaf disease," that its cultivation has been generally abandoned and the lands planted in tea. "Ceylon tea" is growing in popularity with its increase of production, and is commanding a premium in the markets of Europe. I am told that it must be made quickly and in a certain way, in order to be good. For me it has not been made quickly and in that certain way, more than once.

The national drink is called "arrack," and is made from the flower of the cocoanut tree. It is intoxicating, and much used; but I have not seen a drunken

man in all Ceylon. From the license of the manufacture and sale of this drink, which absorbs largely the living of these poor people and deepens their degradation, the government gets an annual revenue of 200,000 rupees. The two great sources of Ceylon's income are tea and cocoanuts. Rice is cultivated, and the paddy fields are most beautiful to Western eyes; but not enough is raised for extensive export. By the way, on our trip to Kandy, I saw the crude methods yet employed to thrash the rice straw. It is done by bullocks. So the ox still treadeth out the corn.

The present governor of this British colony is Sir Arthur Havelock—a name that will recall one of the most brilliant and thoroughly Christian heroes in England's military history. He has a salary of £8,000, and three official residences—one at Colombo, one at Kandy, and another at Newraellya, up in the mountains 6,200 feet above the level of the sea. His Colombo palace is a splendid and spacious building, a fitting residence for the honored representative of a great government. His administration, I learn, is giving general satisfaction.

We called at the Wesleyan Mission House and Book Room, and also paid a pleasant visit to Wesley College and the historic First Church adjoining, in which there is a memorial tablet to Dr. Coke. The afternoon closing exercises at the college we witnessed, and saw the more than four hundred bright boys file out of the chapel after another day's study of books, *and their teachers*. Before that marble tablet in the front wall of the church, placed there in August, 1816, I reverently stood, and thanked God again and again for the person and character of the apostolic man who was the

first Methodist to attempt the saving of Asia's mighty millions. The day of his martyrdom—May 3, 1811—ought to be *Memorial Missionary Day* in all Methodism throughout the world. I will not reproduce in this letter the beautiful inscription on the tablet, as it has been already done, but will give a stanza of the hymn Dr. Coke sang the night he died, which was repeated to me by Rev. William Arthur, of England, two years ago :

To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

We visited Kandy, the beautiful mountain capital of the old Kandyan kings, situated 1,700 feet above the sea, and the pride of all Ceylon. It is the Mecca of faithful Buddhists all over the island, and as far as Northern India, because there is sacredly preserved the great Buddha's footprints and one of his teeth. It is seventy-four miles from Colombo by rail, and what is claimed to be one of "the safest and best paying railways in the world." The gauge is six feet, and when the steep ascent of the mountain is begun at Rambukkana a second engine is attached to the climbing train. Up to that point we sped through cinnamon and palm groves, and with mango-jack, breadfruit, banana, and other trees on either side, laden with their luxuriance, which in bearing knew neither times nor seasons, had ample assurance that we were really in the tropics. Of the many varieties of the cocoanut—of its growth and habits—of its productive life at from six to ten years, and its average end of days at sixty or seventy years—of its fruits in every month of the

year, and borne in great clusters from thirty to sixty—I might write many things, for I heard and saw much. The district along the Maha-oya River has been called “the valley of the shadow of death,” because of the dreadful mortality among the coolies engaged in building the road. It is calculated that every cross-tie through that valley of eleven miles was “laid at the expense of a human life.” Now the country has been drained, and malarious jungles have given place to prosperous “estates.” The valley of death blossoms with healthful and fruitful life.

Our hope of enjoying the magnificent scenery as we climbed the Allagalla range was soon obscured by the gathering and bursting of a terrible storm cloud. But what was lost in opening vistas and views from dizzy heights down into lovely valleys was more than compensated in the grandeur of a mountain storm and the nearly all-night adventure it occasioned. As the black clouds swirled around the mountains, and torrents, swollen to maddened and mighty streams, roared beneath us, and leaped over the rocks into the yawning depths, while the train felt its cautious way in the thick darkness, we had an experience that comes not often in one’s life. I never before felt the awful significance of “*outer* darkness” as when the great banks of inky clouds shrouded the mountains and filled the valleys and obscured the view while it was yet only five o’clock in the afternoon. And when a bolt of lightning shot through that mass of night and gave a momentary glimpse of the yawning depths, it was indeed terrible beyond description or expression. Shortly after sweeping around “Sensation Rock” our train stopped, and danger signals were given. Great bowlders had been torn from

their ancient foundations by the storm, and filled the tunnel into which we were about to plunge. Had our train not been a few minutes late those stones would have fallen upon us, and not one would have escaped a speedy death that stormy night. But a good Providence stayed our coming, and after some hours of waiting we walked over the mountain to another train, and at two o'clock in the morning found our way to a hotel in Kandy.

No lovelier spot could have been selected for a capital city than this royal home of the Kandyan kings. Enthroned far above the malarial plains, yet engirdled with loftier hills and mountains, and abounding in little vales as beautiful as Cashmere, it was an ideal place for the rulers of a proud nation. Arising early, we strolled around the lake, dotted with little islands and fringed with palms, while the overhanging hills were crowned with charming bungalows of every style of architecture. In a stream which flows from that pellucid lake we noticed hundreds of faithful Hindoos engaged in their early morning religious ablutions. These Hindoo religionists believe in "much water." Several baths a day are necessary to spiritual health, and for penitential reasons the number must be often increased. At a little past nine o'clock, the hour for morning service, we arrived at the "Temple of the Sacred Tooth," the famous Dalada Maligama. By morning service we are not to suppose that the people come in large numbers for worship. That is not true of any heathen temple. There is no such thing as congregational worship in heathendom. The worship is performed by the priests, while the faithful drop in one or two at a time, bow once or twice, and pass out.

First we were shown a large slab on which was an indentation said to have been made by Buddha's foot. Before that imprint, which looked like anything else than a human foot, offerings of flowers were made, and the ignorant multitudes humbly bowed. Passing into the temple, we saw scores of beggars and afflicted ones sitting at the gates and crowding the corridors, asking alms of the people. Inside there were the noisiest demonstrations witnessed anywhere in the heathen world. At occasional intervals a trumpet made of shell was blown, and gave out a weird sound, while old men and young beat gongs, cymbals, and drums, with nasal preludes and interludes that seemed more like the wailing of the lost than the singing of the saved. After a time we were invited behind the heavy curtains and permitted to inspect the sacred and costly shrine where Buddha's tooth is carefully kept and devoutly worshiped. Within several—seven, I believe—golden and jeweled *dagobas* the venerable molar or bicuspid of the deified teacher of a doomed religion is kept, and is only exhibited on certain feast occasions, or when some distinguished representative of Her Majesty's government visits the ancient shrine. It is really, I suppose, made of deer horn or elephant tusk, but admirably serves the purpose of commanding the superstitious reverence and *cash* of the ignorant. Flowers in rich profusion were spread upon the altar in front of the tooth—the free-will and frequent offerings of the poor.

In the Library adjoining there are valuable treasures of ancient Buddhist literature, written on palm leaves. This was our first sight of books made in that ancient style, and gave a vivid idea of how costly it was to

make copies, and how easily errors might creep in and be transmitted. That the Christian's Bible has come down through the ages of palm and papyrus leaves with so few omissions and interpolations, preserved in its integrity and entirety, can only be attributed to a sleepless Providence who "hast magnified thy word above all thy name."

Close by the Temple is the old Audience Hall of the kings of Kandy, with its curiously-carved pillars, now used for the supreme court criminal sessions. And adjoining that is the old Palace of the Kings, now occupied by the agent of Her Majesty's government. Just across the narrow street from the palace is the burial ground of the Tamil queens. I believe there have been four or five Tamil kings of Ceylon, but they were usurpers.

A visit to the Botanic Gardens enabled us to see all the rich flora and luxuriant verdure of Ceylon at a glance. A specimen of every tree, flower, and fruit of the island is made to grow within that embowered inclosure of one hundred and fifty acres. We gathered fruit from the nutmeg tree, plucked leaves from the sandal wood, rested on the roots of the India rubber, picked up cloves and other spices beneath the limbs from which they had fallen, were presented with a chocolate pod and wished for a cup, could have smoked cubebs, shied around the deadly upas tree, breathed the fragrance of vanilla, and put leaves of the black pepper, coca (from which cocaine is made), and other growths, in our books. In one group we saw sixty varieties of palms, and in the gardens were every tropical tree from mahogany to the giant bamboo. Of the orchid house and fernery I shall not attempt to write,

nor of our visit to a large tea factory near by, differing only from those seen in Japan and China in substituting machinery for human hands.

At the hotel in the evening I had an illustration of tropical familiarity. Two lizards appeared on the wall near my chair, and seemed interested in our conversation. I am told that they are fond of music, and when a piano plays will skip along the walls as if moved by "the concord of sweet sounds." Moral—only lizards and such like should dance.

Returning to Colombo we had a clear morning sky and a splendid view of mountain and valley. Thus four days have been delightfully spent, and the time of our departure for Southern India has come all too soon.

Colombo, Ceylon, November 15, 1894.

CHAPTER XXII.

SCENES AND SHRINES IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

LEAVING Colombo on the afternoon of November 15, in a small steamer of the British India line, we had a smooth and pleasant night voyage over the Gulf of Manaar to Tuticorin. The distance is only one hundred and fifty miles, and was made in fourteen hours. Usually that narrow strait, serving as a sort of funnel for monsoons, is very rough, and the best sailors have to pay tribute to choppy seas. But the weakest stomach was undisturbed that night, and the heavy rains cooled the breezes sufficiently to make "tired nature's sweet restorer" a balmy and blessed guest. Our ship anchored five miles from the shore, and the only means of reaching land was in a small steam launch in which were crowded one hundred and seventy-five coolies, several second-class passengers, baggage, mails, and nine or ten of us who came over in the cabin. As the little craft shot up and down over the rough waves, and the coolies got seasick, the crowded deck neither looked nor smelt like a lady's parlor. But these all got safely to land.

And so we "stood on India's coral strand." The land of memories and monuments, of ages and sages, and the early home of art, literature, and religion, was reached at last. It was difficult to realize that we were on historic soil, and our surroundings tended little to dispel the illusion. The wharf was crowded

with the same darkness and undress we had seen in Ceylon, and the grotesque figures that walked the narrow streets or rode in bullock carts were not ideal evolutions of heroic and patrician blood. But Tuticorin is not a good introduction to the land of saints and sages. It is a small place, low and flat, with indifferent houses, and a people constitutionally conservative in physical energy. We were soon assured, however, that the lovers of our Lord had gone before us. Attention was attracted by a sign over a little shop, on which, in large capitals, were these words: "Bible Depot." It was a depository of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the bright young native Christian in charge gave his American brethren cordial welcome. How these native Christians, despised and ostracized by their own people, do hunger for brotherly sympathy! The loneliest persons in heathen lands are not the foreign missionaries, but the native preachers in communities where the Church is being planted. That and other large depositories seen elsewhere recall an interesting fact published by a missionary several years ago. He said: "There is, perhaps, not a person in India who can read but has access to the Scriptures in his own tongue, and even in his own dialect."

We only tarried in Tuticorin until the train left at 2 P.M. for Madura, a hundred miles away, the ancient and renowned capital of Pandya. Arriving at 7:30 we found lodgings in the station house, where two rooms and four beds are furnished for wayfarers by the enterprising railway company. The rules provide that these beds are for the latest arrivals, and cannot be held for more than one day, if needed by the coming of other guests. In a land of few or no hotels this is a

great convenience, and is provided at the moderate cost of one rupee a night.

In the early morning we called a gharry, and, with polite Mr. Jacob for a guide, started out to take in the sights of this famous temple city. We first visited the large sacred tank, nearly a half mile square, in the middle of which is a little island and a richly ornamented stone tower. That pagoda is a mausoleum and memorial, built by the last king of Madura in honor of his brother who sleeps beneath it. Pilgrims come by scores and hundreds to bathe in these sacred waters for spiritual purification, and as a necessary preparation for temple worship. On March 28—the great annual feast day—the god and goddess are brought from their thrones in the temple in grand procession, and in a ship constructed for the purpose, elaborately and gorgeously decorated, are made to sail three times around a tank amid the wild shouts of superstitious thousands. In these sacred waters we saw many persons performing their religious ablutions, and afterwards filling their waterpots to take home for use in preparing their husbands' meals. Others were washing their clothes, imagining that the waters of the gods would impute virtue to the garments they wore.

Adjoining the tank is a handsome bungalow owned by Rajah Ramnad, a man of wealth and influence. The newer building in the same compound is said to be the one he erected for the entertainment of the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit in 1875. He also owns another handsome estate, now rented and occupied by the chief justice of the Madura district. On that property is one of the largest banyan trees in India. We measured it, and found that from side to side

the branches covered 225 by 204 feet. There were one hundred and seventy-eight tree trunks supporting these long limbs, that had grown from roots which had sought the ground and found a home. What a blessing is the banyan in this land of scorching suns!

The magnificent marble and stone palace of the Madura kings was next visited. Though built in the early years of the seventeenth century, its granite foundations are undisturbed, and its massive columns seem strong enough to support the dome of a planet. The throne room is now a hall of justice, and the high seat of the heathen king has become the bench of a Christian jurist. The royal private apartments, where it is said the head that wore a crown slept in a swinging bed suspended midway between the floor and lofty dome, is kept very much as in the days of Tirumel the Great. This is certainly a grand specimen of Hindoo architecture. From the top of the palace we had a fine view of city and country. Rice fields stretched far away in the distance, fringed with palms and aloes, until suddenly arrested by rugged hills and mountains. Each hill had a history. One, the "snake hill," and not unlike a python, was once a living serpent, and desiring to swallow fair Madura, was cursed by the god and turned to stone. And so the "cow" and "elephant" hills, for the same mortal offense, met the same stony fate. Of course the accommodating and accomplished guide, enamored with his story, was innocent of any intended crime against either Genesis or geology when he said this happened *about seven hundred years ago*. Just across a few streets, in what was once the palace inclosure, there stood ten stone pillars fully forty feet

high. To them the king's elephants were tied, and for that purpose they were erected.

Thence we were conducted to the great Hindoo temple, one of the largest and grandest in all this land of celebrated and sacred shrines. Think of its immense proportions—744 by 847 feet, and every square inch of outside surface ornamented with stone or stuccoed figures! There is a story connected with the main entrance to the temple, but whether apocryphal or not I hesitate to say, in a country of many faiths, and where so much is believed, nothing doubting. It is said the king, to whose royal munificence the faithful are indebted for the temple, desired to make this entrance the finest in the world. But during its construction he became a Christian under the influence of Francis Xavier; and the Brahmans, fearing that all the people would become converts to Christianity, dethroned and imprisoned the king and his family, and condemned them to death by starvation. At all events, the entrance is incomplete, while the immense stone pillars and the magnificent gate, cut out of a solid piece of granite, with carved heroic figures on either side and over the arch above, attest the grandeur of the plan on which it was projected. The lofty towers—or “gopuras,” as they are called—at the corners, are completely covered with colored and ugly figures of animals, reptiles, gods, and goddesses. Inside is “the hall of a thousand columns,” each column carved with figures, and each figure has a silly history, out of which the priests make merchandise. There, also, is the sacred bull, a large bronze, recumbent figure, greasy and grotesque. It is oiled daily, and worshipped hourly. Flowers in rich profusion had just

been offered to his godship. I understand that this is about the order of worship: first a bath in the sacred tank, then an offering to the sacred bull, and afterwards an approach to the inner shrines, taking in any favorite deities *en route*. Into the holy of holies, at the end of a long, dark corridor, where dim lights were burning, only the priests and their attendants are permitted to enter. Not in all Asia have we seen such imposing, impressive, and imperious heathenism as here. It is so constructed as to awe the superstitious, amaze the ignorant, excite the emotional; and it has sufficient subtle philosophy to command the credence and support of the more intelligent. And back of it all there is a caste spirit and public sentiment—the growth of ages—so tyrannous and unrelenting as to hold the classes in abject and absolute servitude. Talking with two intelligent young Hindoos who lived in Madras, but had visited this famous temple, they acknowledged the grotesqueness of their religion, and their discontent with its rites and rigid requirements, but said they were powerless. Losing faith in the religion of their fathers, and lacking faith in the only true religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, they are of all people most miserable. Just how large a number they represent among the higher classes I cannot say.

Retiring from the temple, we were accosted by the sacred elephant, who roared out a peremptory demand for tribute money. He got it. There is no resisting an elephant when he proceeds to take up a collection. From the ground he can pick up the smallest coin, and politely *hand* it to the rider on his back. And the sacred white cow had free access to halls and corridors, and seemed to command as much respect as a goddess.

I have yet to learn of a single thing, in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth, that these people will not worship. A farmer will worship his plow, and a carpenter his tools, before beginning his daily labor. It has been estimated by competent authority that they have "330,000,000 gods, though no one would pretend to name the thousandth part of them."

We regretted not having time to visit the prosperous missions of the American Board in Madura; but one of their native preachers, Rev. James C. Rowland, called at our lodgings and gave us much valuable information. The sixtieth year of the mission has just been completed, and the statistical returns show a membership of 4,109, with 14,810 adherents and communicants—an increase during the past year of 616. One of their oldest and noblest missionaries, Rev. J. E. Chandler, after forty-seven years of faithful service, died of cholera some months ago. We passed their schools, hospitals, and churches, and were delighted to learn that the work was never so fruitful nor the outlook so cheering. The present missionary force in the Madura district consists of 14 missionaries and 20 assistant missionaries, besides 552 native agents, of whom 20 are pastors, 152 catechists, 306 teachers, 57 Bible women, and 17 medical agents. From the latest annual report, a copy of which was kindly furnished me, I reproduce three significant and encouraging sentences: "The families of our native Christians have hailed from about thirty castes of the Hindoo system—from the Brahmans downward, and including three divisions of the so-called out-castes. And of the nearly 15,000 members of our mission, almost, if not alto-

gether, one-half have sprung from the respectable Sudra castes. . . . The relative number is growing of those who are disgusted with the hollowness of Hindooism, and are attracted by the truth and divine excellence of Christianity, and for that reason embrace it in the face of many persecutions."

By the early afternoon train we left for Trichinopoly, a hundred miles distant, where it was proposed to spend a restful and worshipful Sabbath. In this hot country church services are held in the early morning before breakfast, and in the late afternoon. As St. John's Church, in which sleep the remains of Bishop Heber, was very near the station, we went there for early communion at seven o'clock, and regular service, with sermon, at eight. It was genuine joy to be again in a Christian church, and a distinguished privilege to worship in the sanctuary where rests the body of the apostolic bishop who wrote the greatest missionary hymn in the world. The church, erected in 1809, is a modest, substantial building, with circular windows open to the floor, the roof supported by immense pillars, and surmounted on the outside by a stone balustrade. At both ends of the structure there are spacious porches, over one of which is a dome and bell tower. How impressive were the associations of that sacred place! There were the mute lips which first sang the song that has thrilled the generations, and made melody all around the world. There was the palsied hand which had written the noblest missionary measures that ever kindled martial fires in the heart of the Church. Those very walls had heard the voice whose echoes were still sounding down the ages. I felt it a sweet privilege to be there, and sit

near the honored dust of one of God's kings and priests, who for over seventy years has worn a royal diadem. Since he died for India, what hath not God wrought? Then there were few believers; now they are numbered by multiplied thousands. Then the missionary was persecuted; now he is tolerated, and soon will be honored. The young preacher intoned that beautiful service, thereby detracting from its solemn impressiveness, while surpliced native choir boys chanted the responses. The sermon was a twelve or fourteen minutes' homily on creeds, from the text, "He that cometh to God must believe that he is." It was harmless as a dove. I wondered how a successor of the sainted Heber, and in that inspiring atmosphere, with dying heathen around him, could content himself to deal in such puerile platitudes. After service we lingered in the historic church, and went inside the chancel to see the slab over the bishop's grave. On the wall above is a marble tablet, with this inscription:

Sacred
To the memory of
REGINALD HEBER, D.D.,
Lord Bishop of Calcutta,
Who was here suddenly called to his eternal rest during his
visitation of the southern provinces of his
extended Diocese, on the
3d day of April, A.D. MDCCCXXVI.,
And in the third year of his Episcopate.
Be ye also ready.

In another part of the city is St. Peter's Church, built, I understood, by "Father Swartz" in 1756, where Bishop Heber preached his last sermon. From there he went to the home of a friend, and while taking a bath in his tank was drowned. And so he, who

exultantly begged the winds to waft the story of salvation from pole to pole, was suddenly borne by the angels to Abraham's bosom.

In the evening, though the rain was heavily falling, I attended service in the Wesleyan Chapel, and heard a helpful sermon from an earnest young missionary, who had come out just six weeks ago from England, and entered upon his great life work. With Rev. Mr. Thomas and the other missionaries we had a delightful eleven-o'clock breakfast the next day, and much talk about our large Methodist family scattered in all parts of the world. The mission in Trichinopoly, in its educational and evangelistic departments, is enjoying increased prosperity.

Early Monday morning we drove through the crowded streets to Trichinopoly Rock, a great mass of solid stone six hundred and twenty-eight feet high, long used for a fortress, and historically associated with the wars of Southern India for more than two hundred years. The Mohammedans captured it in 1765, and kept it as a stronghold until 1801, when it fell into the hands of the conquering British. Here Lora Clive planted his batteries, and from this height studied the field and planned his victorious campaigns against the French during their long, mad struggle for coveted supremacy in India. What a magnificent view one gets from that lofty summit! In the distance is Golden Rock, where the government has a large prison and two thousand convicts. And off to the right is Fakir Rock, which has a history and a moral. In 1821 a Sepoy, near there, assassinated the young son of a British general. He was captured and condemned to death by imprisonment and starvation

in that rock. The young man was buried in St. John's cemetery, and over him was placed a modest monument. On Fakir Rock the Mohammedans built a temple and tomb in honor of the criminal who had the courage to kill a "Christian dog." So much for one's point of view and the lens through which he looks. "As we are we see."

Coming down to the street we met an elephant procession, with a priest marching in front carrying a vessel filled with sacred water from the Kaveri River, to be used in the little rock temple. This river, which sustains almost the same relation to Southern India that the Ganges does to the north, we crossed on our way to Seringham—the Island Temple of Trichinopoly, and the largest in all India. As we crossed the bridge which spans this sacred stream hundreds of men and women were seen bathing therein, washing their clothes, and filling their waterpots. These Hindoos are immersionists. I noticed that they went under the water several times, and then poured it upon their heads from a cocoanut shell or copper pitcher. The first duty of the morning is to take sacred water and thoroughly wash the mouth, using a stick, until retching is produced. This is to expel the devils that may have crept in during the night. I saw scores of men and women thus religiously exercising that morning. After bathing in the sacred river or tank, the worshiper is marked on the forehead according to the god he worships. Some have white marks across the forehead, others a round red dot, others two white lines down to the nose, others these two lines with a red one in the center, and on to infinite and bewildering variety. In addition to these, I have seen the arms

and chests of men and women tattooed in various figures and colors.

Seringham temple is inclosed by a series of four walls, sixty feet high and four feet thick, and each inclosure entered by massive gateways crowned with gopuras, that are high and wide enough for the triumphal processions of the greatest gods in all their lists of popular deities. Between the third and fourth walls there is a populous and sacred street, around the entire quadrangle, in which twelve thousand Brahmans reside. No Gentile outcast can find a dwelling in that exclusive community. They live to themselves, and are as grossly immoral as they are disgustingly fanatical. It is a sin for them to touch even the hand of a person belonging to another caste; and should he be so wicked, he must go through quite a process of penitential bathing. It is well this climate is so warm, for these frequent ablutions would otherwise be a severe strain on the loyalty of the most credulous. It would be hard even for a heathen to "shiver and shout" at the same time.

The gopuras are much like those seen at Madura, though more numerous, and one is much taller. They are adorned with grotesque figures, the principal one being the god of the temple reclining on a snake with four heads. There are twenty-one of these gopuras, the highest—the celebrated "White Gopura"—being one hundred and ninety feet. Within what is called the "Horse's Court" may be seen probably the finest equestrian stone figures in Southern India. They are really marvels of the highest art and rarest skill. I saw a horse and seven other figures, each symmetrical and perfectly poised, all carved out of a single stone,

and connected together. There also, on massive stone columns, are represented the ten incarnations of Vishnu, "the second person of the Hindoo triad." He first came as a fish, then as a tortoise, then as a boar, and on through various animals to man, with the head of a horse. The prophetic significance of this last, the superstitious believed, was that the land would be conquered by a nation that rode horses. Thus they account for British rule in India.

While examining those figures a Brahman passed with a large banana leaf in his hand. Our guide told us that the banana leaf was the Brahman's dinner plate. But he must have a clean plate—that is, a fresh leaf—for each meal; and for anyone else to use his plate would be almost unpardonable defilement. Our attention was also called to a poor woman dressed in coarse white cloth. She was a widow, the most despised and downtrodden person in all India. Many of these widows I have seen, and my heart has been touched by the story of their wrongs. They are not allowed to wear jewelry, must dress in white, shave their heads, sleep on the floor or ground, never chew the betel nut, and eat only one meal a day, and that of dry rice cooked in a vessel apart from the family. She is held responsible for the death of her husband, on the ground that had she not been so wicked and unworthy he would not have died. No wonder the poor things practiced *suttee* by either burning or burying themselves with their dead husbands. Death by any horrid means is preferable to a life of such constant torture. And if the government did not prohibit and prevent, *suttee* would be as popular to-day as ever.

Madras, India, November 21, 1894.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TANJORE AND MADRAS.

ONE of the most interesting and historic cities in Southern India is Tanjore, for a long time the capital of a powerful Hindoo kingdom, and famed for its splendid palace and magnificent temple. Though not so massive as the one at Madura, nor so extensive as Seringham at Trichinopoly, the Siva temple at Tanjore has the loftiest gopura in India, and architectural attractions all its own. The immense figures carved in stone on either side of the great gateway have each four hands, two to dispense blessing and two to guard the sacred shrine. And around them are gods and goblins of every shape and size. Just within the gate is a handsome gilt pagoda-shaped procession car, kept for use on festival occasions, when the god Siva and his wife take a ride through the streets of the city, followed by the shouts and shrieks of fanatical thousands. In front of the temple is a large pavilion, beneath which rests the sacred bull—a recumbent figure in black granite, twelve feet high and eighteen or twenty feet long. Every day this sacred animal—the riding horse of Siva—is bathed with sacred water, anointed with oil, and presented with offerings of flowers. To his majesty the “faithful” humbly bow in adoration before entering the temple and paying their vows to Siva, “the third person in the Hindoo triad.” The gopura, which, like those at Madura and Trichinopoly, is adorned with gaudy figures from

base to summit, is over two hundred feet in height, and almost perfect in architectural grace and symmetry. You are at once charmed by its beauty and impressed with its massiveness. One of the smaller temples within the inclosure, dedicated to Siva's son, is said to contain the finest stone carving in Southern India. And it certainly is remarkable. Even a layman—one who claims not an artist's eye and has little of an artist's taste—can readily see the graceful pose of each figure, the perfect proportions, and the distinct expression. Wonderful was the genius who wrought in that stone! And all that divine art was consecrated to foolish and much foul superstition. From whence came these artists? Were they the product of Hindooism? or the disciples of some Western masters, whose genius was inspired by the higher ideals of the Christian religion? This question has often occurred as I have gazed upon these gorgeous temples, and thought of the intellectual and spiritual forces of which they are a majestic and mighty expression. Surely these ancient faiths, incrustated as they are with superstitions, and polluting as they must be with filthy rites and ceremonies, must have had a broad basis of true philosophy and the vital force of some strong moral convictions. These noble structures were not evolved from the mass of ignorance and ghastly superstition, such as now swarms through their halls. They had a loftier origin. But it is a strange fact that art, however refined, has no reforming power. The age of the great masters has been succeeded by days of spiritual declension and moral degradation. However, I did not intend my question to become a digression, and the digression to grow into a homily.

The palace of the Rajah of Tanjore, now occupied by eight of his eighteen widows, and their poor kin, is a spacious and capacious structure, but of no architectural pretensions. These widows, pensioned by the British Government, live in luxury. They have elephants and camels to precede them when they drive out on occasions, and a vast retinue of servants to do their bidding and anticipate their wishes. The large audience hall of the former Rajah, with a marble statue of himself on a raised platform of black granite, contains some relics and articles of furniture that preserve the traditions of other years. There is an ivory bedstead, on which the royal head reclined, and the gilt-mounted palanquin in which he was borne on state occasions. And over in another room—the armory—is the helmet he wore, and the “howdah” in which he rode, perched on the back of an elephant. The audience hall of his son, Sivaji, the last of the Rajahs, and husband of all these widows, is also preserved just as he left it. Adjoining is a large library of valuable manuscripts and books, *both printed and written* on palm leaves. They claim to have about eighteen thousand Sanskrit manuscripts, the largest and most valuable collection in India. One or two were opened for our inspection, but we did not have time for a critical examination.

But the place in Tanjore of tenderest interest to a Christian is the modest memorial church, built in 1779, in which “Father Swartz,” one of the earliest Protestant missionaries, used to preach. He was fitly called “the Apostle of India,” and his name will ever be held in grateful remembrance. He laid foundations on which others have built; at peril of life he pioneered

through the wilderness a path which others have safely traveled. Arriving in 1750, "he preached his first sermon in Tamil in about four months." When, after a self-denying and apostolic ministry of forty-eight years, he went to his reward, his heart was cheered with the fact that thousands of heathen had already found the Lord Christ. In one end of the church is a large marble tablet, erected by the Rajah of Tanjore. The upper part has a group of figures representing the great missionary's death. A brother missionary, the Rajah his pupil and devoted friend, four little boys weeping, and two other persons, are bending sorrowfully over the bed, and seeing how a good man can die. Beneath is this inscription: "To the memory of the Reverend Christian Frederick Swartz. Born at Sonnenburg of Neumark in the kingdom of Prussia, the 26th of October, 1726, and died at Tanjore the 13th of February, 1798, in the seventy-second year of his age. Devoted from his early manhood to the office of missionary in the East, the similarity of his situation to that of the first preachers of the gospel produced in him a peculiar resemblance to the simple sanctity of the apostolic character. His natural vivacity won the affection, as his unspotted probity and purity of life alike commanded the reverence, of the Christian, Mohammedan, and Hindoo. For sovereign princes, Hindoo and Mohammedan, selected this humble pastor as the medium of political negotiation with the British Government, and the very marble that here records his virtues was raised by the liberal affection and esteem of the Rajah of Tanjore, Maha Raja Sin-fogee."

On the handsome tablet to his memory in the old

Fort St. George Church, Madras, erected by the East India Company in 1807, this statement occurs: "In the midst of a bloody and vindictive war, a native prince sent this order to his officers: 'Permit the venerable Father Swartz to pass unmolested, and show him respect and kindness, for he is a holy man, and means no harm to my government.' Two miles east of Tanjore, on a spot of ground granted by the Rajah, he built a residence and made it an orphan asylum. There the last twenty years of his life were spent in the education and religious instruction of children. Intrusted on one occasion with an important mission to Hyder Ali, and on leaving presented with a bag of rupees, which he handed over to the Governor of Madras, who requested him to keep it, he devoted it to the support of the schools of Tanjore." The above incident recorded by a recent writer on India seems to have been characteristic of this very remarkable man, whose powerful personality and singular saintliness, no less than his rare eloquence and evangelistic zeal, commended the religion of his Lord, and commanded the profoundest respect of the most fanatical heathen. Though his work was afterwards transferred to other societies, it yet endures and will never die. To linger for a few sweetly solemn moments in that historic sanctuary and meditate upon the apostolic spirit and labors of the holy man, whose noble heart was so early fired with love for India, and who counted not life dear to himself if he might rescue some of her perishing millions, was an inspiration to higher living and more toilsome service.

In Tanjore, as at Trichinopoly, the Roman Catholics have extensive missions and large constituencies. This

was the scene of the labors of Francis Xavier, who came to Southern India in 1541, and spent two laborious and successful years. It is recorded that he baptized ten thousand persons in one month, often an entire village in a day. How many of these idolaters had any intelligent apprehension of the ceremony's spiritual significance, or how many lapsed into heathenism again, may never be known; but on that gifted man's labors others have built a strong community. At Trichinopoly they have splendid property, about twenty thousand members, over one hundred Jesuit priests, and a college with a thousand students. At Tanjore we heard their cathedral bells calling the faithful to vespers, and saw the massive temples in which they invite the heathen *to exchange idols*.

Leaving Tanjore at 8:30 P.M., an all-night's ride on the South India Railway brought us to Madras by eight in the morning. This was our first night experience on an Indian railroad, which is a duplicate of the English, and innocent of the luxurious Pullman and Wagner cars that contribute so much to the comfort of American travel. But if a bed and pillow have been provided, one gets along very pleasantly, for only four persons are allowed in a compartment after night.

Arriving at the station in Madras, we witnessed as amusing and desperate contentions among cabmen and coolies as were seen among the naked *sampan* rowers in the harbor of Yokohama. They fought over our baggage, and came to war on account of the hotel we had selected. Indeed, a runner for another house overawed the driver, and had us taken to the wrong place, while the Elphinstone Hotel man trotted for five miles by our carriage, pleading and protesting. Fortunately

his house was very near, and we went there according to promise. It proved to be quite comfortable. Kept by a high-caste native of distinguished appearance, it is very popular. The building, with its large, airy rooms and massive columns, in the center of a vast garden brilliant with flowers and foliage plants of every name and tint, was once the palatial home of the wealthy Nabob. His widow receives a liberal pension from the British Government, and her adopted sons squander it with reckless hands. One of the little copper-colored dudes drove out to the hotel nearly every afternoon in a magnificent carriage behind two splendid horses, with driver and two outriders in gorgeous livery. It occurred to me that the government could more effectually and wisely allay discontent and placate the natives in other ways than by pensioning the degenerate descendants of every petty dynasty. Liberal concessions have been made to reigning families and temple authorities in order to attach the people to the English throne. And while the country has been vastly benefited by the conquest, and the condition of the people improved a hundredfold, still the love of independence makes them chafe under the dominion of a foreign power. I inquired of several very intelligent natives whom we chanced to meet on the trains as to the spirit of content among the people, and received very cautious, discriminating replies. By means of an army of 190,000, of whom 60,000 are English, and a police force of 190,000 natives, officered by English, in addition to village watchmen, British rule is firmly established in India. But a liberal and conciliatory administration, with a beneficent system of education, will in time soften asperities and strengthen

attachment to the British crown. Certain it is that the people have more to expect from England and her Christian civilization than from native dynasties with their ceaseless wars and exhausting exactions of revenue.

We purposed spending only two days in Madras, but failure to get a steamer to Calcutta necessitated a delay of six. Our only alternative was to wait patiently, or take a railroad ride of over eighteen hundred miles. We chose to abide in the capital of the Madras Presidency, and the earliest possession of Great Britain in India, and found the enforced detention not without genuine profit. Though Madras is a straggling city of 400,000 inhabitants, and has few points of interest to ordinary tourists, it gave ample and coveted opportunity to gather valuable information about the history and present *status* of Christian missions in Southern India.

But Madras is by no means destitute of attractions. Her artificial harbor, constructed with an outlay of millions, deep enough for the largest vessels and spacious enough for the vast shipping interests centering here, is a marvel of engineering skill. The drive along her beach cannot be excelled in the world, and her well-paved roads stretching for miles into the country, lined with handsome bungalows and beautiful gardens, nearly every one of which has an heroic or romantic history, are unequaled in all our travels. The Museum has probably the finest collection in India, containing as it does many treasures that link the present to the earliest historic past. An old cart with solid wheels of stone, stone carvings of the second century, and copper plates containing title deeds to property, grants of land, and genealogical tables, carry us back to the

time when the world was young. The High Court building, a large brick structure, with its numerous gables and projections, its gilt towers and minarets, would attract attention in London. We looked into several court rooms while cases were being tried. Before the chief justice, a venerable man in black robes, an interesting case of robbery was pending. All the lawyers, native and foreign, wore black gowns, as did the clerks and marshal. An official interpreter translated the lawyer's question to the witness into Tamil, and gave the answer in English. A capital idea I thought for our American courts, to have an impartial official repeat the lawyer's question to the witness, thereby getting the exact truth, and saving him the badgering and humiliation sometimes given by an impertinent little attorney. In another room two judges in official robes—one English, the other Tamil—sat side by side hearing an important cause. Some of these natives, I understand, are very learned and sagacious lawyers, and in this land of much litigation are reaping a good harvest of honors and rupees.

We visited, of course, old Fort St. George, the first purchase of Indian soil by the East India Company, and its historic church, the first Christian sanctuary built in the empire. The memories of over a hundred years throng its aisles, and the dust of heroes sleeps beneath its chancel. General Burgoyne, General Thomas Munro, and Sir Alexander Campbell are among the military chieftains who there find sepulture, while a conspicuous statue of Lord Cornwallis, twice Governor General of India, adorns the grounds outside. Here also are tablets to "Father Swartz," and to Rev. Christian William Gericke, the associate of Swartz, who died in 1803.

We were disappointed in not being able to visit St. Thomas Mount, a village some eight or ten miles out of the city, where the Wesleyan Methodists have a prosperous mission, and where, tradition says, St. Thomas preached and died. Though not having much confidence in "the traditions of the elders," I had an antiquarian curiosity to see the hallowed place. We had dinner and a delightful evening with Rev. J. Cooling, superintendent of the Wesleyan missions, and who lives, by the way, in the house long occupied by Dr. Jenkins, and other brave missionaries. Mr. Cooling showed us the passage along which a mob surged on one occasion, and the wall over which Dr. Jenkins leaped and saved his life. The offense for which his life was thus cruelly sought was the baptism of a promising young man of high caste. Wesleyan mission work in India was first begun in Madras, and by one of the companions of Dr. Coke, three years after their landing in Ceylon. It has spread over the whole empire, and numbers its communicants by the thousands. In South India alone, embracing four districts—Madras, Nagapatam and Trichinopoly, Hyderabad, and Mysore—they have a membership of 3,443, besides 360 "junior members," and 2,165 persons on probation. There were 515 adult baptisms last year. The amount contributed for pastoral support by the natives was 16,044 rupees. Their reports cheerfully declare that there is not "wanting anywhere tokens of the presence and blessing of God in the gathering and growing signs of a rich harvest." They have a college in Madras, with 425 students, and in day schools throughout the district there are 16,000 scholars under instruction. I was especially interested in their zenana

work, of which we have heard and read so much. Secluded from the world outside, utterly ignorant, and slavishly obedient to their husbands, the women of India of so-called high caste are compelled to suffer and die in their prison harems. But into those secluded apartments Christian women have found an entrance. They begin their work by teaching these wives and mothers to read, in order that they may read the Bible themselves. Thus quietly and systematically, as one reports, they are "leavening the home life of Hindooism with the truths and the gracious kindly influences of Christianity." They are lighting up the darkness of many a sad woman's heart, and making her prison a home and her husband a companion. In the Hyderabad district alone more than *one hundred women* had recently been baptized.

We visited the Deaconess Home of the Methodist Episcopal Church, attended a Tamil class meeting one evening, looked in at their Mission Press, and enjoyed brotherly associations with Brothers King and West. At the Deaconess Home, in charge of Miss Stephens, where she has an orphanage with sixty girls, we had the pleasure to see the various classes and hear the little ones sing. Each child has an American patron and an American name. I saw Frances Willard, Abbie Mills, Florence Wright, and other distinguished persons, in dark skins, short dresses, and bare feet. The little creatures seem very bright and happy; and who knows but under the shelter of that Christian home they may grow up to add new luster to their honored names, and do for India what their patrons have done for America?

Miss Stephens has charge also of the zenana work,

and gave us many encouraging incidents as evidence of the silent but steady changes being wrought in Hindoo homes. She has 200 pupils in these zenanas, and 6,629 "listeners"—persons who come in from other homes. The women are visited and taught daily, except Saturday and Sunday. Fourteen were baptized last year, and "one died with His name on her lips."

The Methodist Episcopal Church sent Dr. William Butler to India in 1856 to found a mission. He started work at Bareilly, in the northwest, but during the Sepoy rebellion in 1857 had to escape to another station. In thirty-eight short years God has wrought wonderful things for India by the hands of these Methodists. Instead of one lonely but heroic missionary without a convert, they have now five Annual Conferences and one Mission Conference, 84 missionaries, 45 lady missionaries, 452 native preachers, traveling and local, 668 exhorters, and 55,148 members. At the session of the Central India Conference in February—a Conference composed of representatives of all their Annual Conferences in India and Malaysia—Bishop Thoburn made these thrilling statements: "The total number of baptisms reported of all ages during the past two years has exceeded *thirty-seven thousand*. . . . Our Christian community has increased by not less than 30,000 souls since the last meeting of our Central Conference, and it is probable that 70,000 persons, of all ages and races, are in more or less direct connection with our Church. . . . Since 1888 I have been permitted to set apart, by a solemn act of ordination, *over two hundred men* as ministers of the gospel of Jesus Christ. . . . We are adding *more than a hundred* new preachers to our

numbers every year, and it is not probable that our increase will ever fall below this figure." Such utterances quiver with power. They read like a chapter in the Acts of the Apostles. Let all Methodism, all Christianity, rejoice with a great joy, and then redouble effort to save the heathen millions of the world.

I should like to tell of a visit to the Madras Christian College. Founded in 1837 by Rev. John Anderson, of Scotland—who sustains the same relation to mission education in Southern India that Dr. Duff does to that of the North—it has had an eventful history. Under its present president, Dr. Miller, the college has made great advance, and now has 1,880 students. It is interdenominational, having representatives of the Free Church of Scotland, the Church of England, and the Wesleyan Methodist Church in its faculty. Rev. F. W. Kellett is the Wesleyan member, an accomplished graduate of Cambridge, and son of an honored member of the Wesleyan Conference. To him we are especially indebted for many courtesies. We visited the several departments, had tiffin with the faculty, and an opportunity to study the character of work being done. In every class the Bible is a textbook, and is taught as I have thought it should be in every Christian college. I saw little fellows "turn down" others in their quick and correct answers to Bible questions, and "go up head." To see heathen boys, with the marks of their heathenism on their foreheads, eagerly studying the English Bible, made my heart rejoice. Those truths, lodged in the mind, will sooner or later liberate their souls, and wash those silly stripes from their faces. And over 1,800 are being thus taught in that college.

We attended a family service in the Wesleyan church near our hotel early Sunday morning. The congregation was large and well dressed. The women were prettily attired, and some elaborately, but every one was barefooted. The preacher, a handsome native, wore a white gown, read the service of the Church of England, and preached with great earnestness.

But of many things I must forbear to write. Early Monday morning we took passage on the P. & O. steamer "Peshawer" for Calcutta.

Bay of Bengal, November 28, 1894.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CALCUTTA, INDIA'S BRILLIANT CAPITAL.

EARLY Monday morning, November 26, we went aboard the P. & O. steamer, "Peshawer," at Madras, booked for Calcutta, India's brilliant capital. Since Saturday before the ship had been expected, and several delayed Americans anxiously awaited her arrival. At eight o'clock Sunday night she was sighted several miles at sea, but was not allowed to enter the harbor until the early morning. Not caring to venture on the boisterous waves in a "catamaran"—a small craft made of three logs lashed together with a rope; and not specially attracted to the "surfboat"—a trim-looking affair, eighteen or twenty feet long and four or five deep, sewed together with strings—we walked out on the pier and took a "jolly-boat" for the ship anchored a hundred yards away. And a "jolly" time we had, for the wind was high and the little boat leaped and plunged as if to show how defiantly it could outride a stormy sea. But the roughest experience was in reaching the ship's ladder. We had to calculate nicely the upward swell of the little boat, and then by a quick movement spring on the ladder and into the arms of two or three sturdy sailors. But we were soon safely "berthed," assigned seats at the table, and made ready to try our sailor's legs on the beautiful Bay of Bengal.

So heavy was her cargo, to be unloaded at Madras, that it was nearly 2 P.M. before our ship lifted her an-

chors and steamed out of the harbor into the open sea. The whitecapped waves, like foaming chargers, were dashing furiously against the massive breakwater, and we expected a stormy afternoon. But in a few hours the surging ceased, and all the way up to Calcutta we had smooth waters and "journeying mercies." Strong head winds and adverse tides, however, lowered our speed to only twelve or thirteen knots an hour.

As we moved northward and approached the "City of Palaces," there was a delightful change in the atmosphere, cooler breezes giving assurance that we were passing from the torrid into the temperate zone. I love to *look* at the beautiful tropics, but prefer to *live* where frost thickens the blood, quickens the step, and puts springs in every nerve. I prefer the Mississippi pine to the Singalese cocoanut-palm.

Wednesday night we anchored near the "light-ship" at the mouth of the Hoogly River—one of the many mouths of the Ganges—the light of day and a favoring tide being necessary to navigate that treacherous stream. Early the next morning, as we passed the wreck of the "Anglia"—a vessel which went over in the silting and shifting sand two years ago, resulting in the loss of human life—her bare masts still standing out of the water to sentinel the place of her fall, I had occasion, as others did on Paul's memorable ocean journey, to applaud the caution which "cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day."

The first land sighted was on the right—the Island of Sangor—on which there is a lighthouse and telegraph station. So, many hours before our ship landed the notice of her safe coming was published in Calcutta. The Island of Sangor is noted for its Bengal tigers—

the jungles being yet full of those dreaded monsters.

Steaming up the river on Thursday I was reminded that it was Thanksgiving Day in America, though I had seen no notice of any Presidential proclamation. Having no flag to wave, and there being too little American sentiment on that English ship to suggest its proper celebration, I quietly sang in my cabin, "My country, 'tis of thee," thanked God I was an American citizen, and prayed the divine blessing upon my native land.

Up the Hoogly we passed many places of historic interest, and an hour before the jetty was reached the spires and splendid buildings of Calcutta were in full view. At "Garden Reach," adjoining the palace and grounds long occupied by the dethroned and exiled King of Oude, the customs officers came aboard to see if any of our ship's company were the possessors of firearms or other contraband goods. The palace and magnificent estates where the ex-King of Oude lived with his hundred wives, until his death a few years ago, has been purchased by a syndicate and sold in lots to wealthy Europeans for building handsome suburban bungalows. The surviving widows of the ill-fated native monarch, whose sympathy with the Sepoy rebels caused his loss of crown and throne, are scattered over the country, living on small pensions yet allowed by the British Government.

Shortly after arrival in the stirring and brilliant capital of a million souls, and securing comfortable lodgings, we walked down to Eden's Gardens, to hear the music by a military band which plays there to eager thousands every afternoon, and to see the hundreds of

splendid equipages which dash around the Esplanade. That is the Hyde Park of the Orient, and it is doubted if more brilliant scenes are witnessed anywhere else in the world. Elegant silver-mounted carriages, drawn by the fleetest and best blooded horses, with European lords and Nabob princes riding therein, and from two to four servants in scarlet or yellow livery, presented a picture quite calculated to dazzle the eyes of an innocent Westerner. The rank, wealth, and grandeur of India are represented on the Maiden every afternoon, especially in the "height of the season," which is now. Government House, the official residence of the governor general, is a palatial structure of vast dimensions. It is quite equal to Buckingham Palace, the city residence of England's Queen. I thought it significant that just in front of the main entrance there is *a frowning cannon*. The Viceroy of India sits behind heavy guns, and by their virtue holds his place of power. The present incumbent of Government House is Lord Elgin, and, as a young man put it, "a Liberal, a teetotaler, and a vegetarian." He is now on a tour of the various provinces, placating the native princes, and speaking kind words to his vast constituency.

Fort William, an old and historic fortification of the East India Company, near its original site, is beautifully kept and strongly garrisoned. It has witnessed many a deadly struggle, and over its parapets heroes have fallen and brave men desperately battled to protect the women and children who had fled therein for refuge. It was after the capture of Fort William by the heartless Surajah Dowlah, the Nabob of Bengal, that the horrible torture was enacted which has made the "Black Hole of Calcutta" one of the sadly memo-

rable spots in all the cruel history of carnage and death. We visited the place, just adjoining the post office. Beneath the black stones that mark the once dark dungeon—a hole twenty feet square—one hundred and forty-six persons were imprisoned during a hot summer night. Their appeals for help were only met by the response that the Nabob was asleep and could not be disturbed. The next morning one hundred and twenty-three were dead. It was to avenge the horrors of that “Black Hole” that Lord Clive marshaled his heroic legions, and at the battle of Plassey achieved one of the greatest victories in history, overthrew the Mogul dynasty, and established Britain’s power in India.

Early the next morning we called a “gharry” and drove for two hours before breakfast. We went first to the “Burning Ghat” on the river bank, and saw how the Brahmans dispose of their dead. Not in all my life had I witnessed anything half so horrible. One body on an altar of wood was already burning, and another was being prepared for the flames. The legs were bent back from the knees, and the body covered with a white cloth. Wood was piled around and over the dead. Rice and bananas were presented to the pallid lips by one of the family; then another, with a lighted torch of grass in hand, walked three times around the funeral pyre, repeating some words after the priest. He then thrust the flame under the wood, and threw in the fire a little incense to improve the odors while the body was being consumed. By no expression of countenance or change of tone could I detect the slightest sorrow among relatives or bystanders. The poor dead thing was turned to ashes with

his bed of wood, and not a sigh of regret from any heart or a tear of grief from any eye. The men employed at the "Ghat" pushed up the fire and chatted away as indifferently as if roasting a pig. The utter heartlessness of heathenism was never so impressed upon me before. And then how thankful I was for Christianity, which invests the body with sanctity, and makes us handle it tenderly and reverently—for that body will rise again. Death does not end all with us. The manager of the "Burning Ghat" said they cremated about twenty-six a day, and for poor persons there was a fee of three rupees. The wealthy, who have their dead burned on sandalwood, pay from two to three hundred rupees. So there is an aristocracy in the flames of death. After the burning, a handful of the ashes is thrown into the sacred river as an offering to the gods. The rest is hauled off in carts. This scene was a poor preparation for breakfast, and gave little interest in the small temples and mosques we passed or the elaborate market we visited. So by the post office we drove to get news from home, and after several hours' search in the city we found the letters that gladdened our hearts as much as the cremations had saddened and depressed us.

I visited a large hall opposite Government House, and saw a handsome monument erected to the celebrated Warren Hastings, who, with all his faults and sins, was incomparably the greatest administrator of English affairs in India. I recalled my first boyish reading of his great trial, and of Edmund Burke's peerless philippic against him; but, nevertheless, to his marvelous organizing genius England is indebted for the success of this, her largest and richest possession.

A profitable half hour was spent in the college established by Dr. Duff, and in connection with which he spent so many toilsome and glorious years. The size of the building and the massiveness of its columns looked like memorial expressions of the broad, granite character of the man who put his very heart in their deep foundations. Whether his successors are carrying forward his well-laid plans and fulfilling the prophecies of those early days, we did not learn. There are about seven hundred students in attendance.

Calcutta is a city of colleges, and a great literary center. Thousands of cultured young natives, trained in these institutions, and not made Christians, I understand, have become skeptics of every school. No longer idolaters—educated away from the superstitions of their fathers—they are yet far from the Truth that dethrones error and emancipates the soul. What a problem this presents to the missionary conscience!

South of the city is Kalighat, where a celebrated temple, dedicated to Kali, the wife of Siva, is located. Here animal sacrifices are offered to the bloody goddess, and the horrid image displayed for the wild, fanatical worship of thousands. We arrived a little too late to witness the sacrificial offering—it being past five in the afternoon—but the odors were there still, and women were busily engaged scrubbing and washing, getting ready for the next day's service.

En route to that temple we met a handsome carriage, with caparisoned horses and liveried footmen, in which a rajah rode with some distinguished Hindoo companion at his side. Just behind him, in a palanquin closely covered with rich scarlet silk, borne by four men, a lady rode, supposed to be his wife. That is a

picture of Oriental domestic life. Unworthy of a seat by his side, the wife must follow behind and be covered from the eyes of the world.

We very much desired making a visit to Serampore, a village fifteen miles from Calcutta, where William Carey began his missionary career, preached for many years, built a college, and where he sweetly sleeps in company with his heroic colaborers, Marshman and Ward. But as time was limited and that pilgrimage was impossible, we did the next and maybe the best thing : we visited the Lall Bazaar Baptist Chapel, built by William Carey, and in which are treasured memorials of his apostolic ministry. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Hooke, was exceedingly courteous, and seemed to take great pleasure in gratifying our eager desire to see everything that connected the present with "the pious cobbler of Paulerspury." He showed us the solid silver communion set, chaste and very heavy, presented to William Carey by the East India Company when he was Professor of Sanskrit in Fort William College. We saw the small, round pulpit of teak wood, carefully preserved in the chapel, behind which he earnestly pleaded with the multitude to come unto the Lord and be saved. The communion table and chair he used are there just as he left them. We saw the baptistry; where he inducted many redeemed souls into the kingdom, and where the distinguished Dr. Adoniram Judson was baptized. He remained with William Carey for some time, was baptized in that church, and after awhile proceeded to Burmah, where he wrought so wondrously in the name of the Lord of hosts. On a marble tablet, to the left of the pulpit, is this inscription :

In memory of
The Serampore Missionaries,
William Carey, D.D.,
Joshua Marshman, D.D.,
William Ward,
And of their colleague and successor,
John Mack,
Who preached the gospel faithfully
In this place for many years,
And whose praise is in all the Churches.
"The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."
This tablet is erected
As a mark of grateful veneration
By one of their pupils.
A.D. 1852.

There are also tablets to their successors, Rev. James Thomas, Rev. William Robinson, Rev. John Robinson, and Rev. John Sale. Mrs. Sale, wife of the last named, has the honor of being the founder of zenana missions in India. She yet lives at a great age in Scotland, but has a distinguished son in Calcutta—one of the justices of the high court. I count it a privilege to have sat in a church sacred with such associations and bound in undying wedlock to such immortal names. May the spirit which animated Carey and Marshman and Ward and Judson quicken the whole Church of Christ to attempt larger things for our God, and look for the speedy conquest of the world!

We are greatly indebted to Rev. Dr. Warne, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, for many thoughtful courtesies and very delightful hospitality. He is pastor of the largest congregation in India; has a membership of 500, and preaches in a church that will seat 1,500. We visited the girls' school, with 225 pupils, in charge of Miss Knowles; and the boys' school,

with 450, and occupying a handsome building, to which one gentleman in Calcutta gave 125,000 rupees. All their property in the city has been secured without foreign aid. I visited also the bookstore and the press, where several periodicals printed in different languages go out weekly with glad tidings for the thousands. It was a special pleasure to call at the Deaconess Home and have a few words with Mrs. Thoburn. The bishop is expected home in a few days, after an absence of nearly nine months in America pleading the cause of India, and soliciting means to meet the rapidly-increasing demands of this vast harvest field. I hope to meet him in Bombay.

Benares, December 1, 1894.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HOLY CITY AND SACRED RIVER OF THE HINDOOS.

"BENARES on the Ganges" unite, in Hindoo thought, the holiest place and most sacred stream in the world. To the one he makes pilgrimages as do the Mohammedans to Mecca, and on the *left bank* of the other he hopes at least to die. Should he unfortunately pass away on the *right* bank, he may, in the transmigration of souls, reappear as a donkey or a cow; but if on the left, he will enter the Hindoo heaven. Not to make a pilgrimage to Benares, and look upon the healing waters of "Mother Ganges," would therefore be unpardonable in any student of ancient religions who ever puts foot on "India's coral strand."

It was our original purpose, after seeing Calcutta, to turn northward to Darjielrig, "up in the clouds," in order to get a view of Mount Everest, the highest peak in the world. But unavoidable detention at Madras necessitated a change of plans, so we reluctantly gave up the "Halls of Snow" for world-famed cities and palaces—the wonderful works of nature for the civilizations and religions of a peculiar people. We have snow-crowned mountains at home, but not these gigantic and historic remains of social and religious forces that have dominated the thought and determined the destiny of so many weary centuries and so many mighty millions of immortal souls. So regretting the loss of the one, we made ready choice of the other.

The time from the "City of Palaces" to the "Holy

City of the Hindoos" by the fast mail is about fifteen hours. So leaving Calcutta at ten o'clock at night, we were due in Benares the early afternoon of the next day. This being the cool season and the time of tourists, the trains were long and crowded. Railway travel in India is cheap and fairly comfortable. They have first-class, second-class, intermediate, and third-class compartments, with graduated rates for tickets. The third-class, patronized almost entirely by natives, is only two pice per mile—about ninety-six miles for a rupee, or forty-eight cents. And this in silver, which is now about one-half the value of gold. The adoption of these classes, which obtains everywhere in Europe and the East, with graduated comforts and tariffs, it seems to me would be wise in our American railway companies. It would certainly increase travel and avoid friction at some points.

I was surprised, however, to find that these roads had a "separate car" rule, which is rigidly enforced. There are apartments "for ladies only," and others "for Europeans only." At the stations there are not only first-class and second-class waiting rooms, but "*waiting rooms for natives.*" I thought of similar arrangements on the railroads in some of the Southern States for "white" and "colored" passengers, adopted in response to legislative enactment; and these recalled the indignant deliverance of an English gentleman traveling in America. He was sorely, and perhaps properly, vexed over such racial distinctions between coequal citizens on the public highways. But that very gentleman may be a stockholder in this English company, which has adopted a system even more offensive. I have never believed in the principle or

policy of such legislation, but the inconsistency of the aforesaid John Bull, who berates his American brothers for the sin of which he is so flagrantly guilty—innocent of any acquaintance with that old doctrine of the “motes” and “beams”—cannot be appreciated or commended.

In the morning we found ourselves in the great valley of the Ganges, which has the largest population to the square mile of any part of India. By the inundations of that sacred river, bringing down fresh soil from the southern slopes of the Himalayas and fertilizing vast plains, the lands are enabled to produce from two to three crops a year, without other enrichment. Quite picturesque was the scene as the farmers went forth to the fields from their villages, some with a white cloth wrapped around the body and over the head, and others clad in little else than early morning sunshine. Still others had old-fashioned plows with one handle, drawn by one and two yoke of bullocks or cows. The fields, freshly plowed or green with growing grain, checked off in beds like a garden, and bordered with palms and aloes, must be made to produce every possible pound in order to feed the hungry mouths of overcrowded millions. And even then, if the calculation be correct that the 250,000,000 of India consume much less than the 65,000,000 in America, there is want and suffering in many a home; so out of the pangs of hunger, I suppose, was born their saying, “Hit me on the pāth [back], and not on the pēt [stomach].”

I can never forget the sensation experienced on first seeing the waters of the Ganges shimmering in the distance under a cloudless sun. Of that river, associa-

ted so thrillingly, and often tragically, with the history of revolution and religions, I had heard from early childhood. In imagination I had often stood on its sacred banks, watched the devotions of its devotees, and listened to the voice of its waters sweeping from the mountains to the sea as they told of the rise and fall of cities and empires. Now the wide, muddy river itself I saw, and those historic scenes came vividly to mind. For fifteen hundred miles—from its source in the mountains to its loss in the Bay of Bengal—its entire shore line is held most sacred, and every drop of its water is supposed to have spiritual and purifying virtue. To bathe in it cleanses from sin, to worship it brings merit to the soul, and to die in sight of it is a guarantee of heaven; and, in the early days, for a mother to cast her child into it was the surest way to appease the wrath of an angry god.

There is an old saying among the Hindoos, "Over the sacred river Ganges there can never be a bridge." And yet I crossed it on an iron bridge, drawn by an iron horse, and at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Modern enterprise and steam have little respect for sentiment or superstition, however revered or ancient. Traditions, hoary with years, have to "clear the track" for the fierce spirit of modern progress. As we sped over the splendid arches that span that ancient river, the domes and spires of hundreds of temples in Benares rose up to greet us. Thus the past and present—the ancient and modern—were brought closely together. More than five and twenty centuries were made to clasp hands when the last spike was driven in that magnificent bridge.

Benares is a city of 250,000 people, but has never

had much commercial importance. Its chief trade, I doubt not, is dependent upon its religious preëminence and sanctity. The pilgrims who come hither by thousands enliven business in the market places, and especially the sale of sacred images. Benares literally traffics in religion, and makes merchandise of piety. Indeed, I have seen little else about the temples and shrines of all India. The old priests and their wardens are mostly concerned for the temple revenues, and entreat most piteously for more, however liberally you may tip them. The city is said to contain *five thousand temples*, but most of them are very small. In that number is included all the shrines built in connection with the homes of the wealthy.

Of the scenes on the river in the early morning, when the Hindoos by hundreds and thousands go down for a religious bath, every tourist has written; but everyone must see for himself to fully appreciate. As the time of our visit was not the occasion of any great festival, we had the opportunity of noting how religious Benares could be every day—when, so to speak, “she didn’t have on her Sunday clothes.” We were there early, but not in advance of the poor, superstitious believers in “Mother Ganges.” Taking a boat and rowing up the river to the Mosque of Aurungzebe, in some respects the most notable building in that city of shrines, we slowly floated downstream and made observations upon the rarest sight in all the East. Stone steps, called ghats, are built down to the water’s edge from every house and the foot of every street. Everything is planned for easy and yet reverent access to the holy water. Magnificent residences of red sandstone, erected on the banks of the river by

rajahs and wealthy Hindoos from all over India, have granite stairways down to the stream. At scores of places we noted shrines, large and small, and on the stone platforms here and there were sacred white cows, sleek and well kept. A devout Hindoo would give his last grain of rice to a sacred animal, whether cow or monkey, and himself go hungry. The templed cow must be kept fat, if his own stomach has to suffer hunger. Does not such a fact shame the pampered ease of Christians who know that theirs is the only true religion?

Down these steps the people came—men, women, and children, old and young, grave and gay. They came in every strange Eastern dress, and with all sorts of marks upon their foreheads. Some sat under broad palm umbrellas while repeating their prayers, while others stood uncovered, and with uplifted hands looked into the face of the sun as they paid to him their devout adoration. I noticed others who stood at the river's brink, and while holding some of the holy water in their hands repeated long prayers with closed eyes. Then they bowed repeatedly and reverently to "Mother Ganges" and made to her an offering of beautiful flowers. And yet others sat on a slightly raised platform close to the river, with the head entirely covered, in order to shut out the world while engaged in their morning devotions. After these prayers to the sun and the sacred river, they wade into the water, dip themselves several times and pour it upon their heads, thus receiving assurance of perfect spiritual purification. Then they skillfully slip on dry clothing, fill a jar or pitcher with the precious water, and go home for their morning meal.

We saw a group of women sitting near the water's edge, with covered heads, and wildly weeping. They were mourning for some one recently dead. After crying for a season, they bathe in the river and go home comforted. Near where they sat were the burning ghats where the Hindoos have burned their dead for centuries. The smoke was ascending from two funeral fires, while another altar of wood was being prepared for a waiting body. Our observations at Calcutta entirely satisfied our desire to witness again this horrible holocaust, so we floated past, sickened with the smell of charred human flesh.

Near that spot and at other points also we noticed stone slabs, which mark the places where suttee was practiced: where widows were burned in the same fire with their dead husbands. Akbar the Great forbade this dreadful practice, but failed to prevent it. The English Government, however, effectually stamped it out over a half century ago. Since then only a few cases have occurred, the most notable being the sacrifice of themselves of the several wives of a prince, the chief one holding his head while the flames were kindled beneath them.

We anchored our boat and entered one of the temples noted for its elaborate carving. Well, the carving on the frieze around the entire building is elaborate, but too vile for the bottomless pit, much less a place of religious worship. And yet that is the legitimate product of Hindooism. Its chief symbol and object of worship everywhere, the lingam, is a teacher of immorality, and every temple is the foster mother of the grossest sensualism.

One sight was most pathetic: the number of dis-

eased and evidently dying persons lying on the ground or stone steps near the river. Feeling that their time of departure had come, they had been brought to the sacred Ganges in order to die in sight of her holy waters. The poor things stretched there in the burning sun were awaiting the inevitable, but with their gaze fixed on the glistening river. For that same purpose some of those magnificent palaces were built at a cost of multiplied thousands of rupees. They are unoccupied all during the year, except on certain feast days or when some of the family is thought to be near death. Then they come from their distant homes to die in the palace by the sacred river.

Attention was called to a naked, blowzy-headed fellow, spoken of as a devotee, sitting upon a large rock overlooking the Ganges. For three years he has sat there, with no protection from sun or storm, never speaking a word, and eating only once or twice a day the food which is brought to him; even that he accepts without a word, giving himself to quiet meditation. In the early morning he comes down to the river for a spiritual bath, and then climbs back to his perch. Already he is being revered, and if the sun doesn't bake him, he will soon be worshiped and flower out into another genuine Buddha. His hair looks like the long wool on a sheep's back that needed shearing. But from the very respectful tone of our guide, who has ceased to believe in these false religions, I could see that the miserable impostor was making an impression.

Our guide, who was rather an intelligent man, and educated in the school of the London Mission, freely admitted that all these grotesque rites of the Hindoos were utterly vain and foolish. "Well," said I, "why

don't you renounce them and publicly profess the Christian faith, which you say is the only true religion?" "I can't afford it," he replied. "I would have to give up my family and all my friends, and that I can't do." No doubt he represents a large class in India. They are disciples, but secretly. Caste is imperious. To overstep or defy it is worth almost a man's life. But it may after awhile contribute to the speedier conquest of India for Christ; for when a respectable number of one caste is secured, it will be comparatively easy to win them all.

Up the river, near the Mosque of Aurungzebe, is a large building, said to have been erected by a beggar. He traveled over the country on foot and collected the money with which he built and endowed that shelter and lunch house for the poor. We were told that not less than five hundred indigent persons were given one meal a day at that place. The poor beggar in rags seemed to have had a noble heart, and wanted other homeless waifs to share a better fate. He thus answered the bitter cry of "darkest India."

The Golden Temple, the Cow Temple, and the Monkey Temple, with their filth and sacredness, I did not visit, being content to see them from afar. But had time allowed, I would have driven out to Sarnath, five miles from Benares, to see the dreary, dilapidated monument that marks the place where Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, began his public ministry. Buddhism is an exile from the land of its birth. Though embraced by more ardent adherents than any other religion in the world, it has scarcely a follower in its native India. Like the almost deserted temple ruins at Sarnath, it only lingers as a desolate memory in the

country where its great teacher lived, labored, and lies buried.

That is a beautiful story of Gautama's life and ministry. A fair young prince, the son of a proud king, his father wished to make him a warrior. But though skilled in the use of weapons, and displaying a courage that challenged admiration, he shunned society, sought quietude, and was fond of contemplation. Finally, under the impression that he had some great spiritual mission to the world, he forsook home, not even daring to kiss his newborn babe for fear of waking his sleeping mother. From the forest to which he fled he sent back to his father his horse and princely jewels. Clad in the garb of a beggar, shorn of his long warrior hair, he gave himself up to self-torture and prayerful study. This was his "Great Renunciation." At the age of thirty-six he began his public ministry. He opposed the corruptions of Hindooism, assailed the doctrine of caste, and addressed his teaching not to a few persons, but to all the people. So Buddhism became at once a *missionary religion*. A religious order of unpaid priests was formed, whose mission was to preach to the nations. Under the influence of its great patron, King Asoka, of Behar, Buddhism became the national religion; but after ceaseless struggle and varying fortunes, in the year 800 Brahmanism won the victory, and the followers of Buddha disappeared from India. But its influence abides, it is claimed, in the improved spirit and practice and in the broader teachings of Hindooism. It also lives in the Jains sect, who number about half a million, and have two popular temples in Benares. They are distinguished for special kindness to animals. Strict atonement must be made

for even the killing of an insect. They visit their temples daily, where images of Jains's saints are placed, walk around three times, and do obeisance to them. Of the distinguishing doctrines of Buddhism I cannot write in this letter.

There is a handsome cathedral of the Church of England in Benares, and in the yard adjoining are some historic graves. The minister is also a military and civil chaplain. All over India these civil chaplains are stationed, themselves and churches, even to the sexton and punka pullers, paid by the government out of revenues derived from the people. Part of the income tax received from missionaries goes to the support of these chaplains, who get from one to four hundred rupees a month, and perform the severe labor of reading the service two or three times a week and occasionally preaching a twelve or fifteen minutes' sermon. Military chaplains of course there should be; but chaplains to rich civilians, sustained by state taxation, seems not altogether right. But the missionaries on poor pay pursue their divinely appointed work, and God is greatly blessing their labors. In Benares, however, the center of Hindoo fanaticism and the earliest home of Buddhism, progress is necessarily slow.

Agra, December 5, 1894.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SCENES OF THE SEPOY REBELLION.

FROM Benares to Lucknow, the ancient and beautiful capital of Oude, is a short night's ride, but by a slow train we did not reach there until nearly ten o'clock. The early morning hours, however, were profitably spent making observations upon the agricultural methods and various growths of the Ganges valley. We passed through the center of the opium industry, from which the government derives an annual revenue of over 120,000,000 rupees, and from which proceed the degradation and death of multiplied thousands. The poppy plant was quite small, but the acreage devoted to its culture indicated no decline in the demand for the drug, which is England's disgrace and China's degradation. The report of the Opium Commission, appointed by the English Government, which spent some time in India and China gathering facts and opinions from those *supposed* to be best acquainted with the traffic and its effects, has not yet been made public. But from the fact that much of the testimony favorable to the traffic has found its way into the papers, while all that is adverse has been kept a profound secret, foreshadows what will be the report of the majority. Indeed, some think that the commission was organized to acquit. But its very appointment was a concession to the righteous demands of moral sentiment, and those demands will never be satisfied until the baneful blight is removed—until this stain on a

Christian government has been washed away. No one who has visited the opium palaces in China, as I have, and seen the dying victims in hospital wards, can have but one opinion as to this ghastly and gigantic iniquity. Whatever the report, the agitation will continue, and cease only with China's redemption and India's full salvation.

Along the way attention was attracted to a number of round mud walls built on the roadside and over the fields. Upon closer examination, I ascertained that they were thrown up around small guava and other trees for their protection, and to retain the moisture. These crude tree-boxes, found in city and country, are impressive evidences of the great lack of timber in India. Whether these vast fields ever grew grand forests, I do not know. If so, the demands of more than twenty centuries have long since exhausted them. All houses are built of stone and brick, or sun-baked mud, and those of the poorer classes have not even wood for floors and door shutters. Over weary leagues of cultivated field the eye sweeps, with only fruit-bearing trees to relieve the monotonous landscape. I suppose the ground is too much needed for the production of food to devote a square acre to the growth of timber.

Another most degrading thing I noticed in Benares, at the stations along this road, and everywhere—*the work in which poor women are engaged*. They make cakes of cow-dung with their hands, and stick them against the houses to dry. After that they are carried in immense baskets on their heads and sold for fuel. I have seen women, donkeys, and camels, loaded down with this burden, wearily walking the same street, and the poor mother and wife the least considered of the

three. Not until Christianity puts its shoulders under the heavy burdens borne by sorrowing woman, does she anywhere find rest for her bruised and tired limbs, or experience any sense of the queenly dignity and influence with which she has been crowned by our Lord. How any woman in a Christian land, with the slightest knowledge of her heathen sister's condition, can be indifferent to the appeals made for missionary labor in their behalf, I cannot understand.

The first place visited in Lucknow was Kaiser Bagh, the large palace and gardens where the late ex-King of Oude lived in royal splendor before he was deposed and removed to mild exile in Calcutta, on a pension of £120,000 a year, and where he died four or five years ago. This is a rectangular inclosure of several acres, in which flowers bloom and fountains play, around the sides of which are massive and elegant buildings, erected for the accommodation of the king's several hundred wives. The whole is said to have cost not less than a million pounds sterling, and was only one of the several residences of this petty but pretentious monarch. The grounds are yet beautifully kept, a native nobleman being employed to look after the former glory of his ancient house. This is done to placate the people, but with what success I can only conjecture. Most of the spacious buildings are used for government purposes. In front of the king's Marble Audience Hall, and within this garden inclosure, a large institution has been built, which bears the name of "Canning College," in honor of the distinguished gentleman who held the responsible post of Viceroy during the Sepoy mutiny.

But as the greatest interest in Lucknow centers not in her ancient palaces and in the streets and parks of

the beautiful city, but in those places associated so heroically and tragically with the horrible Sepoy rebellion, we drove thence to the old fort and the ill-fated Residency. Into that weak fortification Sir Henry Lawrence, at that time Chief Commissioner of Oude, hurried all the European inhabitants, gathered what supplies he could, and with one British regiment, decimated by disease, set himself to the desperate task of defending their lives until relief could come. And it is safe to say that within that historic but now dismantled fort was displayed an undaunted heroism unexcelled in all the annals of bloody war.

En route to the Residency, and not far away, we stopped and examined a modest brick and stone monument. The inscription read as follows: "On this spot, toward the evening of September 25, 1857, Gen. Neill fell, mortally wounded by a shot fired from the top of the adjacent gateway." So perfectly peaceful were all the surroundings, not even a leaf stirring lest the sacred spot should be profaned, it was difficult to recall the stormy day when that brave commander fell intrepidly leading his forces to the relief of the beleaguered Residency. Through the gateway we reverently drove, and thanked God that those days of carnage have gone never to return, save as distressful memory.

Around the lines of the old fortification and into the several shattered and dismantled buildings of the Residency we walked with soft step and spoke in gentlest tones. Through the Baillee Gate we entered, preserved just as it was when Gen. Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell passed in during the siege under a rain of Sepoy shot and shell, and visited one tragic spot after another, climbing at last to the top of the old

scarred tower from which a British flag appropriately flies always at half-mast. The marks of shot from Sepoy cannon tell even yet, over a lapse of forty years, how dreadful was that struggle. Immense holes torn through the several walls of an entire building show how deadly was their aim and how constant the danger of those within. Great brick and stone columns are shot half in two, and almost every square inch of exposed surface has some fatal mark of that memorable siege. We were shown the room where the women stayed for safety, but in which several were killed. Every day some brave defenders fell, until their ranks, small at first, were reduced to a mere handful. The places where they met their heroic deaths, as far as known, are marked with marble tablets. One reads as follows: "In this room Sir Henry Lawrence was wounded by a piece of shell July 4, 1857;" and across the way, in "Dr. Fayrer's House," is another which says, "Here Sir Henry Lawrence died July 5, 1857." On the shattered wall of another room is this inscription: "Susanna Palmer was killed in this room by a cannon ball on the 1st of July, 1857, in her nineteenth year." And so every room, and almost every spot, had felt the stain of blood. There was no alternative but battle or death. To surrender was certain murder; to continue the struggle they could only die, with some faint hope of rescue.

After going over the moldering remains of the building in which the brave garrison of a few hundred held from fifty to a hundred thousand Sepoys at bay for five long months, and wondered how a single person could possibly escape that constant hail of death, we walked out the road to the cemetery, the very road

along which Sir Henry Havelock came to the timely relief of that little band. Every footfall awoke a thousand tragic memories, until my nerves quivered with strange emotion. I tried to imagine the scene when that knightly commander, having cut his way through the enemy's lines, marched his tattered legions into the Baillee Gate and looked upon the decimated garrison. He had seen the place of blood at Cawnpore—arriving as he did shortly after the massacre—and had heard the story of dreadful torture visited upon defenseless women and children. With all possible speed he had fought his way to their relief at Lucknow, only to find that death had reduced their numbers from seventeen hundred to about five hundred. There were tears in brave eyes that day. His friend, Sir Henry Lawrence, fell early in the siege, and as he inquired for one and another whom he had known on the field and loved in the camp, the sad answer came, "He is dead." But the great Christian soldier could give only a few moments to grief, and at once turned attention to strengthening their position and awaiting other relief. His force was too weak to raise the siege, the Sepoy army having increased to fully a hundred thousand, and it was not until Sir Colin Campbell and his heroic Highlanders appeared November 18, 1857, that the joy of rescue was realized and the song of victory was sung.

In the churchyard near by are the graves of the fallen, and over them appropriate monuments have been lovingly erected. I was especially attracted by the slab which covers the sleeping dust of Sir Henry Lawrence, and the simple inscription placed thereon at his own dictation, after receiving his mortal wound: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty.

May the Lord have mercy on his soul. Born 28th of June, 1806. Died 4th of July, 1857."

Other palaces, mosques, and tombs built by the lavish and skilled hands of the Mogul kings, were visited, including "the Palace of Light" and the Great Imambara, erected during the famine as a relief work, and completed in 1784 at a cost of £10,000,000. It contains the largest hall in the country. No wood-work was used in its construction, and the walls are sixteen feet in thickness. With much regret we had to forego the privilege of a visit to the king's summer place, five or six miles in the country, where the gallant Gen. Havelock died November 24, 1857, and there lies buried. He escaped the dangers of war, only to die of disease shortly thereafter, but in the triumphs of a Christian's faith.

It was also no little disappointment that we could not visit the prosperous missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Lucknow, and see the veteran missionary, Dr. E. W. Parker, to whom I had a very kind letter from our Dr. Y. J. Allen, of Shanghai. It is doubted if in all India more thorough and successful mission work is being done than by this consecrated and noble band of toilers in Lucknow. I wanted to see Miss Thoburn and her school—the first lady missionary in Methodism to go to a foreign field *under the auspices of a Woman's Board*.

Cawnpore, on the Ganges, is only forty-six miles from Lucknow, whither we went in the afternoon to spend a few intensely interesting, but sadly-sweet hours. Here the most distressing and horrible event of the mutiny was enacted: the butchery of about five hundred persons after they had surrendered, on prom-

ise of protection and safe transportation to Allahabad. We drove past the ruins of an old forsaken stone mansion, where Nana Sahib had his headquarters, and from which, doubtless, he issued the infamous order of massacre that will doom him to eternal execration. Over the battlefields, just outside the line of intrenchments of Sir Hugh Wheeler and his small force, now marked by a well-trimmed hedgerow, a large company had gathered to witness a tournament. Mimic knights on gayly decked horses were dashing over ground where less than forty years ago the thunder of artillery was heard and contending armies were met in deadly conflict. It may have been mere sentiment—unmanly sentiment, if you please—but I thought these successors of Gen. Wheeler might have selected fields a little farther away from those heroic graves, in which to run and play.

Within one corner of the hastily improvised line of fortifications is a beautiful monument with this inscription: "This stone marks a spot within Wheeler's intrenchment. It covers the remains, and is sacred to the memory, of those who were first to meet their death when beleaguered by mutineers and rebels in June, 1857." These were the first to fall, but when deaths became numerous it was necessary to go farther for interment, and a large number were buried in a well west of the new Memorial Church, and inclosed in a little garden. The old well near the monument referred to above, with its old-fashioned windlass, is interesting from the fact that the besieged depended upon it for water, and many lost their lives while trying to save life from burning thirst under a torrid sun. The Memorial Church, just outside the line of intrenchments, is a handsome Gothic structure, and was built at a cost of

£20,000, partly defrayed by the government. The marble floor inside the chancel was given by the Maharajah of Jodhpur—a fact which indicates that not all the natives sympathized with the horrors of that mutiny. The names of all who lost their lives in Cawnpore during that siege are inscribed on tablets in the church. Just outside the church is a grave in which are buried the bodies of Maj. Vibart and others, who escaped the massacre of the boats, but were captured and killed farther down the river.

We drove to the "*Memorial Ghat*" on the river bank where the first shameful butchery occurred. To that place the little garrison repaired under terms of honorable agreement with Nana Sahib in order to take boats for Allahabad, one hundred and thirty miles down the river. But no sooner were they crowded into their little crafts than a murderous fire was turned upon them from various hiding places. In a few minutes the sacred Ganges ran red with the blood of nearly two hundred innocent persons. The survivors—mostly women and children—to the number of two hundred, were carried into the town and imprisoned in a small building. On the river bank, in front of a little temple, stands a stone cross with this simple inscription :

In
Memoriam
27th June,
1857.

After three weeks of agonized suspense and torture the incarcerated women and children were cruelly put to death, lest they should be rescued by an army supposed to be approaching Cawnpore for the purpose. They were cut with knives and beaten with bludgeons

until blood and brains stood in great pools on the floor. Then the mangled bodies of dead and dying were cast into a well near by the house of slaughter. In all history there is not a more heartrending story.

That well is now in the center of a beautiful garden, and is itself inclosed by a stone balustrade adorned with carved leaves and ivy wreaths. Just over the well is a tall angel in white marble, with drooping wings, leaning against the cross, and holding two palm leaves in her hands. Around the stone pedestal upon which the angel stands is this inscription: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, cruelly massacred near this spot by the rebel Nana Sahib, and thrown, the dying with the dead, into the well beneath on the 15th day of July, 1857." But a few paces from this place, now so beautiful but once so awful, is a white marble cross on a black marble pedestal, with these words carved thereon:

In Memoriam.
On this spot stood the
House of Massacre.
July 15, 1857.

Into this garden natives are not allowed to go. In perpetual memory of that horrid brutality, they cannot approach the sacred places where the innocent and defenseless were cruelly put to death. While standing in front of the inclosed well, and studying the pose and expression of the angel in marble, I saw a well-dressed native alight from a gharry and start up the graveled walk. As soon as discovered, a soldier in a red coat caught him rudely by the shoulder and ordered him out. He went, but with a sorrowful expression, which seemed

to say, Are the sins of the fathers to be visited upon their children for *all* generations?

As another result of that mutiny, the English do not allow the natives to learn the use of heavy guns. They are employed in the cavalry and infantry service to the number of over a hundred thousand, but not one is enlisted in the artillery, or ever permitted to fire a fifty-pounder. The cannon that they were trained to use, when the mutiny occurred, were seized and turned upon their teachers with deadly aim. Indeed, they came near converting a rebellion into a successful revolution. How often has this fact been repeated in the history of men and nations! Arms given for defense have been traitorously used in attack. Men have received the culture and equipment of Christian institutions, and used the same to assail their integrity and virtue.

Of the causes which produced this storm of rebellion much has been written. No doubt many things conspired thereto, chief among them a general discontent at the grasping and growing power of a foreign government. They saw their estates confiscated, and their small kingdoms annexed, one after another, and knew that the end of their independence as a people had come. The railroad and telegraph were expressions of a new civilization. Then a few months before the King of Oude had been shorn of his crown, and removed from his palace at Lucknow to an estate at Calcutta, under the shadow of Government House and the guns of Fort William. That occasioned irritation. There was a painful tension of the public mind. And, as a well-known author truly says, "Panic acts on an Oriental population like drink upon a European mob." In that state of excitement a report gained currency

that the cartridges used by the army were "greased with the fat of pigs—animals unclean alike to the Hindoo and Mohammedan." The cry of religious persecution was raised—that they were to be forced to forsake mosque and temple, and become Christians at the point of the bayonet. And so Hindoo and Mohammedan, though inveterate enemies, made common cause in the rebellion, and fought like demons under a black flag, asking no quarter and sparing not a single life which chanced to fall into their cruel hands.

Thus a day was spent among the desolations of a generation—the sad memories of a bitter struggle. I am glad to have visited these historic places, and especially to see how graciously the grasses and flowers of peaceful nature cover the scars of war, and thus try to make us forget that brothers ever shed each other's blood.

Delhi, December 6, 1894.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AGRA, THE CITY OF THE TAJ.

AS our stay in India is limited, we have found it necessary to travel at night and diligently use the days in seeing the famed cities and palaces of this land, so rich in architectural glory. We reached Agra from Cawnpore in the night, and had a few hours' refreshing sleep. Orders were given, however, to be called at half past six o'clock. So, with an early *choto-hazari* (tea and toast), we devoted the morning hours before breakfast, at ten o'clock, to Agra Fort and its many attractions. Built by Akbar the Great, 350 years ago, it stands as one of the most robust monuments of the engineering skill and warlike spirit of the whole Mogul dynasty. It has a circumference of one and one-fourth mile, and is located on a high elevation at a bend in the river Jumna, and overlooks that sacred stream. Its solid masonry and frowning parapets and splendid towers and square Hindoo walls have stood the test of centuries, and seem as strong to-day as when the heavy stones were swung into place and became an impregnable defense against all invading armies. I have seen buildings more pleasing to behold and "fairer to the eye of beauty," but nowhere in the East a structure so impressive and imposing as the fort at Agra. It is of red sandstone, and made strong enough to resist any enginery of war known to that period of strife and conquest. A regiment of British soldiers are now quartered there, and English guns are planted on its parapets.

We were first conducted into the palace of red sandstone in which the great Akbar, the restorer of the house of Tamerlane, himself resided. Its numerous apartments and graceful arches and stupendous colonnades, though now much neglected, reflect the strong, granite character of that greatest of Mohammedan rulers. But the glory of the structure has been eclipsed by the marble palaces adjoining, erected by his grandson, Shah Jehan. Here admiration was lost in amazement—everything of purest white marble, save as it was relieved by the flashing facets of inlaid jewels, or the marvelous frescoes of some great master. What affluence of exquisite taste! What magnificent prodigality of architectural splendor! What munificent offerings to the love of the beautiful!

We walked into a marble drawing-room where the king entertained his private guests, where the cares of the empire were laid aside. The massive columns and graceful arches were enriched with delicate and elaborate carvings of flowers and wreaths. The marble ceiling was frescoed, but the harmonious colors had been dimmed by the dust and wear of centuries. A small space, a few feet square, restored and retouched by the government in 1875, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit, at a cost of 700 rupees, indicated how beautiful was the design and how vast was the outlay when the palace was first erected. Adjoining this splendid drawing-room was an open marble court, the galleries around supported by massive columns of purest marble, polished to perfection and glistening like snow in the early morning sunlight. In this open court the king sat to rest, meditate, and enjoy the charming landscape of winding river and green

valley, waving with growing crops, and stretching away into the distance for many, many miles. Up the river a short distance, and in full view, was the world-renowned Taj, on which the king looked and wept after the burial of his beloved queen. On either side of the court was a marble sitting room in which the ladies of the palace sat and peered through marble screens at the same enrapturing landscape. Thus, however rich her possessions and magnificent her surroundings, woman was discriminated against; she was excluded and secluded, and to her eyes the very hills and valleys were obscured by screens. And this seclusion is carried even into the grave. Some of their splendid tombs are shut off from others by a lattice of stone.

Connected with this court is the king's marble bath, so arranged that the self-indulgent monarch could swim in a crystal sea paved with marble, or luxuriate under the gentle sprays from the sacred river conducted through marble fountains.

Near the court also are the apartments known as the Queen's Palace, on which the king lavished wealth and art with a munificent hand. All India and the world were searched for jewels and precious stones with which to adorn the home of his beloved queen, for whose sepulture he afterwards built the Taj, the costliest mausoleum and most beautiful building probably ever erected by human genius. There is an almost bewildering luxuriance of decoration, especially in the octagonal room at the corner, but without gaudiness or the slightest offense against perfect taste. Amid all the rare tracery of figure and flower, and all the mosaics of inlaid rubies, sapphires, agates, and

other precious stones, there is nothing tawdry, but a chaste, quiet harmony preserved throughout.

Adjoining these apartments, in a small court, is a marble fountain, also inlaid with rarest stones, through which rose water sent its crystal spray, and perfumed all the atmosphere breathed by the loved and honored queen of Shah Jehan. And connected with the court and its rose-water fountain was a checkerboard drawing-room—the floor checked with white and black marble—for the queen and her ladies in waiting to entertain the tedium of the days in innocent games. The queen's bath, of white marble, is inlaid with small mirrors, so arranged as to give the most marvelous effects of light. When our guide brought in a candle, the whole room—walls and ceiling—was ablaze with jewels, and flashed like the facets of a million diamonds.

Another place especially interested me, as it carries out that national idea of woman's exclusion and seclusion. It *was the ladies' private market*. On a rear veranda, and under a marble canopy, the queen and her attendants sat while the court below was filled with all manner of goods and wares from which to make selections. Though they could not go out, the markets of the world were brought to them, and in that way, I suppose, they were able to *keep up with the fashions*.

But of the Hall of Private Audience, where the king sat on Akbar's throne of black marble, and from which he could view the fights below between elephants and tigers; and of the great Hall of Public Audience, with its massive pillars and gilded ceiling, and where causes were heard and honors bestowed; and of many, many other wonderfully beautiful things, I cannot write.

We lingered meditatively for a few moments in a small marble chamber—built originally as a sort of dressing room to the queen's private apartments—in which the deposed Emperor Shah Jehan spent the last seven years of his life as a prisoner. Shorn of crown and throne, the proud emperor, and the world's greatest builder of palaces, died a prisoner in the hands of his own inhuman son, and in a marble prison of his own construction. It is said that just before the hour of release came he begged the privilege of being carried into the large octagonal room, that the last earthly thing on which his eyes rested might be the beautiful Taj in the distance, which he had built and jeweled for the resting place of his faithful and loving wife. There was something strangely pathetic in the story, recalled so vividly as we stood in the historic room. What a mockery of fate! What a bitter revenge of history! He built a palace which became his prison. He wrought in purest marble, which became cold and cruel as iron in his soul. But he reaped the harvest of his own sowing. He suffered at the very point where himself had grievously and grossly sinned. He fought against his father, and in turn was deposed and imprisoned by his own son. It is said of his father, the Emperor Jehanjar, that "his reign of twenty-two years was spent in reducing his rebellious sons." What a bitter and suggestive chain of historic facts! For four generations the Mogul dynasty suffered the curse of rebellious sons.

The Pearl Mosque, connected with the palace, erected in 1654 by Shah Jehan, and of clearest white marble, is claimed to be "the purest and loveliest house of prayer in the world." I have no disposition to dispute

the claim, for it seemed to me a magnificent anthem in stone, faultless in tone, and absolutely perfect in every melodious measure. Over the archways extracts from the Koran are inlaid with black marble. The ladies of the court had a private entrance on one side, and down that colonnade are forty-five separate places for prayer marked off on the marble floor—one for each lady. In the main body of the building, where the men bowed in their devotions, there were 570 separate spaces. Here, as in all Mohammedan mosques, there are no seats, no paintings nor images, and no furniture of any kind, only a marble stairway on which the priests stand to read the Koran. Worshipers come in, kneel in their places on the floor, repeat their prayers, and quietly retire. The great columns supporting the many-domed roof are solid pieces of marble, four feet square. The white marble domes looked like fairy bubbles swelling up from the roof and floating gracefully toward the skies.

But I have lingered too long in Agra Fort. There are other architectural and historic glories in this ancient city of the successors of Tamerlane. Passing out of the great fortress, attention was called to a richly carved and heavily paneled gate from a Hindoo temple at Somnath, made of sandalwood, and 900 years old. By the wise order of the governor general, in 1842, it was brought here for safe keeping. I noticed also a tablet inscribed to Sir John Strachey, who rescued and preserved the Taj and other famous monuments. It was erected by the Earl of Lytton in 1880. Such a man, with an eye to appreciate the works of genius, and the courage to stay the hand of vandalism, deserves grateful and prominent memorial.

After breakfast we drove out to Secundra, five miles from Agra, the palace tomb of Akbar the Great, the real founder of the Mogul Empire as it existed for two centuries. Ascending the throne at fourteen, he reigned for nearly fifty years, and has left all over India imperishable memorials of his greatness as a man and king. The ample grounds at Secundra, adorned with trees and flowers and fountains, are entered through magnificent arched gateways, one on each side of the vast parallelogram. The one in front is itself an architectural wonder—a sort of triumphal arch, in red sandstone, tessellated with white and black marble, with lofty columns of white marble from fifty to seventy-five feet high, springing from the four corners. These, however, bear the marks of shell, shot by contending armies before the days of the mutiny. Inside of the great gate you stop for a long and charmed view of the Tower Palace, four stories high, crowned with domes and numerous small towers of pure white marble, which shone like burnished silver under a vertical sun. Within the building you are amazed at the rich marble paneling, carved with flowers, fruits, and vines, and all adorned with gold leaf. Into the vault below we were conducted by a guide with a lantern, and stood beside the plain marble sarcophagus which contains all that was mortal of one of the greatest heroes in history. In a room on the floor above is the beautiful pure white tomb of Akbar's favorite daughter, while in another are the modest marble coffins of the last King of Delhi and his wife. On the flat roof of the grand edifice, in a court of marble, surrounded by a balustrade of delicate marble screens, each corner surmounted by a dome, is another tomb of the great Akbar, with the

most elaborate and exquisite carvings. The longer one looks at that marvelous tracery of line and figure, its beauties continue to appear. There are lilies, chrysanthemums, ferns, and palm leaves, with flitting butterflies—and all preserving the most perfect harmony. This tomb is a solid piece of purest marble brought from Jeypore. At the head of the tomb is a marble urn, in which the celebrated diamond, Koh-i-noor, once worn in his crown, is said to have flashed its myriad and glorious lights, though now the property of England's Queen.

The afternoon was given to the Taj, the crown of Oriental architecture, and the consummate flower of the world's ideal in stone. Many things in nature and art, much lauded and rhetorically described, at first view disappoint an excited expectation. Hopes have been enkindled beyond possible realization. But I have never heard of such an experience of any visitor to this world-famed palace tomb. The tender story of its inception and construction—the expression of a king's pure and passionate love for his wife, desiring that she should have the loveliest and costliest tomb in which a fair form ever slept—itself fascinates before one gets a first view of this royal dream in marble. For seventeen years he watched the progress of the building, while twenty thousand men worked daily, from morning till night, and often wondered if he would live to see the last stone put in its place, and the last jewel in the marble casket where his dear one sweetly dreamed. The fifteen millions of treasure expended in its construction were gladly given, and twice the sum would have been but a poor offering of his ardent, grateful love.

The first impression one gets of the Taj, standing inside the grand gateway of red sandstone, is of an exquisitely beautiful and faultless picture. Then, as you examine it in detail—each separate arch, minaret, dome, frieze, and panel, up to the golden crescent on the central spire—every one seems a perfect piece of art and beyond the faintest criticism. Involuntarily you feel, and are almost ready to say, how beautiful! Too pure for mortal conception—too delicate to be wrought by human hands. It was the dream of a seraph and the handiwork of angels! I stood and gazed and wondered—was almost transported. But this rapture suffered a rather rude interruption. As I remained for a time admiring the picture, unconscious of my surroundings, suddenly two men at my side began a conversation. One said: “Bill, I *tell you*, she’s fine!” “Yes,” said Bill, “she’s nice—very nice.” And this was the comment of men who had made a pilgrimage to see a building which an accomplished historian says “should be reckoned as one of the wonders of the world.”

From the gateway to the first broad marble terrace there is a long artificial lake, with a paved walk on either side, filled with lotus flowers, on which numerous fountains play and keep them in glorious bloom. Flowers and foliage plants of every name and tint adorn the gardens, which are generously and beautifully kept by the English Government.

The building rests upon two platforms, the first of red sandstone about five feet high, 1,000 feet long, and 400 feet deep; the second of white marble 20 feet high and 400 feet square, with a graceful four-storied marble minaret, 137 feet high, at each of the four corners. In the center of this marble terrace stands the palatial

mausoleum 130 feet square, with the corners cut off to give it an octagonal expression, and a central dome tipped with a golden crescent, which rises to the height of 275 feet. The sides of the structure are relieved by dome-shaped recesses, each adorned with carved panels that give the most exquisite effects. Over the graceful arch of the main entrance, and on the facings of the doorway, sentences from the Koran, in Arabic characters, are inlaid with black marble. Whether the entire Mohammedan Scriptures are thus inlaid, as is claimed, I cannot say.

Under the central dome, and inclosed by a marble screen six feet high, which seemed delicate enough for the finest lace and inlaid with the rarest jewels, are the tombs of the Emperor Shah Jehan and the queen of his heart, Mumtaz Mahal. These are of solid white marble, inlaid with jewels and precious stones, and all set so as to bring out the most delicate tints of various flowers. Attention was called to one, a poppy flower, which contained no less than thirty different stones. On the tomb of the queen are inlaid Arabic characters in black marble, said to be the ninety-nine names of God. Around the sides of the large octagonal room, for four feet from the floor, there were great carved urns with flowers and foliage plants drooping over their sides, as if mingling their tears with the nation over the loved and honored dead. Of the rare and distinct echoes which fall back upon the ear from that wonderful dome we have all read. We made it reverberate with the name of our God, and as it came back in melody to our souls, I prayed that all India might soon learn to love and sing that precious name. The bodies are buried in a vault just below, and sleep in

marble coffins exactly like those in the room above. There are eight rooms in the building, besides the great rotunda. Those on the corners are octagonal, the others are square, and each finished as elaborately as the one in which the king and queen are laid to rest.

We climbed to the top of one of the minarets, and quietly studied the miracle in marble from another angle, located in a garden of flowers, and laved by the waters of the sacred Jumna. But the finest view is from the front, so there we returned and lingered long, that the glorious vision might be so stamped upon the soul as to never fade away—that the majestic music of that inspiring anthem in stone might be set to the measures of our psalm of life. And all this affluence of beauty and wealth of genius was a heart's tribute to a woman, and in a land where woman is degraded to the level of a beast of burden.

We also went across the river to see the white marble tomb of Etmad-od-Doulah, the Prime Minister of Akbar the Great, whose genius contributed not a little to the glory of the Mogul dynasty, and whose appropriate title signified "Trust of the Empire." His tomb was erected by his daughter of a romantic history, who afterwards became the wife of Emperor Jehanjar. This mausoleum in white marble, though not so large as the Taj, is really a gem of architectural symmetry and beauty. I regret that space will not allow a full description. Etmad-od-Doulah was a Persian by birth, and the grandfather of Mumtaz, for whom the Taj was built.

In Agra are seen the contrasts in Indian life. Under the shadow of these wonderful palaces are the mud hovels of the poor, which are as cheerless and filthy as the black holes of prairie dogs in the great West.

And the streets swarm with beggars who have the most forbidding way of displaying their deformities in order to extort charity. So the extremes of life are met together in this once brilliant Mohammedan capital.

The day spent in Agra will ever be notable in the memories of life. Its dawn opened the gates of the hope of years, and the evening twilight rested upon its joyous realization. I am glad and grateful.

Jeypore, December 7, 1894.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DELHI, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF THE MOGULS.

A VISIT to India would be quite incomplete without at least a day or two in Delhi, the once splendid capital of the great Mogul dynasty, and yet one of the leading cities of the empire. Dating back to the year 57 B.C., when the foundations of the first Dilli, or Dhili, were laid by Rajah Dilu, eight or ten miles from the present city walls, it has witnessed the struggles of more contending armies, the rise and fall of more pretentious dynasties, the success and defeat of more would-be emperors, and the shedding of more human blood, than possibly any other capital in all Asia. In looking over the history in order to refresh my memory, with this visit in view, I have been amazed at the continued story of storm and carnage—of intrigue, revolt, conquest, and massacre. Within a few miles of the present city, which was originally called Shahanabad, built by the Emperor Shah Jehan in 1648, are the ruins of seven or eight other great capitals, with their magnificent citadels and strong fortresses and brilliant palaces. As I passed out over that weary waste of dismantled and buried grandeur, it seemed like a veritable dwelling among the tombs. Here the violent and vandal Genghis Khan, with his conquering invaders, came to plunder and destroy; and here came the perfidious Tamerlane, to set up his throne for a season and wield a scepter of iron. And on through the centuries this record of blood continued, closing with the

sad chapter of the Sepoy rebellion at the Cashmere gate, September 15, 1857. During the invasion of Tamerlane, it is said, over one hundred thousand inhabitants of Delhi were cruelly murdered; and in other wars her streets were made to flow with human blood.

We arrived during the night from Agra, and after some hours of needed rest started out to see the historic capital of Shah Jehan, as well as "the desolations of former generations." The whole city seemed to have on its best attire. From public buildings flags were flying, and in shops and private dwellings there was not a little display of bunting. At certain cross streets we noticed triumphal arches, and in the distance heard the stirring notes of a brass band. Such an ado had not been made over our visit to any other Indian city, so we inquired the occasion for Delhi making that a gala day. A young soldier whom we chanced to meet said that the new governor general, Lord Elgin, was on a viceregal progress through the provinces, and was at that moment expected to arrive by special train in Delhi. That explained the display, and preserved our modesty.

We first visited the ancient fort, within which is the famous Palace. This was built by the Emperor Shah Jehan in 1638, and at an expense of fifty lacs of rupees, and was twenty years in progress of construction. (A lac is one hundred thousand.) The walls, one and a half mile in circumference, are of red sandstone, with lofty turreted pavilions of the same material on the corners and at other intervals. Over the magnificent Lahore gate, the one we entered—a grand Gothic arch—there is a tower and pavilion in which were the apartments of the officer of the Palace Guards. They are now occupied by a British officer connected with the

battery, whose great guns frown from the parapets of the Mogul fortress. Many of the splendid buildings which once adorned the grounds inside and used by the members of Shah Jehan's court—probably the most brilliant in the world—have been removed. But the Palace remains, with the halls of audience, and the marvelously beautiful little pearl mosque where the royal family were supposed to offer their daily petitions to Allah and his prophet.

We first stopped at the Hall of Public Audience, a large building open on three sides and supported by immense pillars of red sandstone. It is said these were formerly adorned with gilding and stucco work. Against the wall is a marble throne, eight or ten feet high, covered by a marble canopy, and adorned with mosaics in precious stones of the flowers, fruits, birds, and beasts of India. Just in front of the throne was a large white marble slab somewhat raised above the floor. It is said of Akbar the Great, the grandfather of Shah Jehan, that he stood or *sat below the throne* to administer justice. Whether this slab was ever so used by one of his descendants is not one of the traditions yet in possession of our loquacious Indian guide.

The Hall of Private Audience, for the reception of kings and nobles, is a pavilion of white marble, open on all sides, and supported by massive columns of marble, which, with the graceful arches, are elaborately ornamented with inlaid flowers and birds of precious stones. The ceiling was once thickly covered with filigree work in silver; but when the Mahrattas captured Delhi, in 1759, it was melted down and coined into money, amounting to £170,000. On the interior cornice, at each end of the hall, are gilt letters, said to be in the

Persian language, which, being translated, are: "If there is a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this." The arch over an entrance gate of marble screen work is ornamented with a pair of golden scales. Whether they were intended to represent the principles of justice which should be the habitation of a Mohammedan throne, or the golden generosity with which he would dispense gifts to his loyal subjects and allies, the symbol was appropriate and the adornment most beautiful. Had not my dictionary of adjectives been exhausted on Agra, I should be tempted to linger in this gorgeous palace. In this hall was the celebrated Peacock Throne of Shah Jehan, so called from the fact that it had the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, with expanded tails, and so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other stones as to seem like real life. The throne itself was of solid gold, inlaid with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. The canopy was of gold, supported by twelve pillars, ablaze with jewels, and fringed with pearls. Between the two peacocks stood the figure of a parrot, of ordinary size, said to have been carved out of a single emerald. Upon this gorgeous work of art the Emperor expended over £6,000,000. This throne, with almost incalculable treasures, was carried off by the Persian invader, Nadir Shah, in 1739. A model of it, I am told, is preserved at Lucknow, which would have been visited had I known it in time.

Adjoining this hall are the royal baths, all in white marble, and ornamented with inlaid stones on a scale of splendor equal to that displayed throughout the palace. But the hand of the vandal has been at work; many of those rare jewels have been picked out, and are

no doubt set in the rings and pins of the wealthy in many climes.

After breakfast we drove out the Delhi gate and visited the tombs and ruined palaces of the six or eight great cities that lie buried on the hills for many miles. The dusty road was crowded with curious little canopied vehicles, filled with natives and drawn by bullocks, while donkeys and women trudged along beneath their heavy burdens. But however filthy and burdensome her load, every woman was bedecked with rings and bangles.

About four miles from the city is the tomb of Emperor Humayon—the father of Akbar the Great—built by his widow, Haji Begum. This is claimed by competent authority to be “the earliest specimen of the architecture of the Mogul dynasty,” and undoubtedly furnished the model for the matchless Taj. The building, which rests on two broad terraces, is of red sandstone inlaid with white marble, while the magnificent dome is entirely of white marble, and is a marvel of majestic grace. The upper terrace was once entirely surrounded with marble screen work, but that has nearly all disappeared. In the center is the sarcophagus of the Emperor in beautifully cut marble, while other royal Moguls sleep in the adjacent rooms. The place was shown us where the last Mogul Emperor was captured in 1857, and near by where his sons were arrested and shot.

The old strong-walled fort within which the Emperor Humayon lived, and where he died, is nearer the city, and was also visited. The large mosque therein, with its five horseshoe arches decorated with blue tiles and marble, is said to be “a fine specimen of the architecture of the Afghan period.” It was the call to prayer in this beautiful building that led to the acciden-

tal death of the Emperor. He was occupying a large stone octagonal building not far away as a library, and hearing the call to prayer he started up suddenly and fell headlong down the stairway. We climbed up into the dreary chamber by the very irregular steps on which the nation lost its king. But when I read in a book this morning of that Emperor's heartless treatment of his brother, it seemed a strange fact that he should lose his life in an impatient desire to attend the house of prayer. The story is that when he conquered and captured his rebellious brother Comran, he ordered that his eyes be put out by having them pierced repeatedly with a lancet, and that lemon juice and salt should be squeezed into the wounds. To atone for such a crime he ought to have been willing to break his neck in an anxiety to pray. The wonder is that he did not spend the days and nights on his kneeling stone in that great mosque, and there die a martyr to his devotions.

Near Humayon's tomb is a wilderness of mosques and mausoleums. Some of the latter contain distinguished dead, and are kept in a fair state of preservation. There is the *Sixty-four Pillared Hall*, built of marble throughout, the pillars supporting twenty-five domes. The cut marble screen which once inclosed it has been almost entirely destroyed. Here rest in marble *sarcophagi* some of the illustrious members of the royal families. But a few paces away is the beautiful tomb of Jehanara Begum, the daughter of Emperor Shah Jehan. She is said to have been an estimable princess, and on account of Emperor Aurungzebe's treatment of her brothers, soon refused to share the splendors of his court. On her tomb, in inlaid Arabic characters of black marble, is this inscription dictated

in part by herself: "Let no rich canopy cover my grave; this grass is the best covering for the tomb of the poor in spirit. The humble, the transitory Jehanara, the disciple of the holy men of Cheest, the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan." And so the grass does wave over her peaceful grave, but her virtues are more applauded than those who sleep under marble canopies.

Near by is the tomb of the poet Khusroo, who is not very happily styled "*The Parrot of India*." Certainly great respect is paid to his resting place, and it is said that the music of his lyre, which was the delight of courts and princes, has been for five hundred years the popular songs of the people. So while the pomp and splendor of royal thrones have become a mere memory, humble but immortal genius lives and reigns in the hearts and melodies of millennial years. Though his fame had not reached the New Word, I was glad to learn the story, and lingered at his tomb for a few moments to study its impressive and suggestive lessons.

Returning to the city from these graves of buried centuries we had a good view of an ancient stone pillar not very far from the Delhi gate. It dates back to the third century before Christ, but was not placed in its present position until the year 1351. An authority on Indian history and archæology claims that this was one of the seven pillars erected by order of King Asoka, on which were carved edicts containing the principal doctrines of Buddhism. But in a little book I found several days ago there is a clever Hindoo legend about this stone. It is that this and another great stone were the walking-sticks of their shepherd god, and their theory was that this pillar could not be removed from its resting place in Kumaon till the day of judg-

ment. Feroz Shah, hearing this, to confound the Hindoos, ordered the removal of the stone, and had it set up in its present place. Of its ancient origin and Buddhist inscriptions there can be no doubt.

We drove down Chandni Chouk, the long and wide street of the city, with a row of shade trees in the center, and celebrated for its brilliant shops and picturesque scenes. But apart from the crowd of curiously and gaudily dressed people who thronged the thoroughfare, many of them attracted thither hoping to see the viceroy, there was nothing to command special attention. I had read accounts of the moving masses of richly dressed natives "riding on caparisoned horses, lounging on elephants, or borne along in party-colored palanquins," and expected to be dazzled with the Oriental splendor. But all that has passed away, never to return. I did not see an elephant, and only a few poorly fed camels moving meekly under their immense burdens. Thus the Occident encroaches upon the Orient. The dazzling glories of the India of history will soon fade away. Every day marks a change, which is little else than a downfall. I should be glad to think that the incoming is better than the receding order of things. But we must not mistake a so-called Christian civilization for Christianity. And in this connection I must express my profound sorrow over the reported indifference, if not hostility, of the English official classes to Christianity. They are an obstruction to missionary work, and a stone of stumbling to the heathen, who interpret Christianity through them. I have heard of one to whom a servant, under conviction of the Spirit, applied for counsel, actually advising him not to give up his religion and become a Christian, telling him the

sacrifice was too great—he would lose caste with his own people and have no corresponding or compensating place with the Europeans. Of course, there are honorable and honored exceptions, but the great body of them are nothing more than heathen representatives of a Christian government.

As Delhi was one of the storm centers of the Sepoy mutiny, and with its recapture the rebellion ceased, we visited the field of battle which so signally displayed the superiority of courage and intelligence over mere power of numbers. A force of less than ten thousand effective men besieged and captured a strongly fortified city defended by sixty thousand armed soldiers. We alighted from our gharry at the Cashmere gate and read the inscription on marble reciting the story of how one leaf of that gate was blown open at sunrise on the morning of September 16, 1857, immediately followed by storming battalions, who soon gained complete possession of the citadel. On the high ridge beyond stands the lofty "Mutiny Monument, one hundred and ten feet high"—an open Gothic structure of red sandstone of chaste and elegant design. Around its pedestal, inscribed on inlaid white marble, are the roll of officers who commanded the British forces, the number of regiments and men in the ranks, the list of casualties, and the names and dates of the terrific battles in which brave men went down to heroic death. We climbed to the top by a spiral stairway, and had a magnificent view of the country for many leagues. From that height we looked down upon the ruins of eight cities and the buried civilizations of more than twenty centuries. In the distance, eleven miles away, was Kootub Minar, the highest pillar in the world, standing like a sen-

tinel over the sacred tombs of ages, and wearing a gilded helmet burnished by the slanting rays of the evening sun.

The last place visited was Jumna Musjid, the most famous mosque in the East, and the largest in the world. It is located on a high, rocky elevation within the city, half way between the Cashmere and Delhi gates, near the celebrated Chandni Chouk on one side and not far from the Fort and Palace on the other. It is the most conspicuous and massive building in the city, and its tall minarets of red stone and white marble are first to greet the coming of every visitor to the ancient Mogul capital. There are three great gateways of red sandstone, and each is approached by a long flight of stone steps. These lead into an immense quadrangle of 450 feet, in the center of which is a large marble reservoir, where the worshiper must stop and wash his hands, mouth, face, and feet each three times before he enters the house of prayer. On the west side is the mosque, 201 feet long and 120 feet broad, surmounted by three domes of white marble, each crowned with a gilt spire. This is faced and paved with marble, each slab on the floor bordered with black, forming a kneeling place for a worshiper. There is a small recess in the wall, which fronts toward Mecca, and by it is the marble stair pulpit. The two minarets are 130 feet high, made of stone and marble placed in vertical layers. The other sides of the quadrangle are inclosed by long stone colonnades, and on each corner is an octagonal pavilion of white marble. This magnificent pile was built by Shah Jehan at a cost of over £100,000, and is said to have employed 5,000 workmen for six busy years. I am told that not less than 4,000 persons crowd this spacious and sacred hill at one time

on Fridays when the muezzin chants the call to prayer. By the way, I discovered a few days since, in a recent and charming volume on Egyptian manners and customs, the reasons for fixing upon Friday as the Sabbath of the Moslems. It is said they did it "because Adam was created on that day, and died on the same day of the week, and because the general resurrection was prophesied to happen on that day."

The building, confiscated after the Sepoy mutiny, was restored to the Mohammedans, and repaired by the government on condition that all Europeans should be allowed free access. At other Mohammedan places of worship we have tried to visit—in Madras and elsewhere—privilege was only given to stand without and afar off, lest Gentile feet should profane the sanctuary which looks toward Mecca, and echoes the prayers to Allah. As we turned away from the massive building, so wonderful in architecture and faultless in finish, the falling twilight shadows seemed to sympathize with my sorrow that it did not represent a purer faith and was not the shrine of a holier and more intelligent worship. The day surely will come when every Mohammedan mosque and Hindoo temple will become a place of Christian worship. The conquering Christ not only claims, but *intends to have*, the heathen for an inheritance. However firmly the foe may be intrenched, and however devoted the heathen millions may now be to their false gods and foolish superstitions, the day of deliverance will come, and Christ will be crowned Lord of all. That hope has been kindled afresh as I have studied, often with a sorrowing heart, the great mission fields of the East.

Bombay, December 10, 1894.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN JEYPORE AND BOMBAY.

A NIGHT'S railway ride to the southward from Delhi brought us to Jeypore, the beautiful capital of the native state of Jeypore. This was like turning back the dial of a century, for we were at last in the veritable "India of the Rajahs"—one of the states where a native prince still reigns and rides an elephant. Not having given special attention to the geography of India, I was surprised to find so large a part of the country yet under the rulership of native potentates—about one-fifth of the population and two-fifths of the territory. But they are not entirely independent. In the capital of each a representative of the British Government resides, who is styled the Agent or Resident. He is to keep an open eye on the interests of England, and is the political adviser of the native prince, having more authority than an ordinary diplomat at a foreign court. These native rulers levy taxes, collect revenues, and administer all their internal affairs without interference, unless some case of oppression is referred to the Resident. They have small armies, but are not allowed by the British Government to wage war against other states. Jeypore is such a state, and the city of the same name is such a capital, the king thereof having the title of Maharajah.

As this is off the line of ordinary tourist travel, and guests are comparatively few, the competitions and contentions of hotel runners were more noisy and vio-

lent than we have found in all the East, even in Madras. There are only two hotels, and it is no small matter to get a guest, and, on his departure, secure a fulsome testimonial. They pulled so violently that we were in danger of being disrobed, and shouted so loud that we could scarcely hear our ears. Underbidding was lively even to ferocity, and at last we were offered a free carriage and handsome entertainment for three rupees a day. Outside of Calcutta, hotel rates in India are quite cheap, but by the time a guest escapes from hard pillows, porters, stewards, guides, and baggage coolies, he has paid fairly well for all he has received. For all this he is urged to write in a book his extravagant appreciation of the superb hostelry, and give a separate, cordial testimonial (with *backsheesh*) to the efficiency of everyone who does anything for him, from blacking his boots or pulling a punka to honoring him with a morning *salam*.

Jeypore is said to be the most beautiful native city in India, a claim that I am quite prepared to sustain. The main street, extending from east to west, is two miles long and one hundred and twenty feet wide, lined on each side with handsome pink-colored houses, the second and third stories of which have ornamental bay windows. This is intersected at right angles by other streets of similar width, the whole being laid out in rectangular blocks. A massive stone wall, with numerous gates, incloses the entire city. On a lofty, rocky hill, overlooking the quaint Oriental capital, there is a strong fort, within which are an arsenal and the national mint.

Between the city gate and the railway station the Botanic Gardens are located, and very near one of the

Maharajah's several splendid palaces. In the center of this is Albert Hall and Museum, a beautiful white marble structure, begun under the reign of the former Maharajah, and, as a tablet in the main entrance declares, "to promote the welfare of his people, and to commemorate the visit to Jeypore of the Prince of Wales, by whom this foundation stone was laid on the 6th of February, 1876." It was erected at a cost of 494,000 rupees. Its walls are ornamented with portraits of all the Maharajahs of Jeypore, from 1503 to the present, and in the several halls there are splendid specimens of Egyptian, Chinese, Japanese, Indian, and European art. The museum is most creditable. There is an excellent zoölogical collection, especially of animals native to Rajpootana. The old one-armed keeper of the lions and tigers took evident pride in showing off the dreadful creatures of his special care. Our guide told the story of the loss of his arm as we stood at the lion's cage. That old monster of shaggy mane and mighty jaws was sick a year or two ago, and while the keeper was kindly ministering to him the old fellow became angered and bit off his master's arm. I would have felt very sorry for him but for the fact that he displayed his little stump of a right arm as an appeal for *backsheesh*. But the incident contains a lesson. I have known of other than irresponsible, ravenous beasts to turn and rend those who were trying to do them good. They take advantage of intended kindness to spring upon the unsuspecting and tear their reputation to tatters. The most ferocious thing in this world is heartless human ingratitude. But I have no idea of preaching a sermon, with a lion's cage in India for a pulpit, a one-armed Hindoo for a text, and the

hundred thousand readers of the *Advocate* for a congregation.

Adjoining his place near the Gardens the Maharajah has a private railroad depot, where his several Maharitas and their ladies in waiting can arrive and depart without attracting the gaze of the curious and profane. As far as possible the zenana seclusion idea must obtain even when high-caste woman travels on the public highways. Railroads, however, are great levelers—not only of hills and valleys, but of race and caste distinctions as well. This foolish caste system of India experienced a rude shock when the first railroad was built, and everywhere marks the breaking down of the barriers of centuries. Those who would not dare touch each other years ago, for fear of spiritual pollution, now jostle on the same platform, crowd into the same car, and sleep on the same seats.

We visited the splendid Palace in the city, and sat in the white marble Audience Hall, where the Maharajah receives his nobles, and representatives of other courts. Adjoining the Palace are beautiful gardens, with stone paved walks, artificial lakes, a hundred playing fountains, and the flowers and foliage of every bloom and clime. Here the wives of the zenana can luxuriate under tropical bowers and enjoy perfumed breezes away from the rude eyes of the world. The billiard hall in the garden is quite a building, very beautifully carpeted, furnished with the costliest covered sofas and divans, and cooled by punkas covered with white brocaded satin, while the walls are adorned with paintings and other pictures, including the American eagle and flag. One thing noted as we walked through the spacious garden had a gentle touch of pathos—a little

monument that marks the spot where the Maharajah's faithful dog was buried. It is of white marble, pagoda-shaped, and on the top is the sleeping figure of a dog in black marble. I thought of Abbotsford, and the stone figure of Sir Walter Scott's faithful friend, who slept at his feet while his master's busy pen was weaving fancies or making music for the enrichment of the ages. But this is more beautiful than the modest monument in the gardens at Abbotsford.

A visit to the royal stables disclosed something of the grandeur in which an Oriental sovereign can live when he has a chance. There were three hundred horses, and each horse had a separate groom. They were imported from Arabia, Australia, England, and elsewhere, besides a large number from the native states of Rajpootana. In them flowed the best blood of the world, and some had the fleetest feet on the Indian turf. There were horses for the royal carriages, horses for the Rajah's bodyguard, and horses for his hunting parties. Each horse was tied with three ropes—one around his neck to a ring, and one around each hind foot to a small post ten or fifteen feet off. These posts were of white marble, and the trough in each stall was also trimmed with marble. In these stables was a little Hindoo shrine, for the accommodation of the three hundred horsemen, who may pay their daily vows to the gods and ask good luck upon the steeds committed to their care. The other quarters, where the one hundred royal elephants are kept, we failed to see. The Maharajah was on a visit to the Zenana Palace, while we were in the grounds, and in response to a request for the privilege of visiting Amber Palace, seven miles from the city, and the ancient capital of Jeypore,

promptly replied, granting the request, and stating that an elephant would meet us at 3 P.M., at a certain point two miles from the palace, and transport us thither. We met the appointment, and the elephant—a veritable moving mountain. What an immense creature! He was gayly caparisoned in red and yellow, with a large double saddle on top, called a “howdah,” for the accommodation of four or six persons. The manager rode on his neck, just behind his big ears, and by means of an iron instrument with which he punctured the beast’s head controlled him perfectly. He knelt down for us to mount, which was accomplished by means of a ladder. Did I like it? Do you suppose I would enjoy a miniature earthquake sending a shiver through every nerve, and that for two mortal hours? And then I am “afraid of that which is high.” But there is some satisfaction in having ridden a high horse just once.

The Palace crowns a lofty, rocky summit, from the marble top of which we viewed a scene which Bishop Heber is quoted as saying is the most striking, picturesque, and beautiful he ever beheld. Though very beautiful, it did not impress me quite so vividly, probably because of my ride on an earthquake, and the prospect of returning by the same train and schedule. In the Palace there is a temple, before which a kid is sacrificed every morning; and on certain feast days, twice a year, one hundred and eight kids and five buffaloes are offered in sacrifice to the gods. On these occasions the Maharajah is present and witnesses the ceremony from his marble audience hall above. I am surprised that a man who seems to have broad and progressive views on governmental affairs should en-

courage by his presence that blind superstition of the Dark Ages. His country will never grow beyond the ignorant Hindoo fakirs that inhabit the ruins of the old city of Amber, until they cease that slaughter of kids and buffaloes before hideous idols.

The streets of Jeypore presented a more thoroughly Oriental appearance by far than any city we have seen. The dress of the people, the noisy hucksters, the flashy bazaars, the trains of patient camels walking softly, one behind the other, the hundreds of donkeys ambling along under burdens larger than themselves, the crowded bullock-carts, the loaded buffaloes, dashing horsemen with runners by their stirrups, and the throngs of men, women, and children, made a picture that entirely corresponded with my dream of Oriental life. And to add picturesqueness to the scene, we passed six wedding processions, all dressed in red, and marching to music and singing. In each case the bride was a mere child, her dress of scarlet differing from the others only in the liberal use of gilt on that part which covered her head. Thus ended our day in Jeypore—a rare episode in our Oriental wanderings.

From Jeypore we went direct to Bombay—a long journey of thirty-six hours, and much of it through a sandy section as dreary as a desert. However, two things everywhere abounded—crows and goats, and they are familiar friends. I have seen four crows sitting on the back of a goat while he picked away at the dry grass, seeming himself to enjoy their free ride. The rainfall of this section is sufficient to produce large crops, but it comes all at once, and is confined to a month or six weeks. In this respect there are greater differences in India than in any country I have ever

known—the figures ranging from 5.24 inches, or nearly four feet, as in Cherapoonji, in Assam, to only two inches at some points in Sinde. These figures will interest some of my readers: Mahoblesher has a rainfall of 300 inches; Bombay, 71; Calcutta, 66; Madras, 50; Delhi, 24; and Sinde, 2. Hence, in most parts of the country it is necessary to irrigate to keep starvation from the doors of millions.

Arriving at Bombay on Saturday morning, December 8, we found the Great Western Hotel quite full of persons ready to sail in a few hours for England. The very thought quickened every pulse-beat, and made me desire to hasten the hour of our anchor-lifting. And this was only intensified by the cheery letters we read from home. The papers were read, even through the advertisements. And here I want to record my gentle protest against the growing editorial proscription of obituaries in our religious papers. These stories of triumphing faith and consecrated service are the richest heritage of the Church. They have led many to seek the Lord, and kindled new zeal in thousands whose love had lost its glow, and in whose faith there was no longer the element of daring conquest. We want to know still that the "Methodists die well."

Bombay, the chief seaport of Western India and capital of the Bombay Presidency, is a busy, stirring city of nine hundred thousand inhabitants. It is built on a cluster of islands, and has one of the most magnificent harbors in the world. Its history dates back to the coming of the Portuguese, and memorials of their commercial enterprise and military genius are yet to be seen. A small section of the old fort is preserved as a relic of the stormy years that tested the fiber of every

man's courage who ventured to this much-coveted land of massacres and mutinies. Bombay has many splendid buildings, and is the only city in India with a respectable street-car system, all owned, by the way, by American capitalists. It is fast becoming the Manchester of India for manufacturing enterprise, having already one hundred and thirty cotton mills and several for the weaving of woolen goods. Probably on this account cotton goods are admitted free, though everything else has to pay a small tariff. Just why England thus discriminates against one of her colonial possessions I suppose her great statesmen can give satisfactory answer—to themselves.

In this connection I cannot refrain from expressing surprise that in exacting an income tax from all whose stipend is over forty rupees a month the English Government in India does not exempt the salaries of missionaries, paid by foreign boards. The men and women engaged in the moral and religious upbuilding of the country, and sustained by the money of the benevolent in other countries, must pay the government for the privilege. To my mind, this is little less than an iniquity. Heathen China is more generous. The argument that the government protects them while they preach may be also claimed for China and Japan.

But here everything must be taxed to sustain an expensive government. Riding through Bombay one afternoon with Rev. Mr. Robertson, presiding elder of the Bombay district, attention was called to large figures in white paint on the cocoanut trees from which the "toddy," the national drink, is extracted. These are numbered and taxed by the government. When Dr. Norman McLeod was in this country he noticed

these figures, and then looking at the feathery crowns of the trees, exclaimed: "O, India, even the hairs of thy head are all numbered!"

We visited the "Towers of Silence" on Malabar Hill early one morning—the horrid place where the Parsees dispose of their dead by giving them as food to vultures. There is one small private tower and three large ones, two or three hundred feet in circumference and about thirty feet high. One of the large towers is used only for those who may have committed suicide. So they who die by their own hands are placed apart—but eaten by the same vultures. Perched on one of the towers were a hundred or more of the filthy birds. The keeper of the grounds said they never left—were, indeed, too heavy to go very far; which being interpreted means, they are kept too fat on Parsee flesh to fly. The body is brought by corpse-bearers on an iron bier, disrobed of all clothing, and placed on top of the tower. In less than two hours all the flesh is consumed, and the picked bones fall through the grating below, which, after they crumble, are cast into a well. The Parsees worship the earth, and therefore would not pollute it by burying the dead therein. They worship fire, and therefore could not pollute that sacred element by throwing dead bodies into it. So the most religious, sanitary, and expeditious method, they conclude, is to give their dear ones to vultures, the divinely appointed scavengers of nature. Those towers and the waiting buzzards were, if possible, even more depressing and distressing to my spirit than the burning ghats of the Hindoos.

There are nearly a hundred thousand Parsees in Bombay. Many of them live in splendid mansions,

and all are bankers, merchants, or tradesmen. They are of much lighter color than other natives, and are so prosperous as to be called "the Jews of India." Of their religion, derived from Zoroaster, and brought with them from Persia, I have not space to write.

A complimentary excursion to the Elephanta Caves was given us Saturday afternoon in the "Mission Launch," by the members of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Bombay. We had a delightful ride over the bay to the island where these curious cave temples were excavated centuries ago. It was rather late to get the best view of the immense stone figures, some of them sixteen feet high, cut in relief on the solid rock, but the falling evening shadows gave the subterranean chapels a gloomy grandeur most impressive.

The hospital for sick animals, built and endowed by a wealthy Hindoo, I did not visit. There stray dogs are fed, and sick ones tenderly medicated. All animals, from a horse to a monkey, are treated just as scientifically as patients in the wards of any hospital in Europe or America. Of course, this freak of philanthropy has its source and inspiration in the doctrine of transmigration of souls. They honor their ancestors, and also may be preparing for their own soul's better future treatment by thus ministering to sick cows and kids. Whether or not, as reported, this idea is carried so far as occasionally to pay a man to lie still while fleas and other vermin feed upon him, I cannot say; but this is true—they will doctor a dog and let a human being die.

We worshiped on Sunday morning in Bowen Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, where Brother Wadsworth preached a helpful sermon to a good con-

gregation of Europeans and Eurasians. Bishop Thoburn arrived from America at five o'clock in the afternoon, and preached in that church at six. At the same hour I had the privilege of prophesying at the Grant Road Church, where as many as six different services are held every Sabbath in four languages. The Bowen Church is named in honor of Rev. George Bowen, for many years a faithful missionary in India, where he died in triumph, February 5, 1888. In 1872 he was associated with Rev. William Taylor (now Missionary Bishop of Africa) in the revival which resulted in the establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bombay. Everywhere I have heard the name of William Taylor, and seen the glorious fruits of his flaming zeal and earnest preaching. His work will abide through the ages.

On Monday I breakfasted with Brother Crane, in company with Bishop Thoburn and Brother Robertson. And in the evening we attended a *Tamashi*, at the girls' school, under the auspices of the ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The *Tamashi* is any sort of an entertainment; on that evening it took the form of celebrating the silver anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. An interesting programme was carried out in which the natives took prominent part. We had dinner with the ladies, and at eight o'clock attended a Welcome Meeting at Grant Road Church, where short addresses were made by Bishop Thoburn, Brother Wadsworth, and myself. I regretted not being able to attend the Conference which assembled at Poonah, December 12, the day we sailed from Bombay.

This ends our tour of India—a month crowded with

strange and wonderful experiences. Of only a few things have I been able to hurriedly write. The missionary problems have been specially in mind, and information as to progress and outlook eagerly sought. There are discouragements. The day of India's redemption is not nigh. The great Aryan race has hardly been touched. But every day marks a gain, and the years are full of promise.

Arabian Sea, December 19, 1894.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM INDIA TO EGYPT.

WE left Bombay on the afternoon of December 12, in the French steamer "La Sayre," which plies between Bombay and Aden, connecting there with the ships from Australia to Marseilles. She was not a large vessel, but well appointed and officered. In some respects we had the best accommodation yet enjoyed in all our ocean travels. We went first up the coast five hundred miles to Kurrachee, just above the mouth of the Indus, and quite near the shores of Beloochistan. Here a day was devoted to taking on an immense cargo of grain for shipment to the west. Kurrachee is the great shipping port for the northern provinces, and has 100,000 population, but is by no means an attractive city. Some hours were spent on shore in a drive through the principal streets and short visits to the market, museum, and botanic gardens. In the gardens there is an excellent zoölogical collection which contains some birds and animals not found heretofore in all the Orient. I have not seen anything more beautiful than the white peafowl. About the size and shape of the species so well known in America, it is less gorgeous, but has a far more quiet and attractive beauty. Here I saw for the first time a white crow, and recalled the old negro superstition about strange happenings if any such thing should ever be seen. The vulturine Guinea fowl and Afghan sheep were an addition also to my knowledge of birds and animals.

From Kurrachee our course was southwest to Aden, over the Arabian Sea, about fifteen hundred miles. We crossed the entrance to the Persian Gulf, and for most of the voyage were in sight of the Arabian coast. Aden was reached on the early morning of the 20th, and two days were spent there awaiting the vessel from Australia, to which we transshipped for Suez. It is quite impossible to imagine a more desolate-looking place than Aden, whose bleak volcanic hills are unrelieved by a single sprig of verdure. The rain falls here not oftener than once in three or four years. But as a coaling station and great gateway between the Red and Arabian seas, it is a most valuable British possession. During the two days spent in that large and beautiful harbor, not less than a dozen vessels, including several men-of-war, came in to coal or transfer cargo. One was loaded with Mohammedan pilgrims *en route* to Mecca, spending their last rupee on the journey, but perfectly happy at the thought, even though their native shores should never be seen again. What a charm that shrine of the Prophet has for the average Mussulman!

There was a war vessel quietly anchored in the Aden harbor, flying the Japanese flag. It seems that she was bought in England after war was declared between Japan and China, and is detained here by the British Government awaiting developments, fearing another international complication like the famous Alabama claims dispute.

The heat of Aden, though only thirteen degrees above the equator, was not so oppressive as was anticipated. Indeed, the decks of our vessel were delightful, cool breezes sweeping in from the sea every hour we

remained. Here we read and wrote, and were entertained by the diving boys and hucksters of ostrich feathers, shells, and precious stones. For any small coin one of those boys would leap from the top of our ship and dive under it from one side to the other. One little fellow remained so long under water that I feared he would never reappear; and while congratulating myself that I had not encouraged his recklessness, he popped up on the other side of the ship and shouted for another coin and dive.

On the ship from Bombay we had for a fellow-passenger a young officer, *en route* to England, who had been for six years in the civil service. He wore glasses, looked wise, talked loud, rolled his "r's," gave a few extra widths to the broad sound of his "a's," and affected omniscience on all subjects. He sneered at Christianity, lauded Hindoo philosophy, admired the *Ko-rân*, and expressed himself as ready to become a Mohammedan. Speaking of Emerson, a copy of whose essays a gentleman was reading, he said "he was one American writer who *tried* to keep up with the times." On the moral and religious condition of India, he said "the lying stories of the missionaries" could not be accepted, and that only a *civil service man* could give an independent and truthful report. He announced with oracular tone that he would soon publish a volume on the religions of the world—a work to which he had devoted the past five years. And yet this young Pecksniff prophet of the true religion and a larger hope drank whisky, pitched quoits on Sunday, and was ungentlemanly enough to swear even in the presence of ladies. Referring to a few Salvation Army officers on the vessel, he said "it was a disgrace to England that

they ever came to India." Such talk we had at every meal, until at length he disgusted everybody at the table, even a Hindoo and a drunken brother officer. Another member of our ship's company was from America—a Buckeye from Ohio. He had traveled much, talked all the time, had read little, and knew almost nothing. Yet he was an ignorant skeptic, and sneered at the divine authority of the sacred Scriptures. He said the Great Pyramid was built by old King *Chops*, that Jacob was a smart old sheik, and that the divinity of Christ was never thought of until that council at Nice, "when old Lord Constantine made them say so." Poor old man! I have pitied his stupidity and exhausted my ingenuity in trying to deflect his stream of talk into other channels.

At noon on the 22d, having gone aboard the "Armond-Behic," a magnificent ship of the Australian line, we steamed out of the harbor of Aden, and in a few hours were in the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. The next morning we were fairly launched on the Red Sea, with the coast of Africa occasionally in full view. There is nothing in the water of this historic sea to justify its name that I could discover. It was as blue as any ocean we had sailed, and as placid as a millpond. When glimpses could be caught of the African and Arabian coasts on either side, they seemed as ashen as if recently covered with lava.

I had hoped to spend Christmas day in Jerusalem or Bethlehem, but, failing in that, was quite content to be on the sea and nearing the place where the Lord "triumphed gloriously" in the salvation of Israel—where "the floods stood upright as a heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea." It was an

ideal day—a cloudless sky, a gently-rolling sea, and the crisp breeze sweeping down from the north, quickening step and giving joy to the heart. The passengers were glad-hearted, exchanging courtesies, and wishing each other good cheer. A French priest conducted an early mass, which I attended more out of respect to the joyous day celebrated than for any good I hoped to get from religious service in an unknown tongue. To our right were the bleak hills of Arabia, and off to the left were the mountains of Africa—all as bare as if blasted by the breath of His nostrils. To our right was Mecca, the sacred shrine of Islam; to our left was the Egypt into which Joseph fled “with the young Child and his mother.” Late in the afternoon we saw Mt. Sinai, upon which the Lord descended in fire, and where he wrote down his law in letters of lightning upon the solid rock. I went up in the pilot house, where the first officer kindly showed his chart of the sea, and with his glass and compass located the “awful mount” for me. All the passengers stood for an hour at the side of the ship and watched the shadows gather on his hoary summit as the sun went down behind the hills of Africa. Could it be true, thought I, that the bald peak on which my eyes rested was really the place where God talked with Moses? Thought ran back over the centuries to the day when “the whole mount quaked greatly,” and “the people stood afar off,” while “Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.” What changes have been wrought since those wondrous scenes! But that law stands immutable as when first written, and is the rule by which increasing millions guide their daily steps.

At two o'clock at night we were aroused, our vessel

having cast anchor in the Suez harbor. After some delay—there is need of great patience in the deliberate Orient—we boarded the steam launch, and at five o'clock in the morning stepped upon the great continent of Africa. Only a few Arabs, wrapped in white, loose robes from head to foot, were at the wharf, and they looked more like ghosts than men. Guided by a self-appointed dragoman, our baggage carried by coolies, we walked through the narrow, dreary streets to a hotel, to the music of "early cock-crowing" and the braying of donkeys. It has occurred to me that the national anthem of Egypt should be the bray of a donkey, for it is the first note to greet you in the morning and the last sound to die on the ear at night.

Suez is a city of 21,000 inhabitants, and is the official residence of a governor; but, apart from its location at one end of the great canal, and possessing a good harbor, it has no commercial or political importance. A walk through the streets in the morning, however, introduced us to some distinctive features of Egyptian life. We saw the peculiar veil worn by the women, which conceals the whole of the face except the eyes. This is of white muslin if worn by a young lady, but of glossy black silk if she is married. Whether this is done to conceal the charms of the other features or to display the beauty of the eyes, it is a ridiculous custom. Among the higher classes this veil is taken off at home only in the presence of the immediate family. I have been amused to see some very black women, perfect facsimiles of many I have seen on Southern plantations, walking the streets concealed by this black veil. Another thing impresses and distresses—the number of *persons with diseased eyes*. The whole country seemed

to be going blind, or to have an epidemic of sore eyes. I am told that a very large number of Egyptians are blind in one or both eyes, and others, because of the sun's intense glare, have a habit of shutting one eye.

At 10:40 A.M. we left by train for Cairo, the beautiful and intensely interesting capital of Egypt, which was reached after six hours' weary travel. Our course was first down the great canal to Ismailia, and then across the desert to the Valley of the Nile. We saw great ships moving slowly through that immense ditch cut across the isthmus, which has revolutionized the commerce and civilization of the East. I could not but recall the recent death of the great engineering genius who planned and constructed the mighty water way—a brilliant life whose evening was clouded with shadows and sorrows.

I had but a faint conception of a desert until this trip through sandy wastes, only relieved here and there in the distance by a slow-moving camel or an occasional group of palm trees near by a well of water. What life there is in water! I never appreciated before the force of that oft-repeated scriptural figure. Ezekiel's words in his vision of the holy waters came frequently to mind: "And everything shall live whithersoever the river cometh." It produced a strange sensation to recall the fact that over that very desert Abraham came when "the famine was grievous in the land" of Canaan, and near the lines we were traveling Moses led the children of Israel in their escape from "the affliction of Egypt." We passed places that were once the sites of "treasure cities" built by the Israelites during their sojourn in this land of plenty, but now the meanest and

poorest of mud villages. And when the beautiful and fertile Valley of the Nile was reached, we were in the "land of Goshen" where Israel dwelt and "had possession therein, and grew and multiplied exceedingly." How rapidly did the chronicles of the centuries pass before me! Here Jacob died and was carried up to Canaan for burial. Here the plagues were visited upon the land of the Pharaoh "who knew not Joseph," and who so cruelly oppressed God's chosen people. Here the passover feast was first eaten, and from the mud villages—doubtless much like the ones I now see—the Israelites started on that memorable wilderness journey. I saw the people harvesting corn, and thought of Joseph in prison interpreting dreams, brought before Pharaoh, and becoming the foster father and provider of his brethren who had sold him into slavery. I saw others making brick, and thought of Pharaoh's infamous order: "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick, and the tale of the bricks which they did make heretofore ye shall lay upon them." All that marvelous history of Providence so thrilled every fiber that I could scarcely retain my seat, and eagerly gazed upon every feature of valley and sky once associated so strangely with the life of the early Church.

You cannot imagine any scene more beautiful than the Valley of the Nile. It seemed like a veritable paradise as we emerged from the dreary desert. The fields were as green as in early spring. Where cotton had just been picked and corn harvested, already wheat, millet, and clover had covered the earth with their rich young life. Long lines of camels were loaded with cotton stalks for market, and were lazily moving toward the metropolis. Everything possible is taken

from the soil, and nothing returned. But thanks to the annual inundations of the Nile, fertilization seems to be quite unnecessary. That valley has been the granary of the East for four thousand years and more, and nearly every one has been a year of plenty.

The first sight that greets one approaching Cairo from any angle is the tall, slender minarets of the great mosque adjoining the citadel on the mountain side. And no finer view of the beautiful Egyptian metropolis—a city of ancient mosques and magnificent palaces—can be obtained than from a balcony of that splendid alabaster house of prayer. A half million people crowd those narrow streets, wearing every conceivable dress, speaking almost every language, and engaged in every kind of employment. Some of the irregular by-streets are not more than five feet wide, and built up solidly with houses from one to four stories high. I have been much entertained in walking through these bazaars. Streets and districts are given up almost entirely to one business—hence there is the shoe bazaar, the leather bazaar, the silver bazaar, etc. With the crudest tools boys and men are busily at work on articles of rare design and exquisite taste. In the Turkish bazaar one tradesman told us he had carpets that ranged in price from a few shillings to £5,000. I wanted to see that floor covering, once the property of a king, that cost \$25,000, but as it wasn't convenient to purchase I did not feel justified in having such valuable goods unrolled merely to gratify curiosity.

The morning after our arrival in Cairo we saw *and heard* a funeral procession. Such wailing through the streets I never supposed possible or tolerable. The coffin, covered with a red Cashmere shawl, was borne

on the shoulders of men. In front were six or eight men wailing and chatting with each other by turns, while just before the corpse were several boys crying in a higher and livelier voice. These are professional mourners, I afterwards learned—persons whose business is to cry at funerals. Just behind the corpse were members of the family and a number of female mourners, crying and shrieking with hideous voice. These hired mourners are paid for their services at the tomb, receiving usually a piaster each. If the funeral be that of a wealthy person, larger sums are given, and bread is distributed to all the assembly. The body is laid on one side so that the face will look toward Mecca, and the tomb, an oblong vault with arched roof, is so constructed that the dead may easily sit up when visited and examined by the two angels appointed for that purpose. I am told that the men wear no badge of mourning for the dead, nor do the women on the death of an elderly man, but they do for others. The women dye their veils and handkerchiefs blue, and also stain their hands and arms the same color. They leave their hair unbraided, cease to wear ornaments, and turn upside down the carpets, mats, etc., in the house.

The first morning we were aroused by the notes of a brass band, and the marching of soldiers through the streets. After the reveille of the donkey, this has been the most common daily sound. The Egyptian regiments—fine-looking, soldierly men—are officered by Englishmen; and besides, there are several English regiments composing the “army of occupation” in Egypt. This daily display of armed battalions indicates the power by which the country is governed, and this power is controlled by the English. The Queen’s

ambassador, Lord Cromer, whom I had the pleasure to see, is said to be the real ruler of Egypt.

We saw the young Khedive one afternoon as he drove out from his city palace. Twelve cavalymen on gray horses were marshaled before the palace door, and when the young monarch entered his carriage, drawn by a pair of beautiful grays, four horsemen galloped in front and eight followed behind. He is a small man, wears a mustache, and the inevitable fez, and is only twenty-two years old. He rides out a great deal, and, I understand, is rather popular with his people, but as yet has evidenced no special capacity for rulership.

We visited several mosques, including the one connected with the great Mohammedan University. In this latter we were told that ten thousand students were in attendance. That number may be on the registers, but we saw not more than one thousand, from the little urchin up to the venerable man of sixty. They sat around in small groups, swaying their bodies, and repeating aloud portions of the Koran, or listening to the expositions of an aged teacher who also occupied a seat on the floor. When the hour of prayer is announced, which occurs five times a day, all drop slates and books, and perform their devotions. We arrived just before the time for afternoon prayer, and heard the muezzin chant the call from the gallery of the minaret, in loud and weird voice. This was his chant translated into English: "God is most great!" (this is said four times) "I testify that there is no deity but God!" (twice) "I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle!" (twice) "Come to prayer!" (twice) "Come to security!" (twice) "God is most great" (twice)

“There is no deity but God!” Then with frequent prostrations until his head touched the floor, and rapid repetitions of certain set phrases, he concluded his prayer in two or three minutes. But of this religion of hate, and other things, I must write in another letter.

Cairo, Egypt, December 31, 1894.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS.

OF course, every visitor to Egypt desires first to see the Pyramids, and if possible get that magnificent view from the top of Great Cheops. Well, I did it, finding the ascent easier than was anticipated and the view not at all disappointing. We started early in the morning, intending to climb the Pyramid, see the Sphinx, ride across the desert to Sakkarah on donkeys, and back the same day. The drive to the Pyramids of Gizeh, across the splendid iron bridge that spans the Nile, out past the Museum, and for nine miles on a macadamized road, shaded by trees that locked their branches overhead, was itself an experience never to be forgotten. Both the distant and near views of Great Cheops are at first disappointing. Although 450 feet high, on account of its broad base of 750 feet it seems scarcely more than 100. The ascent is at one corner, and at an angle of about fifty degrees. The great stones are irregular in size and shape, requiring occasionally some effort to step from one to the other.

After paying the old white-turbaned and black-robed sheik two shillings each, he furnished us with three guides—two to hold our hands and one behind to push. This sum is to be divided among the guides—citizens of the village—but each one expects *backsheesh*. One of my guides claimed to be a doctor—Dr. Marmoud. He assured me that I was in perfectly safe hands, and

when we stopped to rest had me to shake my head to prevent dizziness. A boy with a bottle of water attended and insisted on supplying me with something to "wet your mouth." They rubbed me, and inquired, "How you feel? You got good guide, master. We satisfy you and you satisfy us." Thus we had the usual experience of tourists to this world's wonder. At length we reached the top, and for a half hour reveled amid as glorious historic scenes as the human eye can take in at one sweep on this earth. At our feet rolled the majestic Nile, whose source was only discovered a few years ago, and whose fertilizing waters have fed more millions of people than any stream in the world. Canals, cut here and there, carried the Nile water all over the green valley, while stately palm trees sheltered the villages and stood sentinel along the great river. Cairo with her graceful minarets and swelling domes and magnificent palaces, was near at hand, while to the left in the distance was the site of Heliopolis, and to the right the Pyramids of Sakkarah. Beyond Sakkarah, a few miles, was the site of ancient Memphis, with scarcely a vestige of its glory remaining. In another direction the desert stretched out before us until arrested by the drear Mokattam Hills. Forty centuries of thrilling history were crowded into that view! Descending, we had the same annoying encounters with the guides. The one behind tied his long girdle around me to hold in the event of accident, while the two in front held firmly to my hands. All of this is quite unnecessary, but I made the rascals earn all the *backsheesh* they received. The doctor grew quite familiar, and even confidential. He said: "How many shilden [children] you got?" I said, "Five." "How many

wives you got?" "Only one, of course," I said with some vehemence; "in my country we have but one." "Ugh!" said he, "I got two. I give you one, if you want me—the *old one*." And the old sinner laughed as though quite sure he had scored a good point, and would get liberal *backsheesh*.

Of the massive, mutilated Sphinx near by—a human head on a lion's body—lifting itself above the drifting sand, with its temples and mysterious history, I have not space to write. After descending from the Pyramid we mounted donkeys and started across the desert, eight miles to Sakkarah. Most of the way the little animals had to move slowly in the deep sand, but occasionally we galloped at full speed, the dragoman running on foot and plying the whip. He was in Chicago during the Exposition as one of the donkey boys in "the streets of Cairo." He had imbibed somewhat of Chicago politics, in consequence, and named the donkey I rode "Carter Harrison."

At Sakkarah, as lonely a spot as could be found in a sandy waste, we visited the Apis Mausoleum—the tombs of the bulls—probably the largest sarcophagi in the world. To M. Mariette, a distinguished archæologist, the world is indebted for these discoveries and recoveries. The house which he built, and where he resided during those excavations, is the only building to be seen for miles. Through long subterranean, hot passages we were conducted by the light of candles, and saw the various chambers with their massive red and black granite tombs. These contained the bodies of the sacred bulls, which were embalmed and buried with greater pomp than was ever accorded king or prince. There are twenty-four of these sarcophagi,

three of which contain inscriptions including the names of Anasis, Cambyses and Khebasch. A few hundred yards away we entered the tomb of *Thi*, a royal counselor and confidant of kings, who also had priestly functions. This was a later discovery of Mariette. It was once a palace above ground, but for centuries was buried under the sand. The several chambers of this tomb are ornamented with curious carvings representing the various industries of the country, animals and birds, agricultural and mechanical instruments, and certain ceremonies in religious service. After an hour spent in these tombs of buried centuries, we remounted our donkeys and returned to the Pyramids, where our carriage was in waiting to take us to Cairo. This was a laborious but most notable day.

An afternoon was given to the Museum, where days could be profitably spent. From one well-filled room to another we wandered and wondered. What gigantic builders and workers in stone those ancient Egyptians were! Here may be seen religious, funeral, civil, historical, and Greek and Roman monuments of every age and description. And what adds special value to this greatest collection of Egyptian antiquities in the world is the accurate and reliable information connected with the place from which each object comes. One of the curious things which arrested my attention was a wooden statue of probably an Egyptian sheik. It is not less than four thousand years old, but apart from its antiquity is valuable as a work of art. The pose and expression of the figure are striking. But that which most interests a Christian is the remarkably preserved mummy of Rameses the Great, the Pharaoh who "knew not Joseph," who had seen the infant Moses,

and "made the children of Israel to serve with rigor." There is no doubt of its perfect identity. The story of its discovery is a romance, and the fact of its preservation for so many centuries is a marvel. One would be impressed with the strong features—the full brow, the large nose, the high cheek bones, the square chin, and the firm lips—even if unacquainted with the remarkable history of the great builder of cities and persecutor of God's people. The same clothes in which he was wrapped are still on his body, and one hand, well preserved even to the finger nails, slightly lifted from his breast, holds the position it has held for more than thirty centuries. There is also a statue of Khafra, said to be the builder of the second Pyramid of Gizeh, found in a well in "the granite and alabaster temple" near the Sphinx. But time would fail me to tell of mummies and statues; of historical papyri; of the hundreds of objects of domestic, religious, agricultural, and mechanical uses; of the famous "trilingual stone" called "the Decree of Canopus" ordering the deification of Ptolemy's daughter who had just died; of the hall of jewels, with its rich collection from the earliest dynasties; and many, many other things.

We visited the site of ancient Heliopolis, the On of the Bible, and its great Temple of the Sun, whose priest, Potipherah, at the command of Pharaoh, gave his daughter Asenath to Joseph for a wife. There Moses became acquainted with all the learning of the Egyptians, and there Plato and other great scholars are said to have come for study. Nothing now remains of the famed city but some old mounds into which Egyptologists have been digging in search of historic treasure, and the splendid red granite obelisk, the oldest in the

world. A few poor Arabs occupy mud hovels in the midst of these classic ruins, unconscious of the history they have inherited and unimproved by the lessons of the ages. Not far from Heliopolis we stopped to see the "Virgin's Tree," under which tradition says the Holy Family rested in their flight to Egypt. It is certainly an old tree, and may mark a place where "the young child and his mother" tarried for awhile; but it is hardly ancient enough to sustain "the traditions of the elders." At any rate I plucked a few leaves therefrom, and will preserve them as a memorial of the visit and sacred place. It seems almost a profanation, after walking amid such classic and sacred associations, to visit an ostrich farm; but as it was near, we concluded to avail ourselves of the opportunity. Think of 1,350 ostriches on one farm! They were of all ages, from one day to fifteen years, and, like some people in this world, are only valuable for their plumage. There were large and small inclosures for the immense birds, and a number of hospitals for the sick. It takes £12 10s. to provide daily food for the farm, besides many other expenses. That will give some idea as to the value of feathers in Western markets, for the investment, I understand, yields a very liberal interest.

On Friday, shortly after noon, the time of their performing, we went to see and hear the howling dervishes. The occasion attracted a large company of Europeans, and the sheik does not fail to make it a source of revenue. They are willing to be religious, but witnesses to their devotions ought to pay for the privilege. I am told that, however sincerely fanatical they may have been, they and their performances are

degenerating. The one we attended was rather tame as compared with descriptions read and expectations excited. On a raised stone platform, under an arbor, the performers sat in a large semicircle. After a prayer by the priest the singing and swaying of the bodies began. All sorts of noises were made, from the grunt of a pig to the whoop of a Comanche. They would slowly begin on one strain, and then get faster and faster, to the music of drums and tambourines, with their heads swinging from side to side, until the howlers were almost exhausted. Several had very long hair which flew wildly about with their swaying bodies, and gave them the appearance of madmen. As an act of worship you cannot imagine anything more grotesque. I regretted not seeing the dancing dervishes who *entertained* at the same hour.

We visited the Coptic quarter of Cairo, and saw the old church where you are confidently told Joseph and Mary tarried during their flight into Egypt. Just between the two spots, in the grotto under that church where the holy pair sat, is a large stone font or small baptistery, used for the baptizing of children. In the Coptic church boys are baptized at the age of forty days, and girls at eighty days, though this rule is not strictly adhered to. They hold that if a child die unbaptized it will be blind in the next life. The child is dipped three times in the water, into which a little holy oil from the priest's thumb has been dropped. They also believe that the Holy Spirit descends upon the child in baptism. We visited one of their churches on Sabbath evening, hoping to attend a service, but was disappointed. The Copts have a curious and rather sad history as Christians. Descended from the ancient

Egyptians, they have more pure native blood in their veins than any inhabitants of the land. But persecutions and poverty have so dispirited and despoiled them that they have steadily declined in numbers, until now there are probably less than 200,000 in all Egypt. Some of their trials under tyrannous Moslem princes are among the bitterest in history.

The Copts claim descent from St. Mark, who they assert was the first to preach the gospel in Egypt, and was the first Patriarch of Alexandria. The Patriarch, the supreme head of the Church, who occupies the chair of St. Mark, is called the "Patriarch of Alexandria," although he resides in Cairo. He remains unmarried, though the celibacy of the clergy is not one of their tenets, wears woolen garments next his body, and is waked after every quarter of an hour at night to be reminded of his spiritual obligations. All Copts are enjoined to pray *seven times in the course of the day*, beginning at daybreak and ending at midnight. "In the seven prayers of each day, altogether, they repeat the *whole Book of Psalms*." There are screens in their churches, and in the Protestant Mission churches also, to separate the sexes. On entering their churches the men take off their shoes, but retain their turbans. And at the early morning service, which lasts about three hours, nearly every worshiper *has a crutch*, four or five feet long, to lean upon while he stands, which he does most of the time. What a picture that must be—a *congregation on crutches*! I wonder if there is any connection between those crutches and the decline of the Copts. Have we not Churches at home leaning on crutches that ought to be running without weariness? And what a picture of personal spiritual life! Some

are relying on outside and artificial support who ought to mount up with wings like an eagle.

Confession is required of all members of the Coptic Church as indispensable to receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. They also observe long fasts, and regard a pilgrimage to Jerusalem the duty of all who are able to perform it. Most of their doctrines and ceremonies resemble the Roman Catholic; but I cannot enter into further particulars. This much has been written because so little is known to the ordinary reader of an ancient and interesting body of Egyptian Christians.

While in the Coptic quarter we crossed to the island of Rhoda and examined the Nilometer, an instrument for measuring the rise and fall of water in the river Nile. It is placed in a well which is connected with the river, the water in which rises and falls with the river itself. The annual report of that register graduates the hopes and plans of the farmer in the delta of the Nile. In America we regard the overflow of our rivers as a disaster, and spend vast sums to confine the water in narrow channels. In Egypt the inundation of the Nile is a blessing, and the one guarantee of abundant harvests. The island of Rhoda, formed by the branches of the Nile, is the traditional site where the infant Moses was discovered by the daughter of Pharaoh. I suppose there are no means of identifying the exact spot, and no reason for denying this or any other plausible and pleasurable story.

It gave me pleasure to attend service Sunday evening at the American Mission, and listen to an earnest sermon from a young missionary, Rev. Mr. White, just out from the United States. His father is a pastor in

Kansas City. The American Mission of the United Presbyterian Church was established in Cairo in November, 1852, and in the forty years of its history has had remarkable success. There are now 15 ordained missionaries, 8 unmarried female missionaries, 17 native ministers, 35 other native Church workers, 32 organized congregations, 4,095 members, and 121 boarding and day schools, with 7,600 pupils. The amount paid last year by the people for the support of the work was £7,370. Harem workers teach the gospel to about 3,000 women. They have stations at Alexandria, Tanta, Cairo, and all important centers in the Nile delta and valley. At the Arabic communion service on Sunday morning, in Cairo, I heard, there was present a congregation of 500. Such evangelical work is occasion for great thanksgiving to our God, who out of Egypt called his Son, and who will yet redeem all nations.

I have barely referred to only a few of the many interesting things one sees in and around the great metropolis of Egypt; but time will not allow more extended description. On Tuesday morning, January 1, 1895—happy New Year's day—we "booked" for Alexandria by rail, and arrived in that bustling, thriving, thoroughly modern city in three and a half hours.

Jaffa, Palestine, January 3, 1895.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO JERUSALEM.

A DAY in Alexandria is quite sufficient to see all places of special interest, for almost nothing remains of the great city founded by Alexander 323 B.C., and which he designed as the magnificent capital of his vast empire. Once the seat of learning and the home of scholars, having the largest and costliest library in the world, she has not now a single *savant*, or great theologian, and the "Alexandrian schools" of philosophy and theology have become very ancient history. Once a city of splendid palaces and great temples, where kings reveled and conquerors ruled, and the beautiful Cleopatra held her amours and intrigues, it is now not unlike any European commercial metropolis, where fortunes are made and wealth accumulates. But it must ever command a conspicuous place in the world because of its rich historic associations. It was here that the Septuagint version of the Scriptures was translated and given to the world. Here St. Mark preached and founded, as the Copts assert, the Church of Alexandria, he being its first Patriarch. They claim to have sacredly kept his bones for 800 years in the old St. Mark's Church. This was the birthplace of the eloquent Apollos, "mighty in the Scriptures;" and here at a later period Athanasius defended the faith against the Arian heresy. Here Archimedes marked out the principle of the lever, and Euclid prepared his "problems" that have vexed the brains of young collegians through-

all the centuries. But time would fail to tell of Strabo and Hipparchus, and scores of honored names connected with the literary glory of ancient Alexandria. Amid the ashes of that greatest library in the world a Mohammedan cemetery was located, so now nothing remains of the famed Alexandrian schools but the tombs of ignorant fanatics.

Alexandria is admirably located for a great city. An eye with a wide vision made selection of those crescent-shaped hills and their beautiful harbor for a commercial and political capital. The architect, it is said, designed a city in the form of a Roman tunic, and, with an almost exhaustless treasury from which to draw, executed it on the grandest scale. We drove down to Pompey's Pillar, a large, round monolith of red granite about ninety-eight feet high, and on an elevation that commands a splendid view of city and harbor, and the blue Mediterranean stretching far away to Europe on the north and to the Holy Land on the east. We drove along the great canal which connects Cairo with Alexandria, the construction of which cost £300,000, and the loss of 20,000 men by accident and disease. Two hundred and fifty thousand men were employed in its building, and the work was completed in one year. It furnishes cheap transportation between the two cities. The immense flatboats loaded with cotton reminded me all too forcibly of my home in the lower Mississippi valley. We passed a number of handsome villas and places owned by wealthy natives. They are vacant now, as "the season is on" in Cairo. They spend the winters at the capital, and come to Alexandria to get the Mediterranean breezes during the summer. Ismail Pasha, the deposed and aged Khedive, who has been

for some years at Constantinople, built here palaces for several of his sons. He made himself and twelve sons rich, but in so doing came near bankrupting the country. We visited the gardens of a wealthy gentleman, open to the public on certain days of the week, in which there is almost every variety of fruit and flower that will grow and bloom in that latitude. Near those gardens are the catacombs where the dead were laid away in rock-hewn tombs in ancient times, and which was once connected by an underground passage with the historic hill of Pompey's Pillar. We could only see the *site* of Cleopatra's needles and the ruins of her famous marble bath. The needles were lifted from the mud by Western enterprise, and one of them stands in Central Park, New York, a silent but eloquent witness of the magnificence of ancient Egypt. As we sailed out of the harbor, and our ship turned eastward, we had a splendid view of the city, from the nook away down the peninsula where Napoleon landed his army in 1798 to the island on which the lofty Pharos, one of the seven wonders of the world, stood and flashed its light far out to sea. That lighthouse, built of marble, was 550 feet high. It was interesting also to see the old stone towers on which great windmills were turning, erected by Napoleon to grind corn for his armies.

On Wednesday, January 2, in "a ship of Alexandria," we sailed for Joppa. Our party had two valuable and appreciated additions—Rev. Mr. Patterson and Rev. Mr. Hislop, of the Church of Scotland, who will make with us the tour of the Holy Land. We have found them accomplished and courteous gentlemen, good travelers and agreeable companions. We had a smooth and speedy passage over the Mediterra-

nean—being less than twenty-four hours from Alexandria to Joppa. The ship's company was not large, but was varied in nationality, profession, and character. We had preachers and horse jockeys, missionaries and globe-trotters, a young lady with a pet monkey, a young Benedict with his blushing bride, and dwellers in different parts of the world, all going to the Holy Land. By nine o'clock in the morning the blue Judean mountains were plainly visible. Soon the rugged hills on which Joppa is built came into full view, and at noon we cast anchor in the open roadstead, where Jonah took ship for Tarshish. I could with difficulty at first realize that it was really the Holy Land on which my eyes rested, and that the hill city before me had heard the word preached by our Lord's first apostles. But of that ancient city by the sea nothing has come down from the time when Peter had his vision on the house of "one Simon the Tanner," except the ruins of an old Phœnician breakwater. Some of these massive stones still vainly attempt to keep back the surging billows, and tell us of the early but unsuccessful efforts to make a safe harbor for the port of Joppa. The small boats that land the passengers and cargo from the ships anchored outside, have to pass through a narrow gateway of twenty feet between those ancient rocks. That passage is called "Jonah's Strait," and when the sea is rough is very dangerous. Indeed, in stormy weather ships are compelled to pass without attempting to send passengers ashore. Fortunately—providentially I prefer to believe—the day of our coming was calm and cloudless—a quiet, sweet welcome to the land of my Lord. The boat of Mr. Rolla Floyd, an American from "down East," with whom I had corresponded,

soon came alongside flying the stars and stripes. In a few minutes we were safely through "Jonah's Strait," and planted our feet upon the sacred soil toward which the hopes and plans of years had fondly turned. Through dirty, narrow, crooked streets we walked, with scarcely room for passing camels and donkeys, until a carriage was reached outside the site of the ancient wall, which carried us quickly to a comfortable hotel in the "American quarter."

After lunch and final arrangements with Mr. Floyd for a tour of Palestine, we started out to see Joppa, under the conduct of Mr. Abdallah G. Kayat, our dragoman for twenty days. He is a native of Beyroot, but was reared in Joppa, a Christian in communion with the Greek Church, quite well informed, and speaks English fluently. We found him affable, courteous, and unwearied in attention. Having been accustomed in his Church, and in his business as dragoman, to so distinguish the bishops of other Churches, he persisted in addressing me as "*my Lord*." Though not agreeable to my American and ecclesiastical democracy, I submitted, for two reasons: 1. The dragoman evidently enjoyed it. 2. It occasioned special consideration at the hotels, without constant demands—a fact appreciated by those who have traveled in the Orient. I suspected, however, that the dragoman more than once thought me too unconventional for such a dignity.

Joppa, in the tribe of Dan, and one of the oldest cities in the world, was a port of some pretensions in the time of Solomon. Here the cedars from Lebanon, furnished by Hiram, King of Tyre, for Solomon's Temple, were brought by floats, and transported over the hills to Jerusalem. The place where they were landed,

called "Solomon's Landing," is shown—once a sort of back bay, but now only a deep depression containing but little water.

The first thing that attracted attention in our afternoon walk was the small door cut in the large doors and gates that open into the houses and courts of the people. That is the "needle's eye" of the Scriptures, and is everywhere seen in Palestine. It is only used to admit persons. A camel cannot go through the eye of that needle, but must have the great doors thrown wide open to admit his ponderous awkwardness and ugliness. The scriptural figure and the hard case of the rich man I never quite fully appreciated before.

The women on the streets were heavily veiled—the entire face being covered. Unlike the Egyptian dames who will allow a peep at their eyes, *these* Mohammedans cover the face entirely, though the veil is thin enough about the eyes for them to see others quite well. It was rather amusing to see them draw the veil over an exposed face on the approach of gentlemen. The Christians, I am glad to say, do not adhere rigidly to such a foolish custom.

We tarried for a few moments at a Mohammedan cemetery, which was quite crowded with persons whose custom is to spend several hours *every Thursday* at the graves of their dead. They bring flowers and a lunch, and are supposed to talk over the virtues and the lives of their departed loved ones. Just inside the sacred inclosure turbaned and hooded hucksters were selling fruits and wares of every kind. There is no place too holy for a Mohammedan to ply his petty business. Here we saw the locust, a bean of long pods, which John the Baptist is supposed to have eaten.

We visited Miss Arnold's school, but just too late to see the children in their classes. This institution, called the "Tabetha Mission School," was founded in 1863 by Miss Arnold, of Scotland, who yet conducts it with increasing success. A small stone tablet near the front door of the spacious building contains this modest inscription :

"ISAIAH LIV. 10."

In the boarding and day schools there are 150 children—about 40 of whom are inmates of the college home. These are from the families of Greeks, Copts, Protestants, and a very few Mohammedans. The last would probably be more accessible to the gospel but for the fanatical and tyrannical Turkish Government. It is worth a Mohammedan's life to make an open confession of Christianity. In some mysterious way he will soon disappear, and the authorities never be able to discover the assassin.

Through a narrow, winding lane we reach the traditional site of the house of "one Simon a tanner." Over the arched entrance is an Arabic inscription from the Koran, and on the spot itself is a small Mohammedan mosque. What a commentary, thought I, that a place with such associations should fall into hostile and fanatical hands! We climbed to the top of the building, which is quite near the sea, and recalled that wonderful vision Peter had of the sheet let down from heaven, which taught him and us the world-wide mission of the glorious gospel. Near by are certain stones, which, it is claimed, were the vats of an old tannery. Adjoining the mosque is an ancient and very deep well, from which water is drawn in a bucket of goatskin, as

in the olden time. *En route* to this historic spot we were shown a small Greek church, known as the "Church of the Column of St. George." The very interesting but mythical story of the column which gave rise to the name I have not time to relate.

On a hill quite outside the city there is a handsome Greek church on the reputed site of the home of Dorcas, and where, in answer to Peter's prayer, she was raised from the dead. We visited the sacred shrine, the successor of one built by the Crusaders, long since destroyed, and recalled the tender scene when Peter appeared in that upper death chamber while "all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." As an appeal to his interceding faith they had something to *show* of her good works. The memorials of her busy fingers and loving heart were an argument for her restoration to life. Well, indeed, will it be if each of us can have something to show that our lives have not been fruitless in service for others—something that will entitle us to a part in the first resurrection. Returning to the hotel we passed through groves of orange, lemon, pomegranate, apricot, and olive, with here and there a stately palm, which yields an abundant harvest of dates. We walked along hedges of acacia, and had attention called to the sycamore tree, so prominently mentioned in the Scriptures. The orange industry of Joppa was to me rather surprising. There are from 8,000 to 9,000 groves in and near Joppa, with an average of nearly 2,000 trees to the grove, and a yield of from 200 to nearly 2,000 to the tree. The income from this crop last year was over one million francs, Joppa oranges command-

ing a premium in European markets. When storms prevail and shipping is impossible, a "donkey-load" of oranges—300 or 400—will sell in Joppa for five cents.

On Friday, January 4, at noon, we "booked" by train for Jerusalem. This road was completed several years ago at a cost of 14,000,000 francs, the first passenger train reaching Jerusalem September 26, 1892. We hesitated as to whether to go by carriage or rail from Joppa to Jerusalem, but finally concluded to take the railroad, for two reasons: 1. The day was cold and stormy. 2. More places of Biblical interest and importance would be seen. We missed Kirjath-jearim and the Valley of Ajalon, but made more than compensating gains. The locomotive which pulled the train was named "Lydda," and manufactured in America by the Baldwin Locomotive Company of Philadelphia.

As far as Ramleh the railway and carriage road run parallel. Beginning just outside the city, we noticed small stone houses along the carriage road at intervals of two miles. These are guard-houses, built by the Turkish Government some years ago for the protection of the highway, each house being occupied by two soldiers. It has transpired, however, that many of the robberies of recent years have been committed by these appointed guardians of the peace.

The Plain of Sharon is entered shortly after leaving Joppa. It is wide and fertile, a beautiful picture of olive groves and well-cultivated fields. No wonder the Philistines fought so desperately to retain it, and from which they were never entirely expelled. In March and April, I understand, the whole plain is one vast garden aflame with flowers of every name and tint,

except the *rose*. The "Rose of Sharon" is a brilliant flower, resembling the poppy. From the olive groves the people of this section derive their principal income, and from these trees, which are numbered and taxed throughout Palestine, the Turkish Government gets quite a revenue.

The first place of any Biblical importance passed was a small modern village on the right, not far from the Jewish Agricultural College. It is on the traditional place where Samson caught three hundred foxes, and, tying firebrands to their tails, "let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines." We also passed the village of *Beit Dejan*, long claimed, but incorrectly, as the place where "the house of Dagon" was situated. The little group of houses were interesting, however, from the fact that they were covered with dirt and green with grass. I have more than once seen flowers and vegetables cultivated on the tops of houses.

The first station at which our train stopped was Lydda—ancient Lod, mentioned in Ezra. It was while visiting "the saints which dwelt at Lydda" that Peter healed Eneas of the palsy, and in response to the appeal from Joppa went down and raised Dorcas from the dead. I very much regretted that the olive trees, however beautiful, hid the historic shrine from view. A few miles farther on was Ramleh, supposed to be the site of Arimathea, the home of a rich man "named Joseph," whose love triumphed in the hour of trial, and begging of Pilate the broken body of his Lord laid it tenderly to rest "in his own new tomb." The name thrilled me, for I have learned to appreciate more highly the character of Joseph of Arimathea and the

courageous service he rendered in completing the marvelous chain of evidence which supports the fact of our Lord's resurrection.

We had on our left a good view of Ginzo, one of the royal cities of the Philistines, and where yet, I was told, may be seen underground vaults, with iron doors, in which their grain was safely kept. One of the three traditional "Philip's fountains" was also passed—a bold and beautiful spring, sending its crystal waters down the rugged mountain side. Having seen all three of the rival fountains, I have no occasion to revise the conviction of years that the eunuch was not *immersed* by Philip.

On the right of the road, and on a high hill, were the ruins of ancient Beth-shemesh; and about a mile distant across a deep, narrow valley, on the opposite height, was Zorah, the birthplace of Samson. I probably looked upon the very spot where the angel of the Lord appeared to Manoah and his wife, and promised that remarkable son who was to judge Israel for twenty years and fill the world with the glory of his mighty deeds. A few miles farther was a high and hollow rock—claimed by some to be "the rock Etam," where Samson took refuge, and from which he descended and slew a thousand Philistines, as our dragoman prudishly put it, "with the jawbone of a *donkey*."

From Zorah we ascended the hills of Judea, by a very steep grade in some places; and along the valley of the roadbed was the very way the ark of the covenant was carried. The mountain sides were terraced, and planted in grapes, the vines being trained on the rocky ground. It would seem hardly possible to gather enough grapes from all those granite hills to make

wine for one royal cellar, but I am told they produce very large crops. On our left, a mile or so from "the city of the great King," attention was called to a handsome stone house; it is the country residence of the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, and is built on the supposed site of the house of the "just and devout" Simeon, who had the assurance "that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ."

From the hilltop we caught a first view of the sacred city. And though the clouds were heavy and a bitter north wind was fiercely blowing, her gray walls were transfigured with beauty, while my heart leaped up and said, There indeed is Jerusalem the golden! It was a supreme moment of intense joy—gazing at the city which had heard the voice and witnessed the death and resurrection of the world's Redeemer.

We reached the station at 4:30 P.M., and drove at once to the Jerusalem Hotel, outside the walls. But despite the inclement weather, Messrs. Hislop, Patterson, and myself drove back to the Joppa gate, and spent an hour walking the narrow streets and reverently noting the places pointed out by our intelligent dragoman. Near the Zion gate we had a good view of the Mount of Olives; and with that picture lingering in the mind, we softly turned and silently walked to our hotel.

Jerusalem, January 9, 1895.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MY FIRST DAY IN JERUSALEM.

AFTER a comfortable night in our hotel, situated outside the walls on the hill Goath, of which Jeremiah speaks, we were quite ready on Saturday morning to enter in good earnest upon our Palestine observations, "beginning at Jerusalem." The clouds had brushed away from the skies, the storm had ceased to blow, and the day was as bright and balmy as an October morning in Mississippi. The crisp air put energy into our nerves, and made them keep step with the hopes that beat high in every heart. A day of visions and revelations was before us, and all nature seemed to invest every hour with enchantment. But in very truth it must be said that one's enraptured visions in this Holy Land are not the scenes swept by the eye—the narrow, dirty, crowded streets of the city, or the hills of barren rocks that form the ordinary landscape. They are from within—the blessed and thrilling associations and memories awakened by the objects on which we look. Thus every leaf and stone on rocky Olivet is aflame with glory, and in the dry, pebbly valley of Kedron we hear the rippling music of celestial waters.

We left our carriage at the Joppa gate, for the very good reason that no wheeled vehicle can travel the narrow, precipitous streets of Jerusalem. Only the camel and donkey can transport freight and heavy burdens

through the city, and even the ponderous camel is unable to get through certain needle's eyes, inaptly called streets. Immediately inside the Joppa gate is the Tower of David, still a citadel and the barracks for Turkish soldiers. This stronghold of Zion, with its two massive, square towers, bears evidence of ancient origin. The stones at the base are undoubtedly the very ones that were placed in position under the eye of King David, the part just above having been built during the Justinian period, while that on top is Saracenic. So the citadel of oft-destroyed Jerusalem still stands upon foundations laid by the great son of Jesse, whom God himself called to the kingship of his chosen people. On the opposite side of the narrow street is a large, new building, erected on the actual site of the Tower of Hananeel. When the excavations were being made for a foundation the old walls of that famous tower were discovered, and on its massive stones the present structure solidly stands. Some ardently interpret this as the prophetic rebuilding of Jerusalem "from the Tower of Hananeel," foretold by Jeremiah, which "shall be holy unto the Lord," and never again to be "plucked up, nor thrown down any more forever."

We walked down David street from Mount Zion and across what was once the Tyropœan Valley, which separates Mount Zion from Mount Moriah, and up to the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, built on the site of Pilate's Judgment Hall. Near the door of the building outside is a small section of the old "Ecce Homo Arch," and another section is seen within, just over the high altar of the beautiful little chapel. In the opposite end of the chapel is a large stone, supposed to be

one of the pedestals on which Pilate sat in proclaiming laws and pronouncing judgments. To it reference is thus made by St. John: "When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgment seat in a place that is called the Pavement." It seemed appropriate (if such things are ever desirable) that on the stone so profaned by the vacillating Pilate there should be a life-size figure of the Blessed Virgin holding in her arms the pierced and bleeding body of our crucified Lord. Down in the basement, from seven to ten feet below the street we saw the stone pavement on which, no doubt, our suffering Saviour walked, bearing the cross. Whatever doubts may attach to other alleged places, this is unquestionably a part of the original *Via Dolorosa*. While reverently standing with uncovered head in that sacred presence, my soul was stirred with an unutterable emotion never experienced before. I could not resist the impulse to kneel down and lay my hands upon the stones on which those holy feet had walked, bearing the sins of the world. There came to me first such a sense of the sinfulness of sin, and then such a vision of saving and sanctifying love, as made the soul wish, like Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration, to build an altar and forever abide.

From the top of that tall building we had a splendid view of the city, and easily located every point of interest—the four hills on which it is built, the numerous gates in the massive walls, the valleys of Gihon, Hinnom, Jehoshaphat and Kedron, the mountains which entirely girdle the ancient capital, and the various buildings that stand on historic sites. Outside the walls a new city has grown up within the past few years. In

1869 there were only seven houses beyond the walls; now the population exceeds that within the gates, and the buildings are larger and more modern. We then descended, and beginning at the place of condemnation, walked reverently the whole length of the *Via Dolorosa* to the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, stopping at the fourteen stations, where special events are supposed to have occurred during our Lord's painful march to his cruel death. These have been marked by stone tablets on the adjoining buildings. At the second station is the Latin inscription:

Locus in Quo
Apprehendit Pilatus Jesum
Et Flagellant.

Here, also, the crown of thorns was placed upon his brow.

The third station, at a corner of the narrow street, is where our Lord fainted under his heavy cross. At the fourth station he is supposed to have met his mother. Near that point is a large building which occupies the traditional site of the house in which the rich man dwelt, at whose gate Lazarus sat and begged.

The ninth station is where Simon met our Lord. On one side is a Coptic monastery, while on the other is another built by the Abyssinians, and on the ruins of a church erected by St. Helena. In the court of that monastery is an old olive tree, called Abraham's tree, and claimed by the overcredulous to be the very one in which the ram was caught and sacrificed instead of Isaac. But about many of these "traditional sites" it is well to preserve a "wholesome skepticism." Before entering the Church of the Holy Sepulcher we visited

a new and a very handsome Greek church near by. When the excavations were being made for the foundations of that building the original walls of the city were discovered, including the arched gate of Acre. This, I thought, strengthened the argument in favor of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher being the real Calvary, for it proves beyond question that it was without the walls. The floor of the ancient gateway and the stones of the long-buried city, now clearly visible, brought vividly to mind the tragic history of nineteen hundred years.

Every Friday afternoon a Catholic priest walks the entire length of the *Via Dolorosa*, stopping at each of the fourteen stations, to offer prayers to the crucified but triumphant Saviour, whose precious blood, from his thorn-pierced brow, must have stained the stones from Pilate's Hall to "the place of a skull." I must confess to some sympathy with that regular observance. If intelligently and regularly performed, it cannot fail to make an impression upon every Moslem and unbeliever, and also serve to keep in the heart of Christians a perpetual memory of those stripes by which we are healed.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is an immense building—or, rather, group of buildings—with many chapels, and not less than *thirty-seven stations* where altars have been erected and services conducted. Here is one roof beneath which all Christian Churches find a home—Greeks, Roman Catholics, Armenians, Syrians, Copts, and the English Church, by the grace of the Greek Patriarch. But it is a sad commentary that both here and in the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, Moslem soldiers, with guns in hand, are constantly

on guard to keep peace among the "warring sects." Under authority of the Turkish Government a Moham-medan has the keys to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, with the understanding that all can worship at their own altars, and the building be open to all visitors. In front of the church are several exquisitely beautiful columns, said to have been brought from Solomon's Temple. Before the door is a stone with suitable inscription, which marks the burial place of Dr. Phillips, an ardent Crusader, who died in that sentimental but heroic struggle to rescue the sepulcher of our Saviour from the hands of the Saracens.

Beginning at Calvary, where is shown the very spot where the cross is supposed to have stood, in the rent rock, seen through an opening in the marble floor, and near which is a magnificent picture of the Virgin adorned with diamonds and precious stones, we made a circuit of the numerous stations, not omitting the so-called *tombs of Melchizedek and Adam*. Below Calvary is "the stone of unction," on which, it is claimed, the precious body was laid when taken from the cross, and where Nicodemus embalmed it "as the manner of the Jews is to bury," with "a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight." Around that sacred shrine knelt a number of priests and other worshipers, each with a lighted taper in hand, and chanting the praises of Him who died and rose again. Near that stone is another spot, inclosed with an iron grating, about which gathers the tenderest interest—the place where the Virgin mother stood watching, with a broken heart, to see what would be done with the blessed body of both her child and Saviour. Though the traditional site may be mythical, no one can stand

at that iron railing and try to recall the tragic scene on which those sorrowful eyes painfully looked without feeling like offering a tribute of tears to the mother of the "Man of sorrows," and who herself became "acquainted with grief." In the center of the large rotunda is the Holy Sepulcher. Just outside, in what is called the "Chapel of the Angel," we saw what is claimed as a piece of the stone which the angel of the Lord rolled back from the door, "and sat upon it." Thousands of pilgrims annually come to kiss it, honestly believing it to be the original "great stone" which closed the door of the sepulcher, and on which the angel sat "whose countenance was like lightning and his raiment white as snow." Into the sepulcher we crept, where forty-two gold and silver lamps are kept burning night and day, and where the sacred altar is constantly covered with fresh flowers, the offerings of the faithful. But of all the stations I cannot write in detail. During the time of our visit scores of Armenian pilgrims, who had come from their distant homes—the land of recent and horrible persecution—to celebrate their Christmas in Bethlehem, made a circuit of these shrines, bearing burning candles and chanting their *Te Deums*. It was really pathetic to see those poor creatures, some of whom had walked two hundred miles and more, kissing altars and singing for dear life. The one desire of years was at last realized—their eyes had seen "the city of the great King." As the echoes of their singing rang through the building and died away in the different naves and chapels, the effect was most impressive. Turkish atrocities had not shaken their crude faith nor crucified their love for the Christ whose nativity they had come to celebrate. I would like to

tell of the Chapel of St. Helena, where the original cross was found; of the Chapel of Godfrey, the great Crusader, where his sword and spurs are shown; of the tombs of Godfrey, Baldwin, and other Christian knights, etc.; but too many places of interest in the sacred city command attention, and must be seen.

Passing along a narrow street, where small tradesmen were busy chaffering with loud voice, attention was called to a man selling grain; and right vividly did he recall the words of our Lord about "good measure." In the "bushel," which was used for a measure, he pressed down the grain, repeatedly shook it, and then heaped up the wheat until it ran over, thus exactly obeying the exhortation of the Master—"good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." I thought it very significant that the words of the Lord Christ should find such literal fulfillment in a land which has been so long desolate "because of them that dwell therein."

The afternoon was spent on Mount Zion. Reëntering Zion street, we followed it to the Armenian monastery, one of the largest buildings in the city, and capable of accommodating from eight to ten thousand pilgrims. Within is the Church of St. James, which is said to have been erected on the site where King Herod "killed James the brother of John with a sword." There is a small altar at one side of the church which indicates the exact location where the execution is supposed to have taken place. This also contains the tomb and chair of another James, the first Armenian Patriarch of Jerusalem. The chair is never occupied—the Patriarch, on great occasions, sitting on another throne. The beautiful Mosaic floor within the

chancel dates back to the time of the Crusades. Adjoining this large and handsome cathedral is a small chapel, called the "Chapel of the Three Holy Stones." Here are three stones carefully incased, with the ends uncovered so as to be easily kissed by the adoring and superstitious pilgrims. And they have been worn smooth by the lips of worshipful thousands. One stone is said to have come from Mount Sinai, where Moses received the law, one from the Jordan where the Israelites crossed, and one from Mount Tabor, which many supposed was the scene of the transfiguration. There is also a church on the supposed site of the house of Annas, in which is a small marble altar to mark the exact spot where our Lord stood to be questioned. Another altar is over the place where he was smitten by the soldiers. While you constantly raise doubts in your mind about the strained exactness of these locations—Greeks and Latins in a constant and unseemly race for the larger number of sacred shrines—there is a strange thrill of intense interest in the history they so vividly recall.

From there we went to the house of Caiaphas outside the walls—or to the place where stood the home of that ill-starred high priest. We went out Zion gate—the one through which the gallant Crusaders first entered the holy city. Here our Lord was falsely accused before scribes and elders, and here "did they spit in his face, and buffeted him; and others smote him with the palms of their hands." There also was shown the place where "Simon Peter stood and warmed himself" by a fire "in the midst of the hall," and where he so basely denied his Master. I was not a little amused at a picture carved in stone over that

spot, with the figure of a man extending his hands over a fire, a woman sitting near, and a rooster perched just above them in the act of crowing. These Greek and Latin Christians are realistic or nothing. In this building also we saw the tombs of the Armenian Patriarchs who have died at Jerusalem, together with a number of their bishops.

Quite near the Palace of Caiaphas is a group of buildings, the largest of which, surmounted by a black dome, is called the Tomb of David. Here David, Solomon, and other kings of Israel are supposed to have been buried. The building is in the hands of Moslems, who will on no account allow any human eye to look upon the large sarcophagus. Only a model of it, placed in an upper room, is ever on exhibition. This place is interesting also from the fact that here in "a large upper room" our Lord is supposed to have eaten the Pass-over with his disciples, and is claimed further as the scene of Pentecost, where "a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind filled the house," and where "cloven tongues like as of fire" sat upon every devout worshiper. And here also it is said the Virgin Mary spent the last years of her life. As we retired from the dingy building, about which gathers such inspiring associations, and where each was praying for a perpetual Pentecost in his heart and the Church, there were fierce contentions and wild screams among the beggarly porters and hangers-on, as to who should get the *backsheesh*. No apprehension had they of the deep spiritual significance of that place. They were only concerned for the "tips" the shrine might yield. And thus history repeats itself. Adjoining this "Mosque of the Tomb of David" are several cemeteries, owned

by the different Churches—the Protestants now having a place on Mount Zion to lay their dead to rest. It must be remembered that about one-half of the hill of Zion is outside the city wall.

On our return we visited the ruins of the Hospital of St. John, situated near the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and built in the eleventh century for the accommodation of Christian pilgrims visiting Jerusalem. Excavations are still being made there for the erection of another building by the Germans, the historic ruins having been presented in 1869 by the Sultan to the Crown Prince of Prussia. Down into the depths one can descend by ladders, and get some idea of the rubbish and ruins which cover the streets of ancient Jerusalem.

The most forbidding and distressing sight we had were the lepers outside the gates. With a peculiar agony of tone, and with uplifting palms from which fingers had partly fallen, and extended feet which had become mere clubs from loss of toes, they plead for charity. It was most pathetic to see one poor old woman trying to pick up a coin with the stumps of her fingers on both hands. At last, after unavailing efforts to take from the ground the charity given, one of our party had to put it into her upturned, fingerless hand. The lesson of our Lord's sympathy for the leper will ever hereafter have a new meaning.

One thing amused us at every turn when we saw and heard two or more natives in conversation—their loud and aggressive tones of speech, accompanied by violent gesticulations. Such energy of voice and wild waving of hands in America would call out a whole neighborhood expecting to witness a fight. But in all this ve-

hemence there is no passion—only a desire and intention to be heard.

Thus ended our first day in Jerusalem. That night, January 5, the Greeks, who do not accept the Roman calendar, celebrated their Christmas at Bethlehem. Some of our party drove out to the city of the Nativity—six miles—and witnessed the midnight service, but I concluded not to encounter the bitter cold and loss of rest, even for such a gorgeous (?) privilege. Indeed, I preferred to see Bethlehem at a more quiet hour, when not crowded with ignorant pilgrims, and not ablaze with a ritualistic service out of harmony with the scenes I have always associated with that “manger.”

Jerusalem, January 10, 1895.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JERUSALEM, AND "OUT AS FAR AS TO BETHANY."

THE first Sabbath of this new year was spent in the "city of the great King." And an ideal day it was: such a one as I imagine often bent its soft skies over our Lord as he came up from Galilee, and ladened the cool morning air with its perfume, while the flowers put on fresh and fairer tints because *he* was passing by. I was aroused by the ringing of church bells summoning the faithful to early prayer. They seemed so like the echoes of my own Christian land that I had to take anew my bearings to be assured that this was really the dominion of the Moslem. And grateful indeed was the thought, that however extravagant and grotesque the service of Greek and Latin Churches, the Holy Land of our Lord's earthly ministry was not entirely in alien hands; that in the city of his cruel death, and yet mighty triumph, there were hearts that tenderly loved him, and many sacred shrines dedicated to his service.

Our party attended service at Christ Church (Church of England) on Mount Zion, a modest, tasteful structure, erected about ten years ago. Quite a good congregation was present, composed largely of tourists. The "Bishop of Jerusalem" occupied a seat near the chancel, but took no part in the service. We heard a very excellent and helpful sermon from the pastor, on a subject appropriate to the Week of Prayer, appointed by the Evangelical Alliance, which, with Christians through-

out the world, he purposed to observe. After the sermon we had the holy communion. I counted it a gracious privilege to worship with the Lord's people and receive those sacred emblems, *in Jerusalem*, and not far from the very spot where his blessed body was broken and his blood shed for the world's redemption. There was a deeper significance in that sacrament and a more sacred sweetness in the service than I had ever experienced before. One of the hymns sung was that favorite in the psalmody of all Churches, beginning with the line, "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.'

In the early afternoon several ministers and myself concluded that we would walk over the Mount of Olives—"a Sabbath-day's journey"—and spend an hour in Bethany. Entering the city through the Jaffa gate, and walking down the *Via Dolorosa*, we saw tradesmen, large and small, and hucksters of every description, as busy as on other days of the week. Some closed doors, however, were silent but eloquent protests against the general desecration of the Lord's day. We passed out "St. Stephen's gate," so named because of its supposed nearness to the place of Stephen's martyrdom, and where "the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul." In the wall just over the gate I noticed two large British lions carved in the great stones. They are said to date back to the Crusades, being a part of the wall built by Richard Cœur de Lion. By an abrupt and rugged descent we reached the brook Kedron, which was crossed on a modern stone bridge. It was a dry, rocky bed, but after the heavy rains I suppose its full, swift current becomes a wild and bois-

terous torrent. The Kedron valley is disappointingly narrow, when one recalls the opulent and voluminous history with which it is so intimately associated. Some of the old and rugged olive trees, which quite fill the little valley, though probably not more than two or three hundred years old, look as though they might have witnessed the agony in the garden near by, or even David's flight in bare feet from his ungrateful and rebellious son Absalom.

To the left we turned and walked a hundred yards or so to visit the supposed tomb of the blessed Virgin. It is down in a grotto, reached by many stone steps, and is the property of the Greek Church. By the light of candles, furnished by the accommodating monk, we found our way to the modest altar beneath which the mother of our Lord is thought to rest, and also the tomb of Joseph near by, whose simple faith and beautiful character and ready recognition of the angel's voice in a dream entitle his memory to not less honor than the virgin mother herself. Around this hallowed place and along the road the poor lepers do congregate and wail out their pitiful pleas for help.

There are three roads that lead over the Mount of Olives, branching off from the bridge where we crossed the brook Kedron. The left is known as David's Road, because by it the king fled from wicked Absalom. What a sorrowful flight that was!—the royal father and his attendants escaping barefoot, with covered heads and the sound of weeping. In those tears the father prevailed over the king and man of war. "And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot; and all the people that was with him covered

every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." The one on the right—wide and well macadamized—is called the "Hosanna Road," because along that way the Lord Christ rode with triumph into Jerusalem, while the people spread their garments and "branches off the trees" to tapestry his path, and sang with exultant voices, "Hosanna in the highest!" The narrow, less frequented path between the two was the way our Lord always walked in his frequent afternoon visits to Bethany. That one we selected because his holy feet had pressed those stones, and by it we could readily reach the little door that opens into the Garden of Gethsemane. Outside the garden wall we were shown the large rock where the Master bade Peter and the two sons of Zebedee to tarry and watch while "he went a little farther and fell on his face," his soul being "exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." We sat for a moment where it is claimed the Lord, returning from the place of agony, found his disciples asleep, and to Peter administered this gentle rebuke: "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" And near that spot it is probable the treacherous Judas kissed our Lord, and "a great multitude, with swords and staves," "took Jesus and bound him."

The Latin father in charge of the garden was quite agreeable, gave each a bunch of flowers and some leaves from the olive trees which shade the hallowed ground where it is supposed our Lord sweat "as it were great drops of blood," and where appeared "an angel unto him from heaven strengthening him." Around the three sides of the garden they have placed small altars, with inscriptions to mark the fourteen stations of the *Via Dolorosa*. Flowers are kept constantly blooming, and

thus the scene of agony has become a garden of beauty.

The rocky and precipitous side of Olivet is a vast cemetery. For centuries the dead have been laid away in rock-hewn tombs, until scarcely a place is left for another sleeper. Upon the summit is a large Carmelite convent, located, it is claimed, upon the exact spot where our Saviour stood when he wept over Jerusalem. Around the sides of a quadrangular court inside we saw the Lord's Prayer written in thirty-two languages, as upon that site, it is also supposed, our Lord taught his disciples that form of prayer. Off to the left, and upon a still higher point, is a large Russian church, with a lofty tower, built, it is said, upon the spot from which the ascension took place, while the men of Galilee stood gazing into heaven. From the summit of Mount Olivet by far the best view of Jerusalem is obtained. Even apart from the sacred associations of thrilling centuries, it would be an enrapturing scene. Off to the right, northwest from Jerusalem, rose Mizpeh conspicuously in the distance, where Samuel introduced Saul as the King of Israel, where the ark of the covenant was kept, and many other important events occurred in the history of God's chosen people.

Just over the brow of Olivet, as we began our descent toward Bethany, most unexpectedly we caught a charming view of the distant Jordan valley, of the Dead Sea shimmering under a cloudless afternoon sun, and the mountains of Moab beyond, with Mount Pisgah as the crowning peak. Every foot of that road is historic. We passed the spot where stood the barren fig tree which our Lord cursed and it withered away. There is Bethphage, "the house of unripe figs," and the "vil-

lage over against you," from which the ass and colt were brought for our Lord's triumphal entry into the city. A few minutes' walk brought us to Bethany, the little group of houses, under the shade of the palms, so tenderly associated with the restful and social hours of our "Elder Brother."

And this is Bethany; and here abode
The favored family whom Jesus loved;
To whose warm, humble welcome 'twas his wont,
Tracking the path that now I pass along,
Oft to retire from foes and wavering friends.

Of course the first place of interest to which our feet eagerly turned was the old ruined church on the supposed site of the house of Mary and Martha. What blessed memories lingered there! Probably just there Lazarus died, and a few paces away the Lord stood at his tomb and awoke the sleeper. In that place he had spent many a restful night after weary labors of the day in the city. Very near were the ruins of a large church, built by St. Helena, to mark the site of the house of "Simon the leper." In that house, at a feast, appeared "a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment," and, in offering a tribute of love to her Lord, anointed him for his burial—an act of faith which throughout the world shall "be told as a memorial of her." After gathering a few stones from the ruins and plucking some grasses from the old home of Mary and Martha, we went to the tomb of Lazarus—a deep vault reached by a narrow spiral stone stairway. It is probably the remains of an old subterranean chapel, but there are grave doubts as to its being the place where "Jesus wept," and woke the dead. We also had the privilege of looking into the house of one of

the villagers, and of seeing how they lived. Gloomy enough are those caves in the side of the hill, with not a window to admit the sunlight, no covering for the floor of dirt or stone, and not a chair, bedstead, or table. In large stone jars the wheat was kept, of which the flour was ground by the women for daily bread as needed. A handful was given us, gathered from the very fields in which the Lord of the harvest had watched the reapers binding golden sheaves.

We returned to the city by the Hosanna Road, and under the soft starlight made our way back to the hotel. A sweet, meditative Sabbath afternoon that was! Its memory will forever abide.

One morning we devoted to Jerusalem outside the walls, beginning at the Damascus gate, and making a circuit of the city. Near the Damascus gate, itself historic—out of which Saul of Tarsus went on a mission of slaughter, and through which he returned as the eloquent apostle Paul—we were shown a section of the old wall built after the captivity. Near by also is the cave called Jeremiah's Grotto, in which the great prophet is supposed to have written his Lamentations; and but a few paces distant is the green hill known as "Gordon's Calvary." General Gordon, after long and patient investigation, reached the conclusion that the spot indicated was the original hill Calvary, and his opinion is sustained by many scholars. As we entered the Valley of Jehoshaphat the sun had just risen above the heights of Olivet, and was pouring the full tide of his glory upon the olives that shone like trees of silver in the King's Dale. Up the steep hill to our right was the Golden gate of the city, on the site of the "gate Beautiful" that opened into the great temple. We first

came to Absalom's Pillar, a pyramidal-shaped tomb about forty-seven feet high, in a heap of rubbish on the left of the brook Kedron. There is a large hole on one side. Several Jews were standing near, ready, I suppose, "after the manner of the Jews," to throw stones at the tomb as expressive of their contempt for that son's disobedience and ingratitude. We each gathered seven smooth stones and shied them at the tomb ourselves, to show *our* condemnation of filial disloyalty. A few paces farther down we came to the tomb of Zacharias, who was slain "between the temple and the altar." And adjoining this is the tomb or grotto of St. James, which consists of several small underground chambers cut out of the solid rock. I crawled through the narrow passage into the neglected chamber where tradition says the great apostle was concealed from the crucifixion to the resurrection of his Lord, without eating food, and where at length he was buried to await the glad morning of his final reunion with his risen Redeemer.

Continuing down the Valley of Jehoshaphat we reached the Virgin's Fountain, or, as it is sometimes called, the Dragon's Fountain. We saw many women there to draw water, which is supposed to have peculiar virtue. There is a beautiful tradition which says that the Virgin, once falsely accused, drank of this water, and established her innocence. It is therefore known by some as the "Fountain of the Accused Woman." Close to this fountain is the poor little village of Siloam, where stood the famous and fatal tower; and above it, to the eastward, is the Hill of Offense, where Solomon, in full view of the temple on Mount Moriah, erected altars to false gods, and allowed his

heart to be "turned from the Lord God of Israel." Here we saw in abundance and luxuriance "the lily of the valley," of which it is said "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Crossing the brook, and following a path to the right of the road up a narrow valley, we came to the Pools of Siloam. There are two—the upper and lower—and one is used as a sewer for the city. Nothing we have seen was so disappointing. "By cool Siloam's shady rill" is poetic *license*. But when in vision the poor man blind from his birth rose before me, feeling his way along that path and down those steps into that water, at the command of our Lord, and came up seeing and praising the Great Physician, all the disappointment of physical surroundings was forgotten. What a scene that must have been! Affrighted neighbors stared at him, his glad but astonished parents embraced and kissed him, while a division arose among the unbelieving and hostile Pharisees about "him that aforetime was blind." Standing at the pool where that miraculous healing took place, I rejoiced to be able to repeat with one who looked that day for the first time upon the smiling heavens, "*One thing I know*, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

Resuming our walk down the valley we passed the tree which is planted upon the traditional site where the prophet Isaiah was sawn asunder, and just below where this valley unites with that of Hinnom we came to Joab's well. Retracing our steps and turning up the Valley of Hinnom, we ascended the hill Aceldama—"the field of blood." Here we visited a Greek church—the "Church of Judas Iscariot"—which contains many ancient tombs. We crawled into them by

the aid of lighted candles, and saw the places where the bones of Judas Iscariot, of Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas, and others are supposed to have been buried. The old monk was exceedingly kind, displayed many curious relics, related much history, offered us wine, and was not averse to accepting a little *backsheesh*. But the idea of naming a place of Christian worship the "Church of Judas Iscariot!" And our dragoman insisted that he was not mistaken. It is another and grotesque expression of the profane ambition to make ecclesiastical merchandise out of sacred geography. There is an eager contention for traditional sites, and every one must be marked by an altar or a church. But the depth of absurdity is reached when a Christian temple is built and solemnly dedicated to the base betrayer of our Lord. With equal propriety we might name one of our sanctuaries "the Church of St. Thomas Paine." All the tombs along that ridge, and they are many—"Tombs of the Judges," "Tombs of the Prophets," "Tombs of the Kings"—are on the foot of the "Hill of Evil Counsel," where the plot was formed to effect the death of our Lord. Up on that hill an old tree is shown which the credulous claim marks the site where Judas "hung himself."

Continuing our walk up the Valley of Hinnom, and around Mount Zion, we entered the Valley of Gihon, and soon reached a gate at the lower pool which marks the spot where Solomon was anointed king. There the trumpet was blown and the earth was rent with rejoicings, as the people shouted, "God save King Solomon!" Now we have reached the Jaffa gate, having walked around the city, and are quite ready to take a carriage for our hotel and a good lunch,

The afternoon was devoted to the Mosque of Omar and the old temple inclosure on Mount Moriah. We were accompanied by a kavass—a uniformed and sworded *attaché* of the American Consulate, and a Turkish soldier. This is quite unnecessary except to emphasize the propriety of dispensing *backsheesh* liberally, and the privilege of giving the under-officials in their trappings not a little satisfaction. We entered the mosque through the “cotton bazaar,” believed by some to be the place where our Lord drove out the money-changers. It is well established that the Mosque of Omar stands on the site where Abraham prepared the altar to offer Isaac in sacrifice, and where the Ark of the Covenant was enthroned in the old temple. The original rock is shown which was first used as a threshing-floor by Araunah the Jebusite, then as Abraham’s altar, afterwards as the high altar in Solomon’s Temple, and finally as the would-be attendant of Mohammed when he ascended to heaven. This last fiction the Moslems believe, and show you the finger prints in the rock made by the angel Gabriel in his successful effort to hold it down. But of the octagonal building, with its magnificent dome, and many rows of marble columns, and floor of mosaic, and exquisite carvings, etc., so much has been written that I shall not attempt another description. Nor will I write of El Aksa, another large mosque in the temple inclosure, built by the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century; nor of my descent into the underground vaults and reverent roaming amid the ruins of the old foundations. Outside and against a part of the original walls of the temple we saw the Jews’ wailing place. Every day some mourners may be seen, but on Friday afternoons

they increase to hundreds, and almost rend the stones with their piteous wailings and loud repetition of Jeremiah's Lamentations. They drive nails between the stones as memorials of their prayers, and which they hope will continue their pleadings when they are gone. The spectacle was most pathetic. How it indicates the desolation of a people who have ceased to be a nation, and yet their undying attachment to tabernacle and temple!

Passing out through the "Court of the Gentiles" and into the narrow street not far from St. Stephen's gate, we visited the Church of St. Anna, and the grotto beneath in which she was buried. Adjoining this church is the Pool of Bethesda, so tenderly associated with our Lord's ministry, and where most important excavations have been made in the past several years. But the day is far spent, the shadows of evening are falling, and we have nearly a Sabbath-day's journey to go.

Nazareth, January 14, 1895.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TO BETHLEHEM AND HEBRON BY CARRIAGE.

ON Monday morning, January 7, we left Jerusalem at six o'clock for a trip to Hebron, returning by way of Bethlehem. We were up at five, breakfasted at half past five, and at six, just as the sun began to tip with gold the top of Olivet, while the shadows yet lingered in the valleys, five of us crowded into a rattling old carriage, drawn by three horses working abreast, and started down to Hebron. We had forty miles to travel that day, and much to see. But the road was excellent, thanks to the engineering skill borrowed by the Turkish Government from somewhere to superintend its construction. Our driver was a Jew, with all the caution and conceit characteristic of the later generations of that historic race. Our dragoman appeared in the dress of a Bedouin, mounted on a fiery steed, with a pistol in his belt, a sword at his side, wearing spurs, and wielding a long whip. At points of special interest he had the carriage to stop, and made explanations in good and *loud* English. There is energy in the tones of all natives. They vociferate and gesticulate as though the hearer was deaf and they were mad.

Around Mount Zion we rode, crossed the vale of Hinnom, and climbed the steep hillsides to the borders of the Plain of Rephaim, so renowned in the wars between Jews and Philistines, and so intimately associated with the brilliant military history of King David.

Beyond the railway station, on the Bethlehem road, we were shown on the right the Valley of the Giants, while to the left a gnarled old olive tree was pointed out as marking the exact spot where Judas Iscariot "went out and hung himself." It is fitting that so distorted and forbidding a thing should sentinel the place of such a horrid scene; but, of course, the story may be apocryphal. On the summit of the high hill farther on we have a nearer and better view of the country home of the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, built where it is supposed old Simeon lived who so rejoiced at the birth of our Saviour. And near there is a cistern which marks the reputed site where the star reappeared to the wise men, and "they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." Though that may not be the exact location, no doubt we were traveling the very road those mysterious sages of the far East walked on their way to Bethlehem, with a planet robed in fire for a dragoman, and gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh for "the young child," before whom they fell down and worshiped. The lessons of that pilgrimage and the significance of that offering were brought vividly and powerfully to mind as we traveled the same road they went in their diligent search. *Their* star was not in the cloudless *sky* that morning, but it was in our hearts, to guide us not only to Bethlehem, but to the place he has gone to prepare for them that love him. From the landscape that greeted their eyes that morning Herod's palace had long since disappeared, but in its place we saw the "Herodian mountain," where Herod the Great is said to have been buried.

A little farther on we reach the spot where the prophet Elijah is said to have tarried one night in his

flight to the wilderness. On the left of the road is the Greek convent called Mar-Elias, with spacious and attractive buildings. On the right of the road is a large stone, in which there is a deep indentation about the size and shape of a man. That is thought to have been made by Elijah the night of his enforced rest. How heavily the depressed prophet must have slept to have made such an impression upon stone! With all his miraculous power, he did not so *deeply* and permanently impress the nation he sought to save. But this may be a superstitious instance of the stones crying out. However improbable some of these stories, they are not without a certain pleasurable interest. At that point both Jerusalem and Bethlehem are in full view. The Mosque of Omar on Mount Moriah and the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem can be seen at almost a single glance. One traveler thus happily describes the view from that elevation: "By a simple turn of the head one can see the birthplace of Jesus, the place where he taught in the temple, the site of Calvary, and the scene of his final ascension from Olivet." It is doubted if in one sweep of the eye such historic and sacred scenes can be found elsewhere in all the wide world.

A short drive brought us to a small, dome-shaped building, known as Rachel's Tomb. Here the "beautiful and well-favored" wife of Jacob was laid to rest, who, "as her soul was in departing," left a last legacy to the world in the person of the child Benjamin. "And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." The pillar is no more, but that place of sorrow never has been without some memorial. Once a simple monument marked

it, then a stately pyramid crowned it for many centuries, and now a Moslem building covers it, in which, I learned, Jews were allowed to occasionally worship.

Less than a mile westward from here is a small village, which has taken the place of ancient Zelzan, the home of Kish, the father of King Saul, that tall and "choice young man," who "from his shoulders and upward was higher than any of the people." It was out from that very hillside the young man went to "seek the asses" of his father that were lost, but instead found a crown and a kingdom.

Leaving the Bethlehem road at Rachel's Tomb we turned to the right, going direct to Hebron. In less than an hour we came to Solomon's Pools, three immense reservoirs, between steep hills, the one draining into the other, built by King Solomon to supply Jerusalem with water. These are supplied by four bold springs, besides a well in the valley. The upper pool is 380 by 236 feet, the middle one 423 by 250 feet, and the lower 582 by 207 feet. By the side of these pools are the ruins of an old Turkish fortress, supposed, however, to have been used originally for a khan to accommodate travelers on the highway (?) from Egypt to Damascus. Before reaching these pools several of our party concluded we would walk on ahead of the carriage, which was stopped for the horses to be fed. Along that way the weary feet of many generations had gone before us. To place our shoes where other sandals had walked for all the centuries from Abraham to the present was a privilege that ripened into an inspiration. Then came the prayer that the faith of the "father of the faithful" might abide in his children until the final generation. As we went on and talked, attention was attracted by

the sound of weeping, and then by a large company of persons on a hill near the roadside. Further investigation ascertained that it was a burial. The body had just been placed in a tomb hewn out of the rock, and over the mouth of the sepulcher stones were being placed. When the last rock was laid the mourners walked slowly away, the women weeping aloud, but the men as stolid as the stones with which they had sealed the graves of their dead.

We passed a well where women were drawing water and which is one of the reputed sites where Philip baptized the eunuch. I did not have time to examine the argument in favor of this claim, but supposed it quite as plausible as that which supports the other two.

From Solomon's Pools to Hebron, a distance of two and a half miles, there was nothing of special interest till we approached the ancient city. The country is barren and rocky, with only small patches in the narrow valleys and on the terraced hillsides capable of producing remunerative crops. Once fertile and supporting a large population, by neglect, poor tillage, and no fertilization the soil has washed away, and only bare rocks remain. In those flinty hills may be discovered an explanation of the providence which has allowed this land of such holy associations to fall so largely into Moslem and alien hands.

Just before reaching Hebron we passed through the Valley of Eschol, now, as in the days of Caleb and Joshua, a land of grapes, pomegranates, and figs. The little vineyards are separated by stone walls, and filled with vines and their fruitful branches. As it was not the time of grapes, I could not compare the yield now with the day when the spies plucked "one cluster of

grapes and bare it between two upon a staff." It is yet the chief industry of the valley, and the wine from the fruit is said to command a premium in Eastern markets.

Hebron is an old city, but only interesting because of its historic associations and priceless treasures. It is dirty, and inhabited by an ignorant, fanatical Moslem people. They despise Christians, and even the children greet their coming with curses and bid them adieu with stones and maledictions. Policemen usually attend visitors to protect them from insult and annoyance. One of the principal streets is very dark, being covered over its entire length, the light only admitted through small windows above. It was really dreary and dungeon-like to see old Turks seated on the floor or ground plying their different trades by the dim, spectral light of small tapers. Of course the place of chief and most pathetic interest is the cave of Machpelah. But no Jew or Christian is ever allowed to approach that sacred shrine. It is covered by an immense mosque, and, in order to keep Christian eyes from being gratified by too near a view, a high wall has been built around the Moslem temple itself. The lower portion of the mosque is part of the palace of King David; just above, the wall dates back to the days of Constantine, while the top is Saracenic. On one side of the venerable building there are three small, irregular holes in the wall, which the Jews believe have connection with the graves of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and Rebecca, and of Jacob and Leah. Strangers are allowed on the stone steps near these openings, and there we saw three Jewish women weeping and reading the Lamentations of their weeping prophet. Big tears were rolling down their cheeks,

and their faces wore the agony of genuine grief. They were weeping because the tombs of their fathers had been wrested from them, and their land of promise was in alien hands, and were praying the God of Abraham to help them in their afflictions. Nowhere have I seen a more pathetic picture. Only four times have Christians been permitted to enter the mosque—the Prince of Wales in 1862 and 1881, the Marquis of Bute in 1866, and the Crown Prince of Russia in 1869. On one of these occasions some fanatical Mohammedans came near precipitating a serious riot. With heavy hearts we turned away and walked down to David's Pool, so called because it was there King David had the murderers of Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, publicly executed.

While resting for a few moments at an inn we looked up the principal Scripture references to Hebron, and reread the history of stirring scenes and tragic events. Hebron was one of the cities of refuge, and within its walls many a hotly-pursued offender had come on flying feet, while scores watched the chase from the towers above, wondering if he would escape the avenger, or have to give eye for eye or life for life. Those very hills and valleys were given to heroic Caleb as his well-deserved inheritance. In Hebron David was anointed king over Judah, "and the time that David was king in Hebron over the house of Judah was seven years and six months." And it was in Hebron that his ungrateful son Absalom had himself proclaimed king, and organized revolt against the throne of his honored father.

About a mile or so from the city, in the vale of Mamre, is a large and venerable-looking tree, known as "Abraham's Oak." Up there we walked, passing *en route* several springs of water and the ruins of an

old Roman aqueduct, and under the shade of that historic tree spread our lunch, which to our little company was like eating together another paschal feast. We saw in vision the great patriarch sitting "in the tent door in the heat of the day," and witnessed his warm greeting to the three angels as "he ran to meet them," and "bowed himself toward the ground." A few acorns from the great tree we picked up, and gathered leaves from the bending branches, as souvenirs of an hour's sweet rest and holy meditation amid scenes sacred in the life of "the friend of God."

We returned in the early afternoon by the same road to Rachel's tomb, and then turned aside to spend a twilight hour in Bethlehem. *En route* we came near having an adventure with a small band of robbers. But for the boldness and shrewdness of our dragoman, and the presence of four bronzed, stout-looking passengers, who seemed quite able to cope with a company of bandits, we would have been unfortunate enough to "fall among thieves."

It was matter of regret that we did not have longer time to linger amid the scenes of Bethlehem. As we rode around the ridge into this beautiful and well-kept city of seven thousand inhabitants, the field of Boaz was pointed out, where Ruth gleaned behind the reapers and made a history as fascinating and beautiful as any story ever woven by the hand of genius. In this very city Jesse lived and David was born, and here the great miracle of the centuries was wrought in the birth of the Son of Man. We spent an hour in the Church of the Nativity, which is really a group of buildings in which Roman Catholics, Greeks, and Armenians have chapels. What is known as the Chapel of St. Helena contains forty-four columns, which were brought from Solo-

mon's Temple. We descended to the chapel, where are costly altars marking the sites where the star rested, and where the manger stood in which the world's Redeemer was born. Several Greek monks were kneeling reverently around this shrine and offering their evening prayers. There our company knelt, and together repeated that form of prayer which he gave to guide the heart of the world in its approach to God. Even though there may be doubt about the exact location, there was sweet inspiration in the associations of the place; and I was glad, in such a presence, to renew a solemn covenant made six and twenty years ago. We visited also the grotto of St. Jerome, where he translated the Bible into Latin, and also the tombs of Eusebius and other wise men. A detailed description of the several chapels I cannot give in these hurried notes. When we came out the heavens were full of stars, and a soft silvery light seemed to invest the little city and its surrounding hills with the glory of another transfiguration. I thought surely *that* memorable night must have been much like this, when the shepherds, tending their flocks, heard "the overture of the angels," singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." No more glittering host was ever "marshaled on the nightly plain." I was glad to have been there at such an hour, and all the way to our hotel at Jerusalem the lines of Henry Kirke White were making melody in my soul:

I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

Smyrna. January 26, 1895.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TO JERICHO, JORDAN, AND THE DEAD SEA.

“DOWN to Jericho” and the Jordan Valley we went on horseback. The descent of over three thousand feet was made in twenty-eight miles. Sometimes we were threatened with a headlong plunge into echoing depths, and occasionally had to dismount and lead our horses, who were as sure-footed as a mountain goat. Roads, there were none much of the way, especially after we turned aside from the Jericho road to go directly to the Dead Sea.

At an early hour everything was astir, the horses were ready, and after a hasty breakfast all were mounted and going down to the sea in which there is no life.

The horses, though not full-blooded Arabian steeds, and by no means handsome, are very active and strong-limbed—able to climb dizzy heights and safely go down the steepest hills. Their shoes cover the foot entirely except a small hole in the center, and are fastened on each side by two nails with large heads. These are so made in order to protect them from the sharp rocks, which are the most liberal remains of the time when this sacred land flowed with milk and honey. The “bit and bridle” with which they are “held in” is a curiosity of inhumanity. With that immense and cruel curb the hand of a child could break the horse’s jaw.

We rode past the Damascus gate, across the brook Kedron, by the Garden of Gethsemane, and over the Mount of Olives along the Hosanna Road. At Beth.

any we were joined by the sheik—a swarthy, warlike native—who was to be our guide and guard on the Jericho journey. He was dressed in the garb of a Bedouin, rode a fleet-looking bay horse with many gorgeous trappings, had a pistol in his belt, and a long Damascus blade swinging at his side. He had no occasion to use these weapons of war in our defense, but as there is yet “danger of falling among thieves” in going down to Jericho, we felt more secure in their protection.

Very soon the mountains of Moab were in full view, with Nebo, the sturdy monarch of those historic peaks, rising above the range. The Dead Sea flashed like a mirror under the rays of the morning sun, and seemed only a few miles away, but hours of weary travel were necessary to bring us to its desolate shore. The country through which we passed was not cultivated, and had scarcely a habitation. Here and there were the tents of Bedouins, who moved with the seasons in order to find pasturage for their stock. We passed many shepherds tending their flocks on the hills. To-day, as two thousand years ago, that seems to be the only industry of the country.

We stopped for lunch at Neby Musa—the tomb of Moses—which is a large and almost deserted mosque. Here the Mohammedans claim the great lawgiver was buried, and deny the Bible statement that he died in the land of Moab and was mysteriously laid to rest. This mosque was built over three hundred years ago. It is visited annually, in the month of April, by a great crowd of Mohammedan pilgrims.

A ride of two hours or less brought us to the Dead Sea. As we descended the last of the mountain terraces which overlook the sea, the plain appeared like the

valley of the shadow of death. There was no vegetation—only rugged, stunted bushes, and bunches of tall dry reeds. The latter, with its tufts of dry plumes, easily moved by the breezes, is the “reed shaken by the wind” spoken of in Scripture. We passed what our dragoman claimed as the supposed site of the gardens of Sodom and Gomorrah. A dreary, blasted plain that is, without a tint of beauty or the sign of healthful life.

Some time was spent at the Dead Sea, tasting its brine, bathing our faces, and gathering stones along the shore. One of the party tried a plunge into the waves and tested the fact that the human body cannot sink in that heavy water. It is said to hold in solution fifteen per cent. more salt than the ocean. From the taste, I should insist that the estimate is too low by half. There are no shells on the shore—not even the *remains* of any living thing. “No fin stirring in its still depths, and no flowers or foliage fringing its borders.” But the stones are beautiful—of every size, shape, and color. Having no outlet, its waters are carried off by evaporation.

Across the sea, and some miles eastward, we saw the ruined castle of Machærus, where the iron-hearted John the Baptist was imprisoned, and in which he was beheaded by order of Herod Antipas, the “pettiest, meanest, weakest, and most contemptible of titular princelings.” It was from the gloom and “maddening solitude” of that fortress that the dauntless Forerunner, “cowed by the physical lassitude and despair of a life left to rot away in the lonely darkness,” sent two of his friends to Jesus with this strange, sad question: “Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?” What a battle of doubt and fear must have

raged in the great soul that day! No wonder "the eye of the caged eagle began to film."

We were very near the place where the waters of the Jordan are poured into the lifeless sea, but saw no open mouth and turbid tides. These floods come in by a subterranean channel, except when the great valley is overflowed. Some distance above the river runs underground, as if to accustom itself to the "shadow of death" before it is swallowed up in its remorseless sea.

An hour's ride brought us to the "Fords of the Jordan," the reputed place where Joshua led the Israelites across the river, and probably not far from the spot where our Lord was baptized, and a strange voice was heard from the "excellent glory." In that valley—that "uncultivated and untenanted wilderness"—girdled by wild and robber-haunted mountains, the great Baptist preached to vast multitudes attracted thither from the whole land. Priest and publican, soldier and civilian, scribe and Pharisee, rich and poor, were there—coming on eager feet "from priestly Hebron, from holy Jerusalem, and from smiling Galilee." How vividly those scenes rose before us as we urged our horses along the dreary, alkali plain, and caught the first view of the river Jordan. To most tourists that first sight is doubtless a shock of disappointment. We involuntarily invest with poetic beauty the scenes where great events have occurred, and especially where spiritual revelations have been made. It is difficult to conceive of the commonplace in scenery being associated with the wonderful and miraculous in experience or achievement. But, in truth, the Jordan is not a beautiful stream—crooked, muddy, with precipitous banks and

a swift, swirling current. Its average width is said to be about ninety feet, and its depth ten feet. We bathed our faces in the historic river, cut several canes from the balsam that grows on its banks, had our dragoman to fill for each of us a bottle with the sacred water, meditated reverently upon the wonderful events which were there enacted, and then remounted our horses for a two hours' ride to Jericho.

Our route was along the very path the ancient Israelites traveled toward Gilgal and Jericho. Every square foot was hallowed by associations and memories that thrilled the soul with unrestrained rapture, while away in front of us, gilded by the declining sun, rose to majestic height Mount Quarantania, the scene of our Lord's temptation. We passed in a few hundred yards of ancient Gilgal, but the deepening twilight warned us that we had not time to stop. There the first tent was stretched after the miraculous crossing of the river, there the first passover feast was eaten in the promised inheritance, there the last manna was gathered, and there the wilderness wanderers ate of the old corn of the land. In Gilgal the Tabernacle was set up and remained until the tribes moved to their several estates. But of Samuel's annual visits to judge Israel, of Saul's coronation, of Elisha's miracles, of David's coming *en route* to Jerusalem after Absalom's fatal fall, of Joshua's vision of the "captain of the host of the Lord," and other events occurring at and near Gilgal, I cannot make mention. Are they not written in the chronicles of our God?

We reached Jericho about seven o'clock, after fully ten hours in the saddle. In a modest hotel we found comfortable rooms, courteous attention, well-prepared

meals, and refreshing sleep. Our one-eyed host was glad to see us, and, after the manner of the East, wanted a certificate of commendation. At an early hour the next morning we were ready for a visit to the site of ancient Jericho, and our return to Jerusalem. Near the modern city we were shown the spot where Herod's palace stood, now a Russian hospital, and probably passed where blind Bartimeus "sat by the wayside begging," and offered the prayer of faith that moved the compassionate Saviour to say, "Receive thy sight." The Turkish barracks are supposed to occupy the site of the house of Zaccheus, "the execrated publican," where our Lord was an honored guest, and where he left his blessing and great salvation. Here he gave his disciples the Parable of the Pounds. We plucked some apples of Sodom as we rode along. They are about the size and shape of an ordinary plum, yellow and beautiful without, but empty and useless within. Lemon and orange groves abound, and the trees were laden with golden fruit. The valley which stretched out before us—green and fertile—which once so charmed the eye of Israel, is now the personal property of the Sultan.

A half hour's ride brought us to ancient Jericho and "Elisha's Fountain." Three great hills—piles of stone and rubbish—are all that remain of the strong-walled city, which fell at the blast of Joshua's trumpets. We climbed up on them, traced the line of the old wall, and in imagination saw, as "the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat." We heard Joshua as he pronounced a curse upon the man who should rebuild the city, and in the rubbish about us saw its literal fulfillment. Just at that spot I fancied was

the house of Rahab, who hid the two spies under stalks of flax, and from whose window of faith floated the scarlet line that secured for herself and family divine protection. As we looked across the Jordan, and toward the distant mountains of Moab, we probably saw the place where, as Elijah and Elisha "still went on and talked," "there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." And many other marvelous scenes swept across the field of vision, of which I have neither time nor space to write.

At the base of these mounds is Elisha's Fountain, which sends out a bold, clear stream, strong enough to turn the big wheel of a grain mill near by. Here the prophet made the bitter waters sweet, and from that day to this it has been a wholesome fountain of flowing plenty and crystal beauty. Above us, and very near, rose the great rock wall of the Mount of Temptation. On its steep side there is a large Abyssinian monastery, which seems to cling to the rocks like lichen on a tree, and to which access can only be had by a narrow path on foot or the back of a donkey. We were told that the monks in that monastery are supported by food brought from Jerusalem. What a dreary, indolent life they must live!

Leaving ancient Jericho we passed through the Valley of Achor, where Achan and family were stoned and burned for his covetous disobedience. Before beginning our steep ascent of the mountains of Benjamin we forded the brook Cherith, by which, farther up the deep gorge, the prophet Elijah was fed by the ravens. Here it is bold and beautiful, making glad and fruitful all the plain where it flows. Farther up

it is smaller, but as it falls from one rock terrace to another we could distinctly hear from the road the wild music of its waters. At the base of the mountains we noted the ruins of a large aqueduct, built by Herod the Great to carry the waters of Cherith to his famous gardens in Jericho.

When away up the hills of Benjamin, we were shown a Greek convent—Convent of St. Elias—built on the side of a deep gorge, down which ran the channel of Cherith. That is supposed to be the identical spot where Elijah secreted himself after delivering his startling message in the ivory palace of King Ahab. There it is supposed the ravens came by divine commission to minister unto him, and from there, refreshed in spirit and indued with power, he went to win the wonderful faith-victory of Carmel. Surely no more quiet place could be found for communion with God, and none where he would more surely escape the search of pursuing enemies.

We stopped for lunch at a khan which is said to mark the place where the Good Samaritan wrought a work that will be spoken of throughout the world and to remotest generations. Goodness is more immortal than greatness. All the physical surroundings may very well support the claim that just there the poor man “fell among thieves.” After tarrying for a few moments again in Bethany, we reached our hotel in Jerusalem in safety. One of our party, Rev. Mr. Patterson, of Scotland, came in rather unpleasant contact with the heels of a vicious horse, but otherwise we had neither “let nor hindrance” during the two days’ journey.

Athens, January 30, 1895.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FROM JERUSALEM TO SHECHEM.

RETURNING from Jericho, we spent nearly two days in Jerusalem, walking about Zion, making some deferred observations, and completing arrangements for our long horseback ride through Judea, Galilee, and Samaria. A banker had to be consulted and the bazaars visited, in order to secure a few curios and souvenirs for friends from the "city of the great King." But the most important preparation for that interior journey was an additional passport. Although I had one from the State Department at Washington, D. C., properly viséed by a Turkish consul, I was compelled to get another, called a "teskarie," written in Arabic, for which the hungry official asked the sum of seven dollars. This serves two purposes: filches from the infidel tourist, and pays tribute to the ignorance of interior officials who are unable to read any foreign language. The average Turkish officer, whether in the customs, police, or other department, is without conscience and corrupt to the last degree. His one aim in life is to get *backsheesh*. Though there be not a dutiable article in your baggage, and certified to by another officer, he will go through it slowly and endanger your getting aboard the ship, in order to compel the payment of tribute. But a little cash in advance will pass any tourist anywhere without a "teskarie," or any dutiable article through the customs without examination. They are robbers in uniform, whose efficiency is measured by

their rapacity, and whose promotion is conditioned on dishonest earnings. For unblushing venality and cold-blooded brutality the representatives of the Turkish Government have no equals in modern history. The poor natives, Mohammedans in faith, who have become convinced of the truth of Christianity, dare not publicly profess it. In a few days or weeks the new convert would be "missing," and not an official ever be able to find a trace of the lost. An earnest Christian woman in Nazareth, who has a large class of girls under her instruction, told us that some had become true disciples of Jesus in heart, but, on penalty of death, dared not make public announcement of the fact. These and other considerations forced the conclusion that all Palestine—the "land of promise," so rich in places and associations dear to the disciples of the Son of God—should be under the joint protectorate of the several great Christian nations.

To the American Consul at Jerusalem, an accomplished and most agreeable young Presbyterian minister, we are much indebted for official and personal courtesies. Through him our passports were secured from the Turkish office.

On Friday afternoon, January 11, we bade Jerusalem good-by, and our cavalcade started northward to Galilee. Our route was along the ancient Roman road toward Damascus—the way made sacred by the feet of the Holy Family returning to Nazareth, and memorable by the persecuting expedition of Saul of Tarsus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." A little north of the Damascus gate we passed what is known as "the Hill of Ashes," a heap formed by the ashes of the burnt offerings, and claimed

by some as the real site of our Lord's crucifixion. How expressive were those remains of the sacrificial fires! Multiplied thousands of the best and most costly offerings—lambs "without blemish"—expressive of Israel's eager expectation of the coming of the great King, were there joyously turned to ashes. What marvelous history and waiting faith and longing hope and anxious solicitude were recalled by that pile of rubbish! But while *we* rejoice in the coming of the Redeemer, prefigured by those altars of flame, to the faith of those who deny or reject the one Mediator, this only remains—a *heap of ashes*.

A few minutes' ride brought us to the "Tombs of the Kings"—vast subterranean chambers cut in the solid rock, and in which royalty is supposed to have slept through the centuries. Although we had crawled into many dark passages where historic bones were long kept, we dismounted and examined these, the most elaborate and costly of all the catacombs in Palestine. Their history, like themselves, is shadowy, but they are the best preserved remains of the old style of Jewish sepulture. One gets here the most satisfactory idea of how the heavy stone is rolled against the door of the sepulcher and securely sealed.

On the top of Mt. Scopus we lingered for a last near view of Jerusalem. From that summit victorious Titus watched the destruction of the sacred city, and saw the stately temple crumble to ashes. But our hearts were sad; and when we thought of those blessed shrines being in Moslem hands, we felt somewhat of our Lord's pity when on neighboring Olivet "he beheld the city, and wept over it."

Passing on over the roughest, rockiest so-called road

that was ever trodden by the hoof of an Arabian horse, and scarcely relieved by the shade of a single tree, we were soon in sight of ancient Nob, where the ark of the covenant was removed after remaining twenty years in the house of Abinadab. It was there David recovered the sword of Goliath, the memorial of his first and most brilliant achievement; and there he ate the show-bread, and was the innocent cause of eighty-five priests being slain by the command of King Saul. The next place of interest, and but a short distance beyond, was Gibeah of Saul, the stronghold of Benjamin, and associated with some of the most tragic passages in the history of Israel. It was on that height the wrathful fury of King Saul sought the extermination of the Gibeonites; and in after years it witnessed a bitter revenge of history—the hanging of seven men of the sons of Saul, only Mephibosheth, the son of Jonathan, being spared, and that “because of the Lord’s oath” between David and Jonathan. From that elevation we had a magnificent view: Jerusalem was behind us; off to the right were the distant mountains of Moab, the Dead Sea mirroring the afternoon sun, and the sinuous river hurrying to the depths in which nothing can live, and from which no roaming current ever returns. To the right, only two miles distant, was Mizpeh, where Saul was chosen king; and clinging to the hillside on the north was Gibeon, where the young King Solomon began his reign by bringing a thousand burnt offerings unto the Lord. His first act as king was a religious act. It was on that very spot God came down and spoke into the young king’s dreaming ear, and there heard the prayer which tested the fiber of his faith and determined the character of his early reign. In a little less

than an hour we passed the village of Ramah, the scene of as beautiful a story as is found in all the romance of the centuries. Here Samuel was born, in answer to prayer; and forth from this village the devout mother made her annual pilgrimages to the tabernacle at Shiloh to see the child she had "lent to the Lord," carrying the little new coat her busy fingers and praying heart had made. And here at last, after an honored and honorable life, this noble son of his mother, "the last of the judges, the first of the order of prophets, and the founder of the Hebrew monarchy," was laid to rest. "God chooses any common spot for a mighty incident or the home of a mighty spirit."

We passed through El Bireh—ancient Beeroth—the place where it is supposed Joseph and Mary first missed the child Jesus, and not finding him "among their kinsfolk and acquaintance," hurried back to the city to see him amazing the learned doctors in the temple. So long were the lines of returning pilgrims, traveling those narrow paths in single file, that one could very easily become separated from a company, and his whereabouts not easily be discovered. We were shown a large caravansary in the village, built by the Saracens, and the ruins of a church erected by the Crusaders on the spot where the Holy Family is supposed to have rested. On account of the bitter hostility between Christians and Mohammedans in this place, neither church nor mosque has been built on those sacred ruins. In numbers they are about equally divided, and are in relentless antagonism. So fierce is this spirit that they have separate waterspouts at the village fountain and separate troughs for their donkeys and other animals to drink. Thus, for difference of opinion, men are per-

sonally estranged, and fight each other to the death. Alas that others than Moslems have thus discounted the gentle, patient brotherliness of the Son of Man! What a travesty that men should contend to the hilt for the traditional spot where the mother of the Prince of Peace rested for a night!

From Beeroth we turned aside to the village of Ramallah, and spent the night in a Greek monastery. The red-headed monk was very courteous, and extended genuine hospitality; albeit, we had little conversation, not speaking the same tongue. The night was quite cool, and most comfortable were the hours around his modest stove. The inhabitants of the village are Christians, nearly all being members of the Greek Church. There are a few Roman Catholics, an English Church, and a congregation of Quakers. The Quakers have a boarding school, a hospital, and an English surgeon.

In the early morning we resumed our journey, and in an hour were at the village of Bethel—"but the name of that city was called Luz at the first." We "lighted upon a certain place" where it is supposed Jacob tarried all night, and in his dreams had the vision of the "ladder set up on the earth," the top of it reaching to heaven, and crowded with ascending and descending angels. In that little valley, near where the stone pillow was set up for a pillar, we stood and meditated; and as that gorgeous scene unrolled before our imagination, we felt like exclaiming with the great patriarch, as he awaked out of sleep: "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." We were also shown the supposed site, on the hill between Bethel and Ai,

"where Abraham set up his altar." And that spot is also memorable as marking the place where Abraham and Lot separated, the latter turning toward the green Jordan Valley which looked so inviting in the distance. It was at Bethel that Jeroboam built one of his altars, which was rent in twain, and thus sought to divorce the heart of the ten tribes from their attachment to the temple worship at Jerusalem. He had the shrewdness to discern the intimate connection between the political and religious faiths of a people. He knew that the revolt could only succeed by stopping their annual pilgrimage to the great city. And very near that hill we were shown the place where tradition says Elisha commanded the bears to destroy the mocking children. It was difficult to imagine that those barren hills and rocks were ever the hiding places of wild beasts. But if all the impertinent and irreverent youngsters of the country were again liable to such a fate, the she-bears would have to sharpen their teeth and get ready for a big engagement.

Journeying northward, we noticed in the distance the village of Ophrah, supposed to be the Ephraim to which our Lord quietly retired with his disciples for awhile, when he "walked no more openly among the Jews." There the brave Gideon was born and lived, and had his faith and courage strengthened by the vision of the fleece. In a little while we entered the "Valley of Figs"—a narrow table-land filled with small fig orchards—and dismounting, led our horses down the most dreadful road in the world, into the "glen of robbers," and halted for awhile at Robbers' Fountain. Doubtless many a pious pilgrim in ancient times fell by this wayside.

We lunched that day at Shiloh, or rather on the site of that historic city, and the very spot where the Tabernacle stood. The ruins of an old church mark the place, and from its falling walls a tree has grown, beneath the shade of which we ate our paschal feast. There Eli ministered at God's altar and sat in the gate of judgment; there Samuel heard the voice of his Lord, and received the grateful visits of his devout and beautiful mother; there the Tabernacle stood, and the ark of the covenant rested for years, and from it was carried into battle and captured by the Philistines. Now there is nothing but desolation; Jeremiah's prophecy has been literally fulfilled—"Go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel."

Passing through the Valley of Shiloh, and near ancient Lebonah, we soon regained the beaten highway, and had mounts Gerizim and Ebal in full view before us, while in the distance snowy Hermon leaned his head against the evening sky. In a hill to the right we saw the tomb of Eleazar "in Mount Ephraim," but had not time to stop and lay a flower upon the resting place of the son of Aaron. Descending from this range of hills we entered the Plain of Moreh, now called Mukhna. Growing crops made the valley look like a well-cultivated garden, and here it was our Lord said to his disciples: "Lift up your eyes and see, for the fields are white unto harvest." Before reaching Nabloos—ancient Shechem—we stopped for awhile at Jacob's well, one of the few sites about which there can be no doubt. By the side of that very well the Lord sat and taught the Samaritan woman who came

to draw water. It is situated down in the valley, and at the entrance of the narrow gateway between the lofty mountains of Gerizim and Ebal. Once a large church was built near and over it, but is now a heap of ruins. We had pieces of burning paper dropped into it, and ascertained its immense size and great depth. It is seven feet in diameter, and about seventy-five feet deep. In 1838 Robinson found its depth to be one hundred and five feet.

But a short distance from Jacob's well is Joseph's tomb. The patriarch, when dying in Egypt, "gave commandment concerning his bones;" and when Israel came out under the guardianship of a pillar of cloud and fire, the embalmed body of Joseph was carried by tender hands and finally laid to rest in the parcel of ground given by his father Jacob.

From these patriarchal relics and scenes, so beautifully connected with the ministry of our Lord, we rode into old Shechem, now called Nabloos. It was late Saturday afternoon, and the shadows of the high mountains had already wrapped the little city in darkness. We supposed that arrangements had been made for us in the home of a Baptist missionary; but his house was full, and we had to go elsewhere. A Samaritan gentleman—the good Samaritan to us—opened wide his doors and bade us welcome. Under his roof we abode for a little while, being served with coffee by the thoughtful housewife; but our dragoman at length had us removed to a Roman Catholic monastery. With many a gracious bow we bade the good Samaritan good-by, and found a pleasant home with two Latin fathers for two nights and a holy Sabbath.

Athens, January 29, 1895.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FROM NABLOOS TO NAZARETH.

SUNDAY, January 13, 1895, was spent in the city of Nabloos, ancient Shechem; and a peaceful, restful day it was. We found the Latin fathers in the monastery most agreeable and social—contributing not a little to the pleasure and profit of our stay in that second city of Palestine, with its population of from forty to fifty thousand. As they did not speak English, and none of us had an easy-speaking acquaintance with French, Rev. Mr. Patterson, of our party, ventured to try a little Latin as a means of communication. The effort to speak it revived his college-day knowledge of that classic tongue, and we all discovered that the so-called “dead language” may be easily given a living voice. As both were somewhat “slow of speech,” especially at first, we found it not difficult to interpret them, and in a little while the table-talk was thoroughly enjoyed. Much valuable information was gathered, and far into the night the hours thus pleasantly passed.

On Sunday morning we went to the Samaritan synagogue, rather to see than to hear. We were too late for a service at the Baptist Mission, and knew it was not the Sabbath of the Samaritans; but it was our one opportunity to see that only synagogue of “the oldest and smallest sect in the world.” By the special, but reluctant, favor of the high priest—reluctant in order to ascertain the amount of *backsheesh* obtainable—we

were shown three ancient copies of the Pentateuch, carefully kept within the holy of holies. The last one unrolled is the oldest and most precious—claimed by the Samaritans to have been made by a grandson of Eleazar, in immediate descent and not far removed from Aaron. That claim may be somewhat extravagant, but it is undoubtedly a very ancient manuscript. The synagogue is quite small, and the little congregation worshipping there is the last remnant of a peculiar people. Now, as in the day when our Lord talked with the woman at the well, “the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.”

In the afternoon we went on Mount Gerizim—the sacred mountain of the Samaritans—and saw the place where they go annually for a fortnight, and keep the feast of the Passover. They dwell in tents, offer sacrifices, and in all respects adhere rigidly to the ceremonials of the patriarchal period. The road up which they go is lined with almond trees, branches of which are carried in procession. From the almond tree it is supposed Aaron’s rod was made. On that mountain the Samaritans contend that Abraham went to offer Isaac in sacrifice, and there they built a splendid temple to rival the one at Jerusalem. Afterwards a church marked the site where the temple stood, but now nothing remains but ruins—ruins only less pathetic than the little remnant of people who are dying in a vain effort to preserve that which, by divine command, “is done away.”

We went out on the side of Mount Gerizim which overlooks the narrow valley separating it from Mount Ebal, and stood doubtless on the very spot where occurred that wonderful scene of blessing and cursing.

A man had been sent to Mount Ebal just opposite, which enabled us to fairly test the possibility of hearing the human voice across the plain. Of course, everyone in our party preferred the mount of blessing, so we employed a native to climb the mount of cursing. Was there not a touch of humanity in that? But our apology was in the fact that the cursing is now very ancient history, and that there is no more of moral quality in the rocks of Ebal than in the stones of Gerizim. As back and forth we flung our voices for fully a mile across the plain, each mountain acting as a sounding-board, the words could be distinctly heard by the speakers, and attracted the attention of everyone in the valley below. We could easily imagine the scene when the tribes assembled to hear the books of the law, and the solemn hush that fell upon all Israel as the man of God read the words of blessing or cursing. What a lesson there is in this great whispering gallery of the Holy Land, built by the hand of God out of these gigantic mountains millenniums before it ever found a place in the world's history! It should no longer be difficult to believe that the loving ear of a prayer-hearing God can catch the faintest whisper of a penitent soul—can distinguish even "the imaginations of the thoughts of the heart." Mount Gerizim is 2,855 feet high, while Mount Ebal is a little higher, being 2,986 feet.

The inhabitants of Nabloos are largely Mohammedans, and very fanatical. The Greeks are most numerous among the Christians, though there is a large congregation of Roman Catholics, besides a Church of England and a prosperous Baptist mission. The mosque of Nabloos was once a Crusader's church ded-

icated to St. John. The people appeared to be rather thrifty and industrious, the principal enterprise being the manufacture of olive oil and soap.

On Monday morning at an early hour we were again mounted on our faithful steeds, and, continuing our northward journey, "must needs go through Samaria." Quite a rain had fallen during the night, and the clouds that hung heavy in the skies indicated a day of storm. But for only a few moments did we have occasion to use our waterproofs, the clouds kindly floating away in order that every day in the Lord's land might be a profit and a delight. The valley down which we rode, filled with olive and orange orchards, is productive, and without fertilization yet yields fairly good crops of wheat. This is converted into flour by the crude little mills we saw, whose very old-fashioned wheels were turned by the abundant water from bold and perennial springs.

In two and a half hours we reached the city of Samaria, set on a hill—the ill-fated capital whose story of blood from Ahab to Herod is hardly excelled in all the annals of crime. It was in connection with the early history of Samaria that the inspired writer said: "And Ahab did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him." We dismounted and visited a mosque which stands on the site of a Crusader's church, and beneath which, it is claimed, were buried the bones of Obadiah and John the Baptist. We descended into the tombs with lighted candles, and while "preserving a wholesome skepticism" about all these "traditions of the elders," had no occasion to doubt the plausibility, if not probability, of the contention. Some of the mass-

ive granite columns which supported Herod's magnificent palace still stand, and down in "the valley of barley," which that palace overlooked, are the ruins of Herod's theater, where it is supposed the daughter of Herodias danced before him, and made the heartless and horrible request for the head of John the Baptist. In that old mosque there are preserved also some of the ancient stones and other rubbish of "the house of Baal" which Ahab built in Samaria.

We saw the sites of the palaces and temples of Ahab and Herod, and the long double rows of stone columns still standing which were used for an archway from the ivory palace to the granite temple. Here also is the colonnade built by Herod the Great in honor of Augustus Cæsar. That is now called "the Street of the Columns," and gives one a vivid idea of the magnificent scale on which those structures were projected. It produced a strange sensation to be reminded that I was looking upon the very spot where Elijah, the fiery prophet of God, began his heroic ministry. It was in that royal palace that the shaggy messenger of heaven, who was without beginning of days or end of life, suddenly appeared and delivered his startling prophecy of famine. And from that identical hill the wicked king saw its exact and bitter fulfillment, as the fountain ceased to flow, and the valleys turned sear and drear, and the mountains were scorched as with fire, while flocks and herds, after searching in vain for food and drink, lay down to die. Here we were amid the scenes of a history every paragraph of which was a drama, and every incident a tragedy.

As we rode through "the Street of the Columns" and around the brow of the hill, our dragoman had us

stop for a few minutes at an angle where yet stand the towers and foundations of an old gate, called "the Lepers' gate." It was to that point the lepers brought news of the flight of the Syrians, which raised the siege of Ben-hadad and gave timely help to the famine-stricken city. Thus the dreaded and neglected—the poor, homeless, friendless lepers—became messengers of glad tidings. And that is not the only instance in history where the neglected and rejected have been the bearers of good news and the ministers of mercy. From the hill of Samaria we had a splendid view of Mount Carmel, the blue Mediterranean, and far to the southward the beautiful Plain of Sharon.

The next place of special interest was Dothan, a little off the road, through the plain of which we rode but did not turn aside for a nearer view of the unpretentious village. All that sad story of Joseph and his significant dream, and his innocent going to find his brethren and their flocks, came fresh to the mind as that scene unrolled before us. The "traditional pit" is there pointed out, and the road is shown along which the merchantmen were traveling on their way to Egypt. We could fancy the affrighted and heart-broken boy, the favored son of a fond old father, vanishing in the distance, their slave; while his jealous, heartless brethren were looking at the blood-dyed coat, and rehearsing the story with which they would deceive the bereaved ones at home. In that valley the Syrian army was smitten with blindness "according to the word of Elisha," and probably that very hill was "the mountain" the servant of the king saw which "was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

Beyond Dothan we passed through the largest olive orchard in all Palestine, located on the border between Ephraim and Manasseh. About six o'clock in the evening we reached Jennen, the Engannim of Joshua, or the "Fountain of Gardens," where the night was quietly spent. For an hour before we rode into this Mohammedan town of about three thousand inhabitants, our route was along a small stream flowing through a narrow valley. As the shadows deepened on the mountain sides the jackals came out from their hiding places in the rocks and howled at the cavalcade passing below. And a few moments thereafter a mu-ezzin from the minaret of a little mosque in the town, in tones not less weird, and to me more sad, began to chant the hour of evening prayer. I thought if a hooting owl would only join the chorus, we would have a veritable orchestra of the wilderness—the physical and moral wilderness of shadow and sin. On the limited accommodations at the "hotel of Jennen" I have not room to enlarge.

Before eight o'clock the next morning we were again in the saddle, and in a few minutes entered the Plain of Esdraelon, "for centuries a battlefield of nations," and yet the most fertile and beautiful valley of this promised land. Of its historic associations Dean Farrar thus eloquently speaks: "Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Emirs and Arsicids, Judges and Consuls, had all contended for the mastery of that beautiful tract. It had glittered with the lances of Amalekites; it had trembled under the chariot wheels of Sesostri; it had echoed the twanging bowstrings of Sennacherib; it had been trodden by the phalanxes of Macedonia; it had clashed with the broadswords of Rome; it was

destined hereafter to ring with the battle cry of the Crusaders, and thunder with the artillery of England and of France. In that Plain of Jezreel, Europe and Asia, Judaism and heathenism, barbarism and civilization, the Old and the New Covenant, the history of the past and the hopes of the present, seemed all to meet." It was that triangular plain we entered on as beautiful a morning as ever shone out of an Oriental sky. And whichever way we turned, the eye fell upon some historic spot, sacred or sad, in the annals of Israel. Off to the right were the mountains of Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan fell, and over whom David wept, and cried: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen!" To the left was the village of Fouleh, the scene of Napoleon's brilliant victory. The ancient cities of Taanach and Megiddo are seen in the distance, and after a ride of two hours from Jennen we stop for a few moments at the city of Jezreel. We were shown the rather insignificant house which has been built on the site of Ahab's magnificent palace. We saw the very ground which was once Naboth's vineyard, the coveting of which caused the silly king to commit an atrocious crime, and which at last wrought his shameless death. There the cold and cruel Jezebel, the wicked daughter of the heathen king of the Zidonians, lived, and from a window in that palace she was hurled to her death below, and eaten by dogs, nothing left for burial but "the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands."

Beyond Jezreel we passed Gideon's Fountain, where the brave three hundred were selected to achieve that great victory for God, and saw the place where King Saul camped during his last fatal war. Of course, we

halted for awhile at the village of Shunem, where the widow lived in whose house there was a "prophet's chamber," where the faithful Elisha found rest and sympathy. It is located at the foot of a mountain, and quite surrounded by groves of orange and citron. A house is pointed out as the genuine successor of the one in which the Shunammite mother lived, and where Elisha raised her son from the dead. From there we continued our journey around the foot of Little Hermon to the village of Nain, where we spread our lunch, and talked of our Lord's miracle when in that place he converted a funeral procession into a triumph of joy. A Roman Catholic church stands upon the supposed site where our Lord raised the dead, and said to the widow, "Receive thy son."

Before us rose Mount Tabor, the most beautiful, and, with the exception of snowy Hermon, the most majestic of all summits in that land of lofty heights. We had purposed its ascent, but concluded to cross the plain and climb the hills to Nazareth. *En route* we saw in the distance the village of Endor, with which there is connected the thrilling story of a certain witch, and other points of more or less interest in the history of Israel. Up the hills we slowly climbed along a Turkish road, quite representative of the wretched government which constructed it, until at length we reached the lovely city of Nazareth. I was glad to rest for a night in the place where my Lord spent quite thirty years of his earthly life. To-morrow I will see it and tell about it.

Naples, February 1, 1895.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NAZARETH AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.

OUR afternoon ride up the steep Galilean hills to Nazareth was along the very road our Lord often traveled, for it is the only approach to the city going northward from Jerusalem. From the summit of the hill we looked down upon the beautiful home of the Son of Man, a city of probably ten thousand inhabitants, nestling in a little valley as sweetly as "the young child" did in his mother's arms. Nazareth, which means *separation*, is appropriately named, and on account of its picturesque isolation and quiet security was a fitting place for the human development of a divine Redeemer. There "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." Entirely around the little vale a cordon of hills has been thrown up, rising to an average height of five hundred feet, and, as Dean Stanley says, "seem as if they meet to form an inclosure for this peaceful basin—they rise round it like the edge of a shell to guard it from intrusion." From that summit, before we began the descent, our dragoman pointed out the hill claimed by some as the "Mount of Precipitation," but being too far from the town to answer to the Scripture narrative, we promptly and unanimously repudiated the "clumsy tradition."

We found quarters in a small hotel near the center of the town, and after a few moments' rest and a cup of tea, walked out to take in some of the sights in this

lovely mountain home of Joseph and Mary. Tradition, of course, has been here almost as busy and contentious as in Jerusalem and Bethlehem. Greek and Latin Christians each claim the site of the Annunciation, and each has marked the place with a church. The Roman Catholic Church of the Annunciation, a more pretentious structure, was very near our hotel, and to it our steps were first directed. It is a large building, and contains several very good paintings. In a chapel below, reached by a flight of stone steps, there is a marble altar, over which a swinging lamp casts "a dim, religious light" day and night, which is supposed to mark the very spot where the angel appeared to the Virgin Mary. Adjoining and to the rear of this, in what seemed to be a cave in the rock, we were conducted into the "Virgin's Kitchen." It was late in the afternoon, and several "Sisters of Nazareth" and other worshipers came in to place flowers on the altar of the "Virgin's Kitchen," and offer their evening devotions.

We went next to "the workshop of Joseph," the place where "the carpenter of Nazareth" is supposed to have toiled and marveled, while "Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." A church has been there erected to mark the place of honest labor, and where doubtless the innocent villagers often wondered at the wisdom of the Carpenter's Son, and mentally asked, "From whence hath this man these things?" There we lingered for awhile, and looking out over the little vale below, and off to the encircling hills, tried to picture that most beautiful and dutiful childhood the world has ever known. The foundation and old stone altars of that Church of St. Helena are sacredly preserved.

In another part of the town we visited a small church built over a large rock, and in order to shelter that sacred boulder. It is called the "Table of Christ," the tradition being that our Lord and his disciples there ate together, with that stone for a table. It is now made the "high altar" of a Christian church at which the faithful yet keep the paschal feast. Returning to the hotel we passed the supposed site of the ancient synagogue where Jesus preached his wonderful sermon, and the people, "filled with wrath, rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong." Near by is a precipice which might easily answer to that record, and where more probably that scene occurred.

By special invitation, extended through our dragoon—who has many acquaintances and relatives in Nazareth—we had the privilege of visiting the home of one of the better-class citizens. Most of the people live in houses of one story and a single room, but this stone dwelling had several rooms for the accommodation of an unusually large family. The home was typical—it had stone floors, no furniture, except a small foreign dressing case which seemed an intrusion, and a stationary seat around the walls on which were cushions and piled-up quilts. There they sit in the day and sleep at night. Tables and chairs were not to be seen, while the cooking was done in a little hut out in the yard, a few feet square, and scarcely high enough for a grown person to stand erect. There, in an oven covered with ashes, the bread is baked, and the frugal meal prepared. Simple enough are the customs of this Galilean city. In many respects they are doubtless just the same as

in the days of the childhood of the Son of Man. What a flood of light these better-understood scenes and customs throw upon his wonderful words!

The inhabitants of this city are largely Christians, with not a Jew in the place, and are almost fair enough in complexion to be mistaken for Europeans. Our dragoman insisted that they were descendants of the Crusaders, the historic accuracy of which statement I have had no means to verify. The women, who appear everywhere unveiled, are handsomer than those seen elsewhere in Palestine, but not equal to the picture of "Madonna-like beauty" with which our imaginations have always invested the Virgin mother. In the late afternoon of each day scores and hundreds of them may be seen at the "Virgin's Fountain" in the northern end of the village, filling their large water jars, and merrily chatting over the latest social event. Many of them are gaudily dressed, and nearly all evidenced the great rivalry of skill in balancing and carrying these immense and well-filled jars. Among women as among men, every section, if not every community, has its special rivalry. Here it seems to be feminine expertness and grace in carrying water jars. And rather remarkable are some of their feats. We saw them place a pad of wet cloth on the head, lift upon it the long, heavy jar containing three or four gallons of water, fix it at an angle of fifteen degrees, and walk off with a merry twinkle in the eyes, as if to say, "Fair daughter of Nazareth, beat this if you can." And if young and handsome, she hopes to catch the admiring gaze of some "lord of the hills." The water of that bold fountain issues in pipes from beneath the Greek church, a little farther up the hill. No doubt the

mother of our Lord in her day was often seen there in the evening with her earthen pitcher. Indeed, it is the one place in the city connected with her humble, beautiful life, about which there can be no doubt, and from that day to this it has been called "Mary's Well," or the "Virgin's Fountain."

On the afternoon of our return from Tiberias, two days later, we climbed to the top of the high hill north of the city, which commands a magnificent prospect. What a "far-looking" mountain it is! No doubt our Saviour there often repaired, and, as Renan says, "in silence and communication with nature his soul grew to its immeasurable greatness." Indeed, all the surroundings of Nazareth are quite suited to the earthly development of such a life—to the unfoldings of a contemplative mind burdened with the increasing consciousness of a divine mission. Although it was winter, the hillsides were "enameled with innumerable flowers," and about us the birds flitted on swift and brilliant wing. One guidebook tells us there are three hundred and twenty-two different kinds of birds in Palestine, and most of them are seen about Nazareth. But who can describe that vision of glory from the summit of the hill? We saw the sinking sun dip into the distant sea of sapphire, while his rays yet gilded the glorious crown of Carmel and dropped the evening shadows gently upon the green and brown fields of Esdraelon. Before us was the village of "Cana of Galilee"—its flat-roofed houses, under the softening light of the departing day, retaining a blush like the water which our Lord there turned to wine. Beyond was great Hermon, his helmet of snow giving place to a crown of gold, and blazing with a glory like another transfiguration. But each vision can-

not be given. All about us were the scenes of the greatest ministry and mystery of the ages! No wonder we lingered "until the shadows were a little longer grown," wishing the twilight of that evening were but the dawn of the morning!

We slowly descended and walked through the narrow and peculiar streets to our hotel. These paved streets are not wider than alleys, and in the center of each is a depression which serves both as a passway for animals and a gutter to carry water down the steep hills. There are many little shops, and the people seem quite industrious. They are workers, however, in iron rather than in wood. Their cutlery is crude and curious. At the hotel in the evening we were visited by tradesmen and women with all sorts of trinkets to sell, from the little wooden model of a Palestine plow to an embroidered handkerchief and a sample of pressed Nazareth flowers.

At nine o'clock on Wednesday morning we were off for Tiberias, a short day's ride, but one of the most memorable of our tour of the Lord's land. We rode past the Virgin's Fountain and up a high hill, on the top of which stood a closed and unoccupied school building of the Church Missionary Society. Advantage had been taken of some technicality, and the property seized by the Turkish Government. By a circuitous but intensely interesting road we descended into the valley, passing on our right the village of Gath-hepher, the birthplace of Jonah, and in one hour and a half reached "Cana of Galilee." This was the scene of our Lord's first miracle, and "a sign," as Dean Farrar has said, "that he came, not to call his disciples out of the world and its ordinary duties, but to make men happier,

nobler, better *in* the world." A Greek church marks the place where the marriage is supposed to have occurred, and the old priest, with the serenest satisfaction and most perfect "assurance of faith," showed the *original* jars in which the crystal water was made to blush and sparkle into wine. We did not seek to dispel the amiable old man's illusion, or to enlighten his dense ignorance, but contented ourselves with drinking and enjoying some of the water from a neighboring fountain. In all probability the same fountain furnished the water with which our Lord provided wine for the marriage. On our return from the Sea of Galilee, two days thereafter, we lunched in Cana. Near the Greek church the Roman Catholics have erected a small sanctuary to mark the site of the home of Nathanael, the most modest of the disciples, and in genuine devotion not inferior to any of the twelve—"an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

Beyond Cana, we entered a beautiful and fertile valley called the "Plain of the Ears"—the "cornfields" through which the Master went on the Sabbath, when his hungered disciples "plucked the ears of corn, and did eat, rubbing them in their hands." That incident was a scandal in the eyes of the Pharisees, and led to a controversy with our Saviour, who there and then reannounced his Lordship, and laid down the great law of the Sabbath. We lunched in a magnificent grove of olives, near the village of Tabeh, on the hill. In the shade of those venerable trees we recalled the many journeyings of our Lord through that valley, as he went back and forth between his home in Nazareth and Capernaum, "his own city."

A ride of forty minutes brought us to the "Horns of

Hattin," the Mount of Beatitudes, where the "Sermon on the Mount" was preached to an eager multitude. At either end of this high ridge is an elevation or "horn," which suggested its name. The depression between the two "horns" has the appearance of a great amphitheater, where thousands of persons could be accommodated and easily hear a speaker standing on either of the pulpits. In front of where our little party reverently gathered, and where, doubtless, the Great Teacher stood that day, we could see on the side of a mountain the town of Safed, which is supposed to be the "city that is set on a hill," referred to so felicitously by our Lord. With uncovered heads and devotional spirits, we listened, as one of our number read that wonderful sermon, each word of which seemed to fall with the force of a new inspiration. Off to the right, and but a few miles away, were the blue waters of "Blest Galilee," on whose shores could be distinguished the sites of Bethsaida, Capernaum, and Chorazin. As we descended the other and more precipitous side of the mountain, the one next to Tiberias, we were in the plain where one of the fiercest battles of history was fought; where the Crusaders met their final defeat on the fateful 5th of July, 1187. The Christians, after withstanding many attacks, were at last overcome by numbers, thirst, and the heat of the midsummer Syrian sun, and unconditionally surrendered to the victorious army of Saladin the Great. From that day to this the whole land has been under Moslem rule.

In less than two hours we had finished our day's journey, and were comfortably housed in the large Latin monastery of Tiberias. From the high hill the view of the little city by the sea was most charming.

A part of the old wall, including the citadel, built by the Crusaders, still stands, a mournful but sacred memorial of the misguided heroism that sought by the power of war to rescue from the Saracens the land of the Prince of Peace. The garden gate of the monastery opened right on the shore of the lake; so while the rest of our party went a little above the city to enjoy the hot baths, Miss Strider and I sat by the seaside and read over the parables there spoken by our Lord, the story of the storm and the draught of fishes, and other wonderful events of the Master's ministry. The population of Tiberias, one of the four cities held sacred by the Jews, and now the only remaining city on the once crowded shores of the sea, is composed, we were told, almost entirely of Jews and Christians. Two of the rabbis who wrote the Talmud are supposed to be buried there. The Free Church of Scotland has a prosperous mission in the place, including a large and well-conducted hospital. At supper that first evening we had fish from the sea, in whose waters several of the apostles plied their humble trade, and from which they were called and commissioned to be "fishers of men." Whether or not our fish was of the same variety as the one Peter caught, in whose mouth was "a piece of money," I did not ascertain, but had painful evidence that it was not lacking in bones. One lodged in my throat, and we had a scene—short but very sharp.

The next day was spent on the lake, five hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. We secured a boat and six oarsmen for three mejidis. The sky was cloudless, and the little sea as calm as on the occasion when the Lord spoke and hushed its waves to sleep. We had sufficient breeze for comfort, but not enough to fill the

sails, so our strong-limbed rowers had to pull on the oars. Our first objective point was the mouth of the Jordan, a journey of several hours from Tiberias, without the aid of a sail. On the right we were shown the hills of Gadara, and the traditional "steep place" down which the swine "ran violently into the sea and perished in the waters." The desert place was also pointed out where the five thousand were fed with a few loaves and small fishes. We walked up the banks of the river, clear and placid, and gathered the little shells that are as delicate in form as they are beautiful in color. The river here, fresh from the melted snow of the mountains, is much clearer than near where it empties into the Dead Sea. Reëmbarking we rowed down to the site of ancient Capernaum, and went ashore for lunch, spreading our table in the home of a Latin monk. The rubbish piled about, amid which were huge stones of curious carvings, brought to mournful remembrance the former days of "dread magnificence." To this, "his own city," our Lord often came, and in this place did many wonderful works. Here was displayed the affluence of his tender sympathy and the exhaustless virtue of his healing power. For aught I know, our little boat anchored at the very place where the sons of Zebedee left their unmended nets and followed Jesus. Resuming our homeward sail, we passed the sites of Bethsaida and Chorazin, and went ashore for a short walk in the Plain of Gennesaret. We gathered stones and plucked flowers in this once charming "garden of abundance," and had the joyous assurance of walking the very shores that had been certainly hallowed by the feet of the Son of God. Just below this plain is the insignificant and ill-omened village of Magdala, the

home of Mary Magdalene, with a population of less than a hundred, and all Mohammedans. The white dome of a little mosque is the only relief to a scene of dreariness and degradation.

We reached our quarters late in the evening with hearts full of gratitude for one of the richest days in all our lives. A hundred incidents and a thousand thoughts forever associated with that day on "Sweet Galilee" must remain unrecorded. The next morning our horses were remounted, and soon we were climbing the hill on our way back to Nazareth, a distance of eighteen miles, and which was reached in the early afternoon, where another night was spent.

Rome, February 2, 1895.

CHAPTER XL.

ALONG THE SHORES OF SYRIA AND ASIA MINOR.

ON the early morning of January 19 we left Nazareth by the carriage road for Haifa, our last day in the Lord's land; and an ideal day we had in which to complete a delightful tour of the sacred hills and valleys of Palestine. The Plain of Esdraelon never seemed so beautiful, with the patches of green and gold glistening under the sun of that cloudless morning. Before us rose the great Carmel range, on the topmost peak of which we could see a small Latin church, built to mark the place of sacrifice. To that point we purposed to climb, and there eat our noonday meal. Leaving the main road some miles from Nazareth, we turned to the left, crossed the fields, forded the river Kishon, and climbed the mountain. That ascent of Carmel was an experience never to be forgotten. Up the steep, rugged, rocky path we wended our slow, toilsome way, and at length reached the majestic but dreary summit. At every turn of the winding road, when my eye swept the lovely Plain of Esdraelon, I could see in a vision the great day of trial, when all Samaria crowded that mountain to witness the contest between Elijah and the priests of Baal. The king was there, and the people by thousands. On the flat surface above, where we spread our lunch, the altar was probably erected, and there the fire descended. Those very rocks where we sat had echoed the prophet's prayer, and felt the heat of fire that fell from heaven.

Each of our party seemed, by a common impulse, to get a little apart to himself that he might silently and solemnly meditate upon the marvelous scenes associated with the mount that flamed with fire. A strange awe possessed the soul, and I imagined that our lunch was eaten with a peculiar reverence, while every tone of the voice harmonized with a praying spirit and chastened speech. Away to the west the blue waters of the Mediterranean mirrored the smiling heavens, and near where we sat the man was appointed to stand and watch for the first sign of answer to Elijah's prayer for rain. And when the cloud no larger than a man's hand arose from the sea upon which we were then looking, he gave notice, and the people were warned to flee from the coming storm. Before the king's chariot the strong-limbed prophet ran to distant Jezreel which was plainly visible from the summit of the mountain. It is quite impossible to describe the feelings that stirred the soul, and the visions that peopled the brain, as we lingered and meditated on the spot of the prophet's grandest victory. In the solemn stillness we seemed almost to catch the distant echoes of Samaria's thousands, when they saw the flames descend and consume the sacrifice, shouting: "The Lord he is God! The Lord he is God!" And then we silently prayed that "the Lord God of Elijah" might ever abide in his Church, and gird every prophet with power for a like victory over the enemies of our King.

Slowly we descended, having to walk much of the way on account of the precipitous declivities, and followed the left bank of the Kishon quite all the way to Haifa. We may have passed the very spot where the prophets of Baal were so summarily slain. On the moun-

tain side which overlooks the town of Haifa there is the famous convent in which originated the Carmelite Order in the Roman Catholic Church. The afternoon was too far spent, however, for us to reascend the heights and get a nearer view of that home of saints and sages.

Around on the opposite point of the crescent-shaped bay on which Haifa is located we saw the village of Acre. We spent the Sabbath in the thriving and growing seaport town of Haifa, from which to Damascus a railroad has been projected and partly constructed. In the forenoon we attended service in a small chapel of the Church of England, in connection with which there is a prosperous mission, including a school and hospital.

About twelve o'clock that night, after an hour or two spent in getting through the vexatious customs, and satisfying a hungry horde of unscrupulous officials that we had no contraband goods, we went aboard the steamer "Daphne," of the Austrian Lloyd Line, bound for Beyroot. During the dark hours of the night we passed the cities of Tyre and Sidon, and, of course, had no opportunity to see those places of woe. At nine o'clock the next morning we rode into the beautiful harbor of Beyroot, with the picturesque city of a hundred thousand inhabitants crowning the steep and lofty hills that rise abruptly from the shore of the sea. Before our vessel had dropped her anchor we noticed a little boat pushing out from the warf flying an American flag. As it approached, a small, handsome young man began to wave his hat to a passenger on deck by our side. It was the American Consul—Mr. Gibson, of Augusta, Ga.—who had recognized Brother Wadsworth, his old pastor, and was waving a cordial welcome. He was expecting our arrival, and had planned

many things for our entertainment. We went ashore immediately, and spent a delightful day, with our Southern representative of the United States Government in that far-away Syrian city for an agreeable companion and host. We lunched at a splendid hotel; drove through the principal streets; visited the palatial and magnificently furnished home of an eccentric bachelor Russian count; called at a bank to draw some needed funds on a letter of credit, and get a half dozen welcome letters from home; tarried at the American Consulate long enough to write a few letters; and spent an hour at the American Mission College and hospitable home of its venerable president, Rev. Dr. Bliss. Two other members of the faculty came in, and much valuable information was given about the difficulties and prospects of missions among those fanatical Mohammedans. I remembered that Dr. Bliss was with Bishop Kingsley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, when he suddenly but peacefully fell asleep in that city, and learned from him the circumstances of that, to our seeming, most untimely death. I regretted that time did not allow me to drive out to the cemetery and lay a flower upon the peaceful grave of that ascended saint, with the prayer that his missionary spirit may increasingly inspire the great Church he so nobly represented.

The view of the harbor and the blue Mediterranean from the American College, engirded by snow-covered mountains, is one of the finest in all the East. The city itself, so admirably located, and being the port for Damascus and a vast interior section, has the bustling activity of a Western metropolis. Daily hack lines over the Lebanon mountains afford ready communication with the city where Paul was baptized, received

his sight, and began his apostolic career. It was my original plan to visit it and see the street called Straight, the house of Ananias, the place where he was let down from the wall in a basket, and look on the magnificent ruins of Baalbec *en route*, but found it advisable to hasten my homeward journey. So, late in the afternoon, I returned to the ship, and as the twilight shadows fell upon the city set upon the hills, we lifted anchor and steamed toward the north. I cannot bid Beyroot adieu without expressing my great gratification at the fact that the American Consul there evidences such hearty sympathy with the missionaries and such high appreciation of their work. I have not found it so everywhere. In one or two instances there has been most manifest indifference—the consul declining even the simple courtesy of returning the call of the American missionary. While it is not their mission, as the representatives of a great government, to establish a religion in the countries to which they are accredited, they are not supposed to surrender their personal Christian faith, and are certainly expected not to underrate and neglect an American citizen because he is a missionary.

The next morning after leaving Beyroot we reached the port of Alexandretta and anchored there for some hours. It is a place of considerable commercial importance, and is not without historic interest. Over the hills long lines of camels were seen coming to market, while the streets were crowded with the ugly beasts, heavily, cruelly loaded, and starting for the interior. From Alexandretta to the Euphrates is the line separating Syria and Asia Minor. The greatest curiosities I saw in that city were the immense stores of licorice root, brought in on the backs of camels, and

the large steam factory for converting it into an article of commerce—especially for American markets. The gentlemanly manager gave us some roots, which were genuinely enjoyed and brought vividly to memory our boyhood days far over the seas.

The next day we stopped at Messina from early morning until late in the afternoon. Had our ship come to anchor a half hour earlier we could have gone by railroad to Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul, only seventeen miles distant. We tried to make arrangements to go on horseback, but found it quite impossible. How the heart was stirred to look upon scenes which had been familiar to the young eyes of that greatest apostle! Before us rose the heights of Taurus, covered with snow, whose shining crown has been associated with every morning of his earlier life. Tarsus, the Cilician capital, was "no mean city." Rich and prosperous, successively under Greek and Roman domination, and with a mixed population, it was a fitting birthplace and early home for one who was to preach a world-embracing religion. Though "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," he had a Greek education and a Roman citizenship—circumstances which gave him enlarged sympathies and freedom from petty prejudice and national antipathies. Fifty years before the birth of St. Paul, Cicero had been a resident of Tarsus as the governor of Cilicia, and Strabo is quoted as saying that "in all that relates to philosophy and general education, Tarsus was even more illustrious than Athens or Alexandria." Not far from Tarsus, on the banks of the Issus, Alexander the Great won a brilliant victory over the armies of Darius. All this coast of Asia Minor had been the scene of Alexander's conquering move-

ments. And just seventeen miles out there was the native place of Paul, the inheritor of those civilizations and that thrilling history, whose influence was to be more potential than Alexander's, and whose fame was to eclipse that of all the military conquerors of the world.

Sailing from the coast of Cilicia, we at length came in sight of the island of Cyprus, but it was not the purpose of our captain to call at Larnaca, its principal port. Unlike St. Paul, who "sailed under Cyprus, because the winds were contrary," we stood off some distance on a sea as smooth as glass, and contented ourselves with studying the outlines and calling up the history of that early island settlement of the Phœnicians, and last diplomatic possession of Great Britain. Passing into the hands of many conquerors, ruled successively by Phœnicians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, etc., wrested from the Saracens by Richard Cœur de Lion, and made a military station by the Crusaders, and again the possession of "the unspeakable Turk," it is rich in historic associations and remains. Some of the early fathers have labored there; and in Larnaca is the rather famous Church of St. Lazarus, under which, the credulous claim, are the bones of the brother of Mary and Martha. I wanted to see in that church a realistic picture of the raising of Lazarus, a description of which I had read. This sentence from the description will give an idea of that rare specimen of Greek art: "So perfectly to the life—or rather to the death—is the scene given that one of the bystanders is depicted *holding his nose*, as if his senses had already apprised him of the fact intimated in the text, that the blessed saint was not only dead, but that the process of decay had already begun."

I learned that this latest British possession—thought at the time to be the master stroke of Lord Beaconsfield's statesmanship—has not proved very valuable. The inhabitants suffer from fevers, and the fields are so often swept by locusts that it has been very disappointing. In an Eastern war it would doubtless be an important military and naval post.

During the night our vessel anchored at Rhodes, and spent some hours taking on cargo. With that city I have always associated a picture in the school-books of the Colossus between whose extended legs mighty merchantmen were sailing with waving flags. And though I knew the striding bronze figure, three hundred feet high, was shaken down by an earthquake only fifty-six years after its erection, and laid in the dust for a thousand years or more, and had read that it was then sold to a *Jew*, who had it broken to pieces and carried off on the backs of nine hundred camels, I was very anxious to see the place where this one of the Seven Wonders of the World is supposed to have stood. Rhodes was famous for art. It is said to have contained at one time "not less than three thousand statues," and many of them the products of highest genius. It was captured by the Crusaders on their retreat from the Holy Land, and for more than two hundred years was held by the Knights of St. John.

Here we entered the Ægean Sea, and all the way to Smyrna sailed amid islands famed for their beauty since the days of Homer. It is simply impossible to give any adequate description of those varying and enchanting scenes. Out of the deep blue sea, islands of every shade of green lifted themselves abruptly, and were often so near together as only to allow a safe pas-

sage for the stateliest ships. It was a genuine joy to look upon the Isle of Patmos, near which we sailed. On those bleak hills the last of the apostles sat in lonely exile; but there he had the vision of "things which must shortly come to pass," that has transfigured the island and enraptured the hopes of earth's mighty millions. "I, John, . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." The island looks now as barren as in the days when it was chosen as a place of banishment, but every Christian heart invests it with associations as glorious as the visions of the exiled apostle. It is said not to produce a sufficient food supply for the few inhabitants thereon, and at certain seasons they are compelled to appeal to other islands for relief.

Later in the day one of the ship's officers identified Scio for us, the birthplace of Homer. I wondered if that really could be the ancient home of the world's father of song—if on those shores he walked and mused, and caught the mighty tones of the sea that swell in majestic numbers through the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. How strange that in islands so near, and otherwise so comparatively unimportant as Patmos and Scio, two such names should be associated as the blind Homer and the banished St. John the Divine, and two such visions should be given to the world as the *Iliad* and the book of Revelation!

On Saturday morning we arrived at Smyrna, and, as good fortune would have it, on the "feast of St. Polycarp." The city was in gala attire, and in the harbor every native craft, from a little junk to a two-masted ship, was flying a flag in honor of the great martyr.

Rome, February 3, 1895.

CHAPTER XLI.

SMYRNA AND ATHENS.

THERE are few more beautiful views than that presented from the deck of our vessel as we sailed into the harbor of Smyrna on a cloudless Saturday morning. With the exception of the Bay of Naples, this is said to be the most spacious and attractive harbor around the entire shore of the world's Middle Sea. Just back of the well-built city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, and up the sides of which stately buildings have been erected, is Mount Pagus, five hundred feet high and crowned with the ruins of an old castle. The first foundations of those massive walls, it is said, were laid before the siege of Troy, and their several destructions and reconstructions connect the Iliad of Homer with the present day atrocities and tragedies of "the unspeakable Turk." It was an anniversary day—"the feast of Polycarp"—and the whole city had on its gala dress to honor the glorious memory of one it had cruelly burned at the stake. Vessels in the harbor and public buildings on the principal streets were flying flags with the name of Smyrna's martyred saint, while bands played their liveliest airs, and eager congregations crowded church and cathedral. So soon as we could "get through the customs," and secure rooms at a hotel, we made our way to the great cathedral—"the Church of St. Polycarp." There was an elaborate and imposing service, in which the Archbishop of Smyrna had prominent part. Such gorgeous

vestments and brilliant decorations I have never seen. Over two hundred candles about the golden altar flashed their lights upon the bright-robed priests, while clouds of incense floated up to the arched ceiling, and magnificent music thrilled to rapture that vast congregation. An address or sermon was delivered by a priest of rare oratorical gifts. As he spoke in French and very rapidly, I could only catch an occasional expression, but have rarely felt more the indefinable and irresistible magnetism of genuine eloquence. His peroration, which was an apostrophe to "Santo Polycarp," was dramatic to the last degree; and when he closed, there was a suppressed murmur of applause.

On one side of the church was a large and splendid painting representing the martyrdom of St. Polycarp—his tranquil features transfigured with a divine radiance, and made more beautiful by contrast with the angry flames inwrapping his body. The congregation looked quite European. The ladies appeared in hats and bonnets of Parisian pattern—not veiled nor bareheaded as I had seen for six months and more in all the East—and the gentlemen sat with uncovered heads, and in dress after the style of Europe and America.

We climbed to the top of Mount Pagus, surveyed the ruins of the ancient castle, and had a magnificent view of distant mountains and seas. Up that mountain side are the old walls of the Stadium—the immense amphitheater—where St. Polycarp was burned. I could not but walk softly and reverently amid such scenes. Here was a martyr's home and translation, an associate of apostles who had known our Lord. It is claimed that St. John the evangelist consecrated him the first bishop of Smyrna. I stood there and recalled the story

of his life. A foundling in the streets of ancient Smyrna, sheltered and trained by some chosen saint of God; a pupil at the feet of St. John the Divine; made bishop of his native city; a conspicuous and courageous teacher of Christian truth; the special friend and companion of St. Ignatius of Antioch; and at last martyred in the home of his childhood. Just there—within the space inclosed by those gray walls—was the very spot where the aged apostle met his heroic death. When the proconsul—evidently touched by his venerable appearance—entreated him to surrender his faith and save his life, with unruffled brow and unfaltering voice he thus replied: “Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He never did me wrong; how, then, can I revile my King and Saviour?” And when the officers made ready to bind him to the stake, he said: “Let me remain as I am. He who has enabled me to brave the fire will strengthen me to endure its fierceness.”

Farther up the hill is the supposed tomb of Polycarp, over which a single cypress bends its gentle branches as if in unassuaged grief over the sin of a city that martyred its noblest benefactor, and also as Nature’s requiem watcher over the few sacred bones that were not turned to ashes. That grave is in the hands of Mohammedans. I could not repress a sense of indignation when I saw Moslems kiss that tomb—the tomb of a martyr whose doctrines they despise, and who feel that they are doing God’s service in persecuting to the death all who embrace the faith of the sainted Bishop of Smyrna.

From the top of Mount Pagus we saw the place, now marked by a Greek church, where it is supposed the ancient sanctuary stood, known as one of the seven

churches of Revelation. And in convenient distance from Smyrna were grouped all the churches of Asia. Fifty miles to the south, at the terminus of that railroad just below us, was Ephesus; while to the east a hundred miles, reached by another railroad, was Philadelphia, with Sardis near by. To the north were Thyatira and Pergamos; while to the southward, beyond Ephesus, was the city of Laodicea. Looking out from that historic and serene summit in the direction of those sacred cities, I uncovered my head and seemed to hear a voice from Patmos, saying: "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

Smyrna is quite cosmopolitan. Every language is spoken; every dress is worn, from the turbaned Arab to the gloved and silk-hatted Frenchman; and every color of skin is seen, from the blonde, blue-eyed Greek to the blackest of the black sons of Africa. The bazaars, though not as brilliant as Cairo, had much the appearance of certain streets in Paris and New Orleans. How the ladies would be delighted with the handsome rugs famed throughout the world! In the fruit markets were to be seen the Smyrna figs, which are said to be unequalled in any continent. Here, as in all the East, one is impressed with the marvelous deliberation of the tradesman. He is never in a hurry. You are asked to take a seat, either in a chair or on the floor, and, after much talk about other matters, you are at length very slowly shown the article you may desire to purchase.

On Sunday night we went aboard the French steamer "Scylla," and sailed for Piræus, within a few miles of Athens, and the port of that Grecian capital. There was significance in the ship's name. After so success-

fully avoiding *Charybdis*, I could not escape "*Scylla*." But she was a gallant little vessel, and carried us safely over the beautiful seas in about seventeen hours. We had a pleasant ship's company, but rather poor sailors. Though the Ægean had only a good swell on, without wind or cloud to indicate a storm, one other passenger and myself alone joined the agreeable and hospitable officers at breakfast next morning. An hour or two before reaching Piræus, the Acropolis at Athens was in full view from the deck of our vessel; and an intelligent Greek fellow-passenger, a native of Ithaca, but long a resident of the capital, entertained me with many interesting stories of the modern city. There is a railway from Piræus to Athens, a distance of five miles; but we preferred to go by carriage, and note the points of historic interest *en route*. In less than an hour we were driving through the well-kept streets of the prosperous, beautiful city, and found comfortable quarters in an excellent hotel. Looking up at the Acropolis as we passed along, I had to exclaim, "Here I am at last in world-famed Athens, 'the eye of Greece!'" And every moment of our stay—all too short—was an intense delight. The names of the streets, the ruined arches and columns of ancient days still standing, the faded temples, the neighboring hills and mountains, the thrones of Homer's gods, the Plain of Marathon, the beautiful Bay of Salamis—so distinctly seen from the Acropolis, and where one of the greatest victories of the world was won—and other objects, keyed every nerve to the highest tension, and drove sleep from the eyelids far into the night. At last, at last, I was in the city of the world's greatest thinkers and profoundest philosophers, and most eloquent orators, and grandest poets, and no-

blest painters, and most renowned architects. Here Plato reasoned, and Socrates taught, and Æschylus sang, and Lycurgus ruled, and Solon wrote, and Phidias wrought, and Demosthenes spoke, and Pericles reigned. I walked amid

The dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

Here, in architecture, were born the Doric pillar and Ionic column; in painting, the schools of Phidias and Praxiteles; and in government, the doctrine and spirit of true democracy. And this little country, where so many miracles of history have been wrought, contains only thirty-four thousand square miles. From Mount Olympus to the Southern Cape is 250 miles, and its breadth from Attica to Acarnania is 180 miles. The people interested me. They are of fair complexion, graceful and polite in manner, and rather Frenchy in dress. Their language, an abridged and simplified form of Greek, is said to differ less from the language of Demosthenes than does the English of to-day from the tongue of Chaucer. Athens is a clean, modern city of probably fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants, with some handsome buildings and attractive shops. The king's palace is a plain structure, but spacious, while the parliament building is small and insignificant.

An afternoon was spent on the Acropolis, for ages the "seat of the guardian gods of the land," and without exception the most splendidly adorned and classically sacred hill of the world. Around its base are many ruins, and the excavations yet diligently prosecuted and daily revealing the richest treasures of buried centuries. Attention is first called to the Stadium, a magnificent amphitheater cut in the hillside, with the

marble seats yet remaining for the accommodation of fifty thousand spectators. Not far away are the ruins of the great Temple of Olympus, a few of its more than a hundred immense columns still standing as a mournful memorial of one of the grandest structures ever reared by human genius. Another place of very great interest in Pynx Hill, near the Acropolis, where public assemblies were held, and which has been immortalized by the eloquence of Demosthenes and Pericles.

I first ascended the Acropolis, and walked amid the most classic ruins of the world. The government is expending large sums, and receiving help from abroad, in preserving those walls and arches and stupendous columns from further decay. I noticed heavy iron bands around some marble pillars, and strong supports beneath several graceful arches. In the stone carriage way from the great gate up to the Parthenon I noticed the deep ruts made by the wheels of the centuries. A description of the white marble Parthenon, 240 feet long and over 100 feet wide, surrounded by stately and lofty columns, and adorned by statues of every name and from the chisel of every Grecian master, I shall not attempt. Around us on every side were fallen figures of exquisite models, and marble carvings of every wonderful design thrown about in reckless disorder. They have already enriched the museums of all civilized nations, and can yet furnish models for the colleges of all lands.

Just below the Acropolis, and a part of the same range, is Mars' Hill, most memorable as the pulpit from which the apostle Paul preached his wonderful sermon. In the rocky side of the hill steps have been cut, by means of which no doubt the great apostle ascended

that majestic summit. I climbed up the same way, and stood on the very spot which has been marked as the place where St. Paul delivered his powerful message that startled the classic Athenians and echoed round the world. A slight rain was falling, and tourists were hurrying to their hotels; but I had to tarry and meditate amid scenes only less sacred than those associated with the earthly life of the Son of God.

We visited the Museum, and spent hours with mighty works of the great masters. They are arranged in rooms and alcoves, and so well labeled that by the aid of a catalogue one can very satisfactorily study these triumphs of the brush and chisel. I noticed a number of students—some evidently from America—who were ambitiously laboring to rival the masterpieces of Phidias and Praxiteles. But I cannot weary readers with an elaborate account of days spent in the oft-described and ever-charming Attican capital.

From Athens to Patras we went by rail, passing in sight of ancient Corinth, and around the Bay of Salamis, where the great battle was fought, in which two hundred Persian ships went down, and the whole sea was "covered with the wreck of Asia." We swept over an iron bridge that spans the canal which connects the waters of the Ægean and Ionian seas, and had a glimpse of the ruins of ill-fated Corinth. But little remains, even in ruins, to tell of the pomp and splendor of that voluptuous city. There St. Paul earnestly preached, and to that Church he addressed two of his most faithful and searching pastoral epistles. Opportunity was not given to stop, so we went on to Patras, and that night boarded an Italian steamer for Brindisi, anchoring for some hours at the Island of Corfu *en route*.

Paris, February 6, 1895.

CHAPTER XLII.

IN NAPLES AND ROME.

OUR steamer anchored in the harbor of Brindisi, the fortified seaport of Southern Italy, about two o'clock in the morning, but we waited until five to go ashore. I never bade adieu to any vessel with fewer regrets. She made good time over the boisterous Adriatic, but for uncomfortable appointments and unpleasant odors and unpalatable meals, I have not found the equal in all my circuit of the globe.

It was genuine joy to step again upon Western soil, but there was little suggestion of the "soft Italian skies" so generously praised by poets and tourists. A storm was blowing, and the morning was bitterly cold. As the train left for Naples at 6:50 o'clock, I had no time to see the little city of about eighteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, noted in history as the southern terminus of the Appian Way and as the place where Virgil died. Being the "great transit station" in the overland route to Asia, where the fast mails are received from and forwarded to London, it has considerable commercial importance. Promptly at the scheduled hour we were off for Naples, the once charming capital of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and which is said to "dispute with Constantinople the claim of occupying the most beautiful site in Europe."

Over level and well-cultivated fields our train hurried with Western speed. Every nerve tingled with delight

at seeing the groves and gardens of fair Italy, and at the thought that every revolution of the wheels was lessening the distance between me and dear friends across the seas. Grapes, figs, and every variety of fruit were cultivated to perfection. But in less than two hours we ran into a severe snowstorm, which increased all through the mountains and continued even unto Naples. It was really quite picturesque to see the orange trees laden with golden fruit and covered with falling snow. As we peered through the driving storm to catch a glimpse of village and country or distant castle crowning hill or mountain, our visions of "sunny Italy" frigidly vanished. The railway carriages are *supposed* to be warmed with long tin bottles of hot water, replenished at certain stations; but, as a matter of fact, our teeth chattered all the day, notwithstanding we were folded in ulsters and wrapped in rugs. I sighed for an American railroad that day. When nearing Naples, Mount Vesuvius came into view covered with snow from base to summit. Out of that immaculate splendor great volumes of black smoke were rolling, indicating that while all was pure and peaceful without, fierce fires were raging and surging within. For miles our train ran along the shore of the Bay of Naples, generally as calm as a sheltered lake, but that day as rough as the Atlantic in a gale; the white-crested billows breaking upon the rock-walled coast with a shout, as if determined to reconquer the peninsula that had been wrested from the empire of the sea. Having a calmer and nearer view the next day, I am prepared to accept the seemingly extravagant statement that "no other place in the world combines within the same compass so much natural beauty with so many objects of

interest to the antiquary, the historian, and the geologist, as the Bay of Naples."

The snowstorm and limited time did not give opportunity to see much of this most densely populated city in Europe, and the second port of Italy. I walked a few of the lava-paved streets, saw in the distance the ancient castle crowning a magnificent elevation, and passed a number of splendid buildings, but could not visit "the reputed tomb of Virgil," or the great university which dates back to the thirteenth century, or spend a full day in the great museum, in some respects the most remarkable in the world. I had read much of the *lazzaroni* of Naples, but saw fewer and less persistent beggars than in any city visited for months. Societies of all sorts for the relief of the indigent and unfortunate are very numerous, and benevolence is bestowed generously, but with systematic care. Of "friendly and burial societies alone" there are more than one hundred and thirty.

The ascent of Mount Vesuvius is now comparatively easy, as Thomas Cook and Sons have built a railway nearly up to the edge of the sulphurous crater. But as everything was completely enveloped in snow, I was persuaded by a number of tourists at the hotel not to attempt the climb. It was thought to be unsafe in such weather, or if scaled successfully the view would necessarily be unsatisfactory. So we compromised by spending the day amid the ruins of Pompeii, some ten or twelve miles from Naples, and reached by rail in a few minutes. Amid the narrow streets and ruined buildings and broken columns of that once magnificent and long-buried city we roamed and meditated for hours. All that art and architecture of every school,

and fabulous wealth lavishly expended, could do in constructing and beautifying a great city had here been expended with genius and skill. I can imagine nothing more beautiful than the temples of Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury must have been ; or the portico of the hundred marble columns, or the Civil Forum, or the Tragic Theater, or the splendid Basilica where justice was administered, or—a thousand places I have not even space to name. I went into the ruined homes of poets and philosophers, of nobles and statesmen, of soldiers and gladiators. The walls still stand with some of the frescoes as fresh as if painted a few weeks ago. By means of a fund obtained from gate fees, which amount to eight or ten thousand dollars a year, and generous special contributions, excavations are yet continued. I went into several apartments from which the ashes and *débris* of centuries had just been removed, and was amazed at the freshness and beauty of the frescoing. Statuary of various kinds were in the exact positions they were on the fateful day of that storm of cinders that rolled down from fiery Vesuvius.

In the museum, located just within the great gates of the ancient city, we spent some time examining the numerous articles, utensils, and human bodies so tenderly preserved. What a history in lava ! The once brilliant, but charred, city is almost perfectly reproduced. In glass cases are human bodies as hard as the lava rocks at the base of Vesuvius, but so well preserved that you can see the arrangement of a lady's hair, and the folds of the drapery she wore on that last day of Pompeii. In one case are the skeletons of two ladies, mother and daughter, in each other's embrace, just as they fell and died centuries ago. Not the storm of Ve-

suivus nor the sweep of the ages has been able to break the clasp or relax the grasp of filial and parental love. But of the thousands of excavated objects here kept and admirably arranged, showing the domestic, commercial, civil, industrial, and social life of the Pompeians, I cannot write.

In the afternoon we left by train for Rome, where we arrived shortly after eight o'clock. The snowstorm raged so furiously all the way as to almost completely obscure a view of the country. Not in years has "sunny Italy" seen such weather. The only compensation for the loss of scenery was the ceaseless and energetic conversation of several Italian gentlemen and ladies. One was an army officer of high rank, and was the most sedate member of the boisterous party. Fortunately one gentleman could speak a little English, and politely gave the American passengers some needed information.

Of the days spent in Rome a volume could be written. Every hour brought some new and delightful sensation as we walked amid scenes connected with the very beginning of history, or stood near "the storied urn" of some great leader who not only commanded "listening senates," but has challenged the admiration of the growing centuries. This "City on the Seven Hills" maintains an undisputed "historical primacy." To the earnest student of to-day "all roads lead to Rome." I stood on the great bridge that spans the turbid Tiber, and thought of the thrilling stories it could tell if its sullen tides were recalled from the oblivion of the sea. An hour was spent in the Pantheon, which unites the shadowy past with the living present; built as it was by Agrippa, the son-in-law of the first

Roman emperor, and contains the body of Victor Emmanuel II., the first king of united Italy, on whose tomb fresh flowers are placed every day by some patriotic hand, and over which veteran soldiers in uniform stand ceaseless and sacred guard. Though at first dedicated "to all the gods," there is in it now an altar to the only living and true God, to whom worship is regularly offered. Here also is the tomb of Raphael, the great artist, visited by thousands who have been the beneficiaries of his marvelous genius. He sleeps on the very spot chosen by himself. The portico of the Pantheon is a chief attraction, one hundred and ten feet in length by forty-four in depth, supported by sixteen gray and red granite Corinthian columns, divided into three colonnades. The floor within is a beautiful mosaic of porphyry, granite, and marble. The entire building is a vast rotunda, one hundred and forty-three feet in diameter, and is said to be the finest and best-preserved architectural monument of ancient Rome. It suggested to Michael Angelo the model of the dome of St. Peter's. He said, "I will swing the Pantheon in the air," and in exact size and shape he made it the gigantic crown of the largest religious edifice ever built by the hand of man.

The day spent in St. Peter's was Candlemas, "the Feast of Lights," celebrated in honor of the purification of the Virgin Mary. It was a high day in papal Rome. I stood in front of the great Basilica, and saw splendid carriages by the score drive up to the Vatican Palace, in each a cardinal, bishop, priest, or wealthy layman, with an immense and beautifully decorated candle as a special present to His Holiness. From city and country, candles, large and small, are brought

or sent by thousands. These are pontifically blessed and distributed, *for a consideration*. From reliable statements made to me, I would suppose "the Feast of Lights" to be a day of comfortable revenue for the alleged successor of St. Peter. Within the great cathedral there were high masses and imposing processions, led by gorgeously attired bishops and priests bearing lighted candles.

What a marvel of architectural and artistic beauty is St. Peter's! Though colossal in dimensions, every line is in perfect harmony and proportion. The splendid pictures are all mosaics, and yet so exquisitely wrought that they look like the gentlest touches of the brush on canvas. There is a perfect forest of magnificent columns—two hundred and twenty-nine of marble and five hundred and three of white limestone. Under the great dome is the high altar, beneath which the bones of St. Peter are supposed to sleep. Near by is a bronze statue of the apostle, seated in his episcopal chair, with one toe partly worn away by the devout kissing of "the faithful." I gave it a reverent rub, but withheld a holy kiss, having a wholesome skepticism about Peter ever being in Rome. This largest church in the world is built on the site of the ancient Circus of Nero, and here that monster of iniquity had many Christians to suffer martyrdom. Upon its construction not less than eighty million dollars have been expended, and thirty thousand dollars are required annually for its proper maintenance.

Adjoining St. Peter's is the Vatican Palace—the largest and most artistic in the world—in which the successor of St. Peter is a luxurious prisoner. Here popes have vied with each other in costly and elabo-

rate decorations. The palace contains twenty-two courtyards and *eleven thousand* rooms, not including the chapels, halls, museum, and library. Within this home of palatial piety we spent a day, lingering longest in the Sistine Chapel, with its world-famed frescoes by Michael Angelo. Hundreds of visitors are there every day, many of them seated, with mirrors in hand, patiently studying the "miracle of art" on the ceiling above. That work, Angelo's first frescoing, was completed in twenty-two months. On the wall, behind the altar, is his masterpiece, the picture of the Last Judgment, begun in his sixty-seventh year, and finished in seven years.

An afternoon was given to the catacombs of St. Calixtus, and a drive along the Appian Way. Over that very road, and beneath an arch which still stands, St. Paul came on his "appeal to Cæsar." What memories of heroic endurance and undying loyalty to Christ were recalled as we walked softly amid the silent chambers of the catacombs of St. Calixtus! There, deep in the ground, chapels were constructed, and Christian worship was secretly conducted. In those caverns the bodies of the dead were tenderly laid to rest. Thus "light was sown in darkness."

Of "St. Paul's without the walls," probably the most beautiful church in the world, beneath whose high altar the body of the great apostle is said to rest, the half has never been told. An intelligent sea captain, a fellow-passenger on a French steamer from Hong Kong, begged me not to fail to visit that church. I went and wondered. Founded by Constantine, it has been enriched by many of the popes, and adorned with gifts from the greatest monarchs of the world. Think

of colossal columns of purest alabaster, reaching from floor to lofty ceiling, resting on pedestals of malachite! The walls are adorned with frescoes representing the life of St. Paul, and around a large cornice are medallion portraits in mosaic of all the pontiffs from St. Peter to Leo XIII. To my eye that structure is faultless. I covet for it a purer faith and more spiritual worship.

But of the Coliseum and the Forum, of basilicas and triumphal arches, of temples and statues, of columns and palaces, of tragic sites where Cæsar fell and Christians were torn to pieces, of modern streets crowded with cassocked priests and hooded nuns, etc., I must forbear to write..

London, February 9, 1895.

CHAPTER XLIII.

HOME AGAIN.

HAD duties at home allowed, the days given to Rome would have lengthened into weeks, and all the great cities of Europe would have had a visit. But voices were heard from far over the sea, and the long months of weary absence intensified desire to hasten my return. From Rome I went directly to Paris by way of Genoa, Milan, and the St. Gothard's tunnel. Of "Alpine snows" I had often read, but as we swept through Switzerland after the storms of a week or more, it seemed that the half had never been told. Surely Alpine scenery could not be grander than it was that day.

The brilliant French capital, shivering in the embrace of severest winter, was by no means so attractive as I had seen it three years before. I ventured out, however, to see some points of interest reserved for this second visit, and to spend delightful hours in the spacious and wonderful galleries of the Louvre.

The week in London was devoted to some matters of business, the revisiting of historic places, and the renewal of appreciated friendships. On Sunday morning I worshiped in a Methodist church and heard the brilliant Connectional Editor, Rev. W. L. Watkinson, preach a unique and eloquent sermon on *two-handed men*. Monday afternoon I attended the monthly preachers' meeting in City Road Chapel. The ven-

erable Dr. E. E. Jenkins was in the chair, and a carefully prepared paper was read on needed reforms in methods of ministerial work. This was followed by a spirited discussion, which was so much like such gatherings in America as to give me a genuine home-feeling. I had the honor to be introduced to the great company of metropolitan ministers as the fraternal delegate to their Conference three years before, and to receive the heartiest welcome. In an adjoining room tea was served by the ladies of that historic Methodist cathedral, and a social half hour was happily spent. On Thursday at noon I heard Dr. Joseph Parker, in the City Temple, preach to a great congregation with characteristic freshness and vigor. A virile and versatile man is the author of "Ecce Deus." That day he gave a postlude on Unitarianism in reply to some recent deliverances of certain London liberals.

I had a delightful evening with Dr. David J. Waller, one of the foremost men in Wesleyan Methodism, an authority on Educational and Connectional subjects, and honored in America as the accomplished and eloquent fraternal messenger to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1890. I had lunch one day in the Allen Library with Messrs. Kelly and Curnock, the one the Book Steward, the other Editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, and afterwards spent a profitable hour in the Book Room looking over some rare Methodist treasures gathered by Mr. Kelly. There were specimens of the first "Band Tickets" signed by John and Charles Wesley, and autograph letters from the great leaders of the Methodist movement for a hundred years. I was specially interested in a marriage hymn—the original draft in Charles Wesley's handwriting, and written to

be sung on his own wedding day; and also the manuscript of one of James Montgomery's most popular poems. I read a letter, on large foolscap, from Francis Asbury to Joseph Benson, and dated "South Carolina, Jan. 15, 1816."

On Saturday noon, February 15, I went aboard the Cunard steamer "Etruria" at Liverpool—the same splendid vessel on which I returned home three years before—and was soon sailing over the last sea that separated me from my native land. We had a small but very pleasant ship's company, most of them returning American and Canadian merchants. Quite unexpectedly to all, we had a smooth sea and delightful winter voyage, arriving in New York harbor Saturday afternoon. By cablegram I had been invited to stop for a few days in New York as the guest of the Methodist Social Union of the city, and had accepted. So on descending the ship's ladder my hand was grasped by Dr. Albert S. Hunt and Mr. Handford Crawford, bidding me cordial welcome and offering the Methodist keys of the American metropolis. On Sunday I had the privilege of preaching in the Madison Avenue Methodist Church, on Monday morning addressed the preachers' meeting, and that evening attended the banquet and reception at the Savoy Hotel tendered by the Methodist Social Union. A cordial, royal welcome! Blessings upon that noble brotherhood of souls!

I am profoundly grateful for the care of a gracious Providence who has preserved me from danger and death through more than thirty thousand miles of journeying by land and sea. I return from my circuit of the globe with a stronger faith in the all-conquering

gospel, with brighter hopes for the extension of our Lord's kingdom in all the world, with a higher appreciation of the missionaries who have devoted their lives to the uplifting of the nations, and a larger love for true Christians of every name and creed. May our Lord speed the glorious morning when we shall all be one as he and the Father are one!

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